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THE BOOKMAN

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Chronicle and Comment

Football in German Eyes

With the coming of the autumn we may expect the exaggerated accounts of football casualties which have been appearing in the newspapers ever since the gridiron game became a great American sport. The gem of these exaggerations appeared in a German newspaper, the *Münchener Nachrichten,* back in the year 1893. Mr. Parke Davis quotes it in his recently published *Football, the American Intercollegiate Game,* which is reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue. The *Münchener Nachrichten* purveyed the news of the annual contest between the Harvard and Yale eleven as follows:

The football tournament between the teams of Harvard and Yale, recently held in America, had terrible results. It turned into an awful butchery. Of twenty-two participants, seven were so severely injured that they had to be carried from the field in a dying condition. One player had his back broken, another lost an eye, and a third lost a leg. Both teams appeared upon the field with a crowd of ambulances, surgeons and nurses. Many ladies fainted at the awful cries of the injured players. The indignation of the spectators was powerful, but they were so terrorised that they were afraid to leave the field.

A Professional Marriage

If, on peering into some hot and smoking radical, his insides seem to us conservative and cool, we ought not on that account to condemn him as a hypocrite. Radicalism is often the only means by which a naturally unnoticeable man may attract some notice. When Mr. Upton Sinclair spoke of suing his wife not long ago on the ground that she sought another "soul mate" than himself, she declared in a newspaper interview that he was "a conservative by instinct and a radical by choice." It was intended plainly as a rebuke. Yet no one should complain that the inner lives of radicals of this class are inconsistent. The wonder is that they have any inner lives at all. It would have been asking too much of

PARKE H. DAVIS

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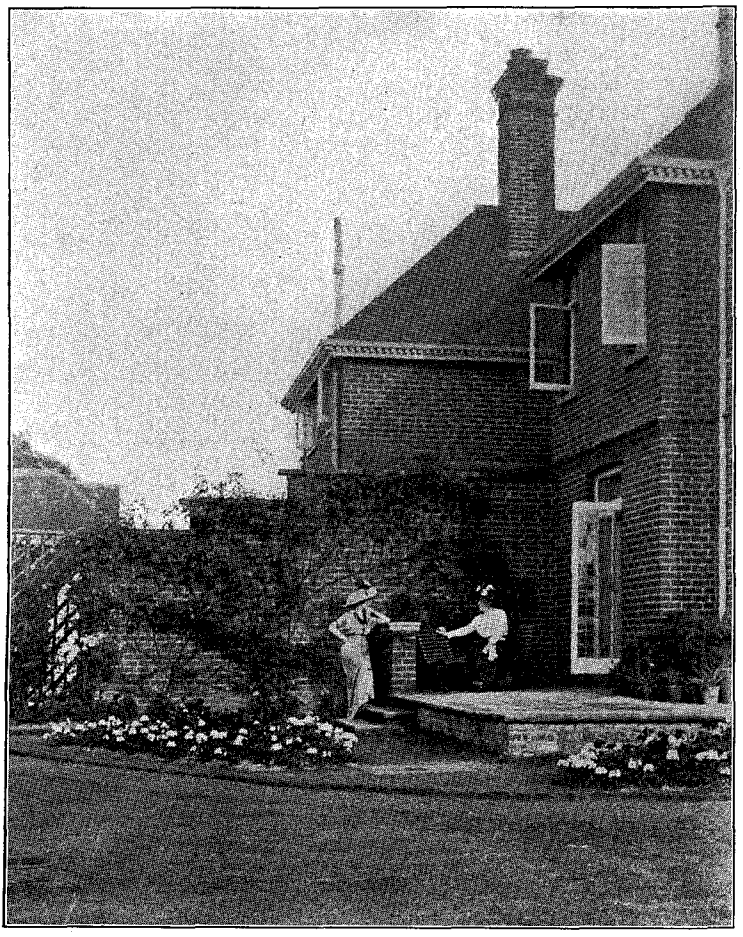

LUCAS MALET AT "THE ORCHARD," EVERSLEY, WINCHFIELD

The above picture shows Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet) at her home. With the author of "Richard Calmady" in the picture is her cousin and adopted daughter, Miss Vallings, to whom Mrs. Harrison's latest novel, "Adrian Savage," is dedicated.

Mr. Upton Sinclair any time these past ten years to require his inner life to go the pace of his outer activities—burn like his words, thump like his publicities. Agitators are often made of very quiet stuff. It does not follow that they themselves are agitated merely because they desire you and me to be. Once out of the "public eye," many an agitator is strangely calm, and their wives desert them, as was threatened in this instance, not because they are too exciting, but because they are not exciting enough. But women who marry into the profession necessarily incur this risk, and they ought not to make a public grievance of it.

With eight different reform movements to be kept stirring every day, all of them "vital," it is natural that a radical should let his own mind slip a little behind the times. "Forging to the forefront" is a different thing from thinking there. The propagandist is often the most thoughtless of men, so busy is he attending meetings. But it has always been perfectly plain that two literary radical propagandists should not marry. Sooner or later one seems to the other rather tame and inclined to temporise with progress. Sooner or later comes the time when what is sauce for the propagander is no longer sauce for the propagoose—and then the need of new "soul

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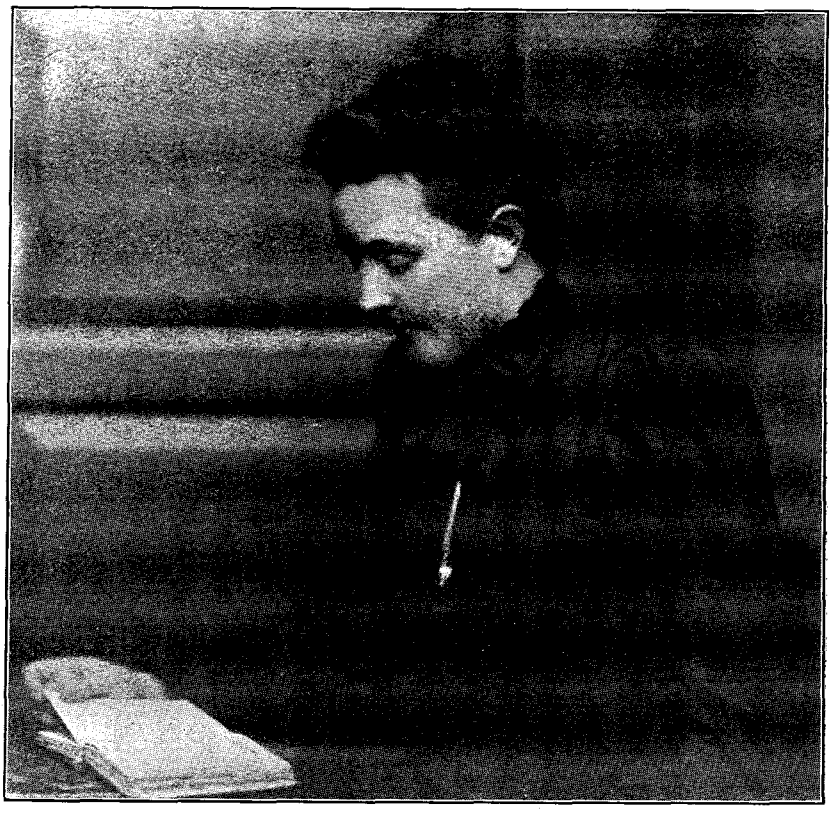

SARA ORNE JEWETT

mates," new anarchisms, new forward moral leapings for the one, while the other may desire to plod on as before at the mere daily routine work of "uplift," blasting the useless millionaire, exposing Chicago, reforming busily all day long, thankful enough when night comes on to sink back in the seclusion of his home into complete conservatism.

Sara Orne Jewett's Tribute

We recall few nobler tributes than that written by the late Sara Orne Jewett when she heard the news of Longfellow's death. It was contained in a letter to Mrs. James T. Fields which is printed in the *Letters of Sara Orne Jewett,* a book that has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. "A man who has written as Longfellow wrote," she said, "stays in this world always to be known and loved —to be a helper and a friend to his fellow-men. It is a grander thing than we can wholly grasp, that life of his, a wonderful life, that is not shut in with his own household or kept to the limits of his everyday existence. That part of him seems very little when one measures the rest of him with it, and the possibilities of this imperfect world reach out to a wide horizon, for one's eye cannot follow the roads his thought and influence have always gone. And now what must heaven be to him! This world could hardly ask more from him: he has done so much for it, and the news of his death takes away from most people nothing of his life. His work stands like a great cathedral in which the world may worship and be taught to pray, long after its tired architect goes home to rest."

The Story of a Book

The announcement of a forthcoming novel by Theodore Dreiser, entitled *Jennie Gerhardt,* brings to mind once more, not only the many vicissitudes of that author's earlier volume, *Sister Carrie,* but also, to the few

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who happened to be in Mr. Dreiser's confidence, the long delays and many interruptions attending the writing of the second book. Mr. Dreiser's experience, up to the present time, are quite unique. Between the many handicaps of scepticism on the part of publishers, caprices of popular taste, long periods of ill health, and, more than anything else, a tyrannical instinct of self-criticism that rendered him for months at a time unable to say the thing he wanted to say in the precise form in which he wanted to say it—the net result of fifteen years of patient striving has been only these two novels: *Sister Carrie,* whose two separate publications and numerous other adventures and misadventures, in the way of frequent repurchase of plates and at least one fire that threatened their annihilation, form an interesting private chapter in the history of bookmaking; and *Jennie Gerhardt,* which has had an equally protracted, if less sensational, struggle to get itself given to the world.

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

The name of Mary Caroline Crawford has hitherto been associated with books dealing with Boston, such as "St. Botolph Town." "Old Boston Days and Ways," and "Romantic Days in Old Boston." More recently Miss Crawford has been interested in the study of personalities, with the result that her latest book is "Goethe and his Women Friends."

MADAME D'AGOULT

Of Madame d'Agoult's love affair with Franz Liszt Mr. Gribble tells elsewhere in this issue. It gave Balzac the plot of his novel "Beatrix."

During the five years that intervened between the first publication of *Sister Carrie* and the second, and when it might as well not have been published at all, so far as the public at large was concerned, the few who knew the book and had faith in it experienced every now and then an agreeable surprise in meeting some one else to whom the name of Carrie Meebur was a bond of sympathy. In short, there were a small group of people who had been brought in touch with each other mainly through this book, and who unintentionally and perhaps without being aware of it, constituted a sort of *Sister Carrie* Society. In a much smaller way, the new story, *Jennie Gerhardt,* which the author defines as "the life story of a woman who craved affection," has been similarly known and believed in by just a few people to whom Mr. Dreiser has chosen to outline the plot. "Outline" is not quite the fitting word, because, even so far back as seven years ago he had the details so well worked out that, if he was once fairly started upon it, he would reel the whole story off, with the ease and smoothness of a lesson committed to memory, and the narration would occupy from three to four hours. He had lived with his characters so long in imagination that their lives had become as real

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to him as his own. But when he tried to crystallise the story into final form, it persistently slipped away from him like quicksilver. But those who once heard his unfinished verbal draft of it had faith in it and expressed that faith in several quite practical ways. In fact, it is stated on good authority that at one time,

THEODORE DREISER

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shortly before a serious nervous breakdown, when Mr. Dreiser found himself unable to work on his book and at the same time continue any other employment that would bring in the needed weekly revenue, the publishing house which then held the plates of *Sister Carrie* voluntarily placed him upon a salary, in order that he might more quickly finish *Jennie Gerhardt* for them. But even with cares relieved, and in the tranquillity of a Pennsylvania village, thoughts

ARNOLD BENNETT

Mr. Bennett, who arrived on the "Lusitania," October 14th, is in this country for the first time. His desire to visit America has been growing since his books have become popular here, and his vague plans for coming were crystallised when "Harper's Magazine" arranged for whatever he might write about America and the Americans. He comes to make a careful study of us and brings with him Frank Craig, the English illustrator, who will accompany Mr. Bennett's text with an extensive pictorial view of America as seen through English eyes.

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refused to take shape at command, and the arrangement was terminated at the author's own request, because he realised the unfairness of a bargain to which he could not set even an approximate limit. Now, at last, *Jennie Gerhardt* is finished, and it will be interesting to see whether, in printed form, it will show the same rugged strength and sincerity that his listeners used to find in Mr. Dreiser's oral version.

Arnold Bennett's Confessions

"I, too, have been a dweller in Bohemia" seems to be the burden of Arnold Bennett's *The Truth About an Author*. Indeed, there were long years in Bennett's life which, by comparison, make the Bohemia that is familiar to us through the literary chapters of *Pendennis* seem positive Belgravia. He began his career as a free-lance in Fleet Street with the belief that he had entered upon a glorious calling. He soon learned the grim reality. The free-lance he describes as "a tramp touting for odd jobs; a peddler crying stuff which is bought usually in default of better; a producer endeavouring to supply a market of whose conditions he is in ignorance more or less complete; a commercial traveller liable constantly to the insolence of an elegant West End draper 'buyer'." The attitude of the free-lance is essentially a fawning attitude; he picks up the crumbs that fall from the table of the salaried, jealous, intriguing staff, or he sits down, honoured, when the staff is finished. The shame of the free-lance is none the less real because he alone witnesses it—he and the postman, that postman with elongated missive, that herald of ignominy, that dismaying process-server, who raps the rap of apprehension and probable doom six, eight, and even twelve times per diem. In substance the Bohemia of Mr. Bennett's experience is the Bohemia George Gissing drew for us in his *New Grub Street*.

But in Mr. Bennett's case free-lancing in time led to better things, and the day came when he sat down to write his first novel, under what he calls "the sweet influences of the de Goncourts, Turgenev, Flaubert, and de Maupassant." That first novel was to be entirely unlike all English novels except those of one author. The purpose uppermost in Mr. Bennett's mind was to imitate what he calls the physical characteristics of French novels. There were to be no poetical quotations, no titles to the chapters; the narrative was to be divided irregularly by Roman numerals only. In a word the book was to be a mosaic of imitations of Flaubert and of the de Goncourts. There was to be no bowing to sentimentality. Life being grey, sinister, and melancholy, the book must be sinister, grey, and melancholy. At the time the author was twenty-seven, and at that age, he comments, one is captious, and liable to err in judgment.

The first book brought Mr. Bennett some success, a few favourable reviews, and very little money. It also brought him a certain amount of disillusionment, and he discarded for a time his ideas of art for art's sake, and resolved to write a serial. He had been an editor, and knew the qualities that a serial should possess. His theme, in his own words, was not original, but was a brilliant imposture of originality. The tale was divided into twelve instalments of five thousand words each, and he composed it in twenty-four half days. Every morning walking down the Thames Embankment he contrived a chapter of two thousand five hundred words, and every afternoon he wrote the chapter. The result of this labour was sold to a syndicate for the sum of seventy-five pounds, and the author saw the gates of fortune opening. There were still some remains of an artistic conscience which prompted Bennett to sign his serial with a pseudonym. Several aliases invented by himself proving unsatisfactory, a friend offered him that of "Sampson Death." But the syndicate met this suggestion by saying that such a name would have the effect of depressing readers. "Why not sign your own name?" "And," writes Mr. Bennett, "I signed my own name. I, apprentice of Flaubert et Cie., stood forth to the universe as a sensation-monger,"

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In the course of time Mr. Bennett was discovered by an American publisher on a visit to London, and by the American introduced to an English publisher who had never heard of him before, but who now offered to employ him as his principal reader. In dealing with this occupation Mr. Bennett hastens to correct certain erroneous and unkind impressions. It is, he believes, an historical fact that authors seldom attend the funeral of a publisher's reader. They approve the sepulture, but do not, save sometimes in a spirit of ferocious humour, lend to the procession the dignity of their massive figures. Nevertheless, Mr. Bennett protests, the publisher's reader is in reality the most benevolent person in the world. He is necessarily so. No matter how high handedly he may begin his labours, time and the extraordinary level mediocrity of manuscripts soon bring him down. He comes to refuse but remains to accept. He must accept something, or where is the justification of his existence? As a publisher's reader Mr. Bennett confesses to have often thought: "If I don't get a chance to recommend something soon I shall be asked to resign." Finally, instead of searching for faults he is looking for hidden excellences, and yet with all this charitable intention he has been able in an experience extending over a number of years to discover only two authors of talent. Mr. Bennett does not find that reading for a publisher fosters the joy of life. One learns too much in the rôle. The gilt is off the gingerbread, and the bloom is off the rye.

The Foreign Invasion

The invasion of Europe by American writers, and the Anglo-Saxon literary invasion of Africa and Asia have already been discussed in these columns. Obviously something must be said about the invasion of our own continent by foreign authors. Now North America at once plays a conspicuous and an obscure part in European fiction. Allusions to it are plentiful, but descriptions of definite localities are comparatively few. This disparity is not surprising. For example, one of the most serviceable stock figures of a certain kind of French fiction is the American uncle. That individual, for some reason or other, ran away from France in his early youth to seek his fortunes among the bisons and bayous of the "Far Ouest." For years nothing has been heard of him, and he is generally supposed by his friends and relatives to have met his death at the hands of the ferocious tribes of Indians who inhabit the city of Boston, near the mouth of the Mississippi River. But at the end of the twenty-fourth chapter, or of the fourth act, as the case may be, when the family, as a result of the intrigues of the wicked notary, faces dire ruin, he reappears in strange garb, the possessor of fabulous wealth, derived from the diamond mine and other rich resources of his estate of California, which is situated in Philadelphia Territory, and where the prodigal for years has been exercising a wise and benignant rule over the savage Indian tribes of the region. North America in French fiction may be said to play the same part as it does in the romances dealing with Daudet's Tartarin of Tarascon. Tartarin never went to North America in reality. But he had been there a great many times in imagination. Under the guidance of Captain Mayne Reid, whose border tales cut a conspicuous figure in the library of the baobab villa, the Lion of Tarascon had lassooed herds of wild horses, and with his trusty rifle had brought down many a buffalo and a redskin on the Texan plains.

Chateaubriand, it is true, treated Louisiana very definitely in his romance of *René*. In Eugene Sue's astonishing *The Mysteries of Paris* there are two or three chapters dealing specifically with one of the Southern States, probably Florida. It was while Rudolph, the Grand Duke of Gerolstein, was cruising along the Gulf Coast that he rescued from slavery the negro physician David, and the beautiful Creole girl Cecily, who was later employed to bring about the exposure of the crimes of the rascally lawyer, Jacques Cartier. The beginning of Sue's *The Wandering Jew* shows the melancholy figure of the eternal traveller outlined against the Arctic sky at that extreme point where North America juts

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out into the Bering Straits. San Domingo, at the time of the revolution of Toussaint l'Ouverture furnished the background of Victor Hugo's *Bug Jargal.* With this exception we do not recall that Hugo ever brought this continent into any of his novels, though we remember that Thenardier, the evil genius of *Les Miserables,* departed for America with money given him by Marius in payment for what happened on the battlefield the night after Waterloo. Ludovic Halévy laid scenes of the *Abbé Constantin* in Montreal and New York, in which cities the heroine of the book had resided before her migration to France. Unquestionably the French writer who has made the most of North American backgrounds is Jules Verne. The opening chapters of *The Mysterious Island* contain a very graphic description of Richmond, Virginia, in the last days of the Southern Confederacy. The heroes of the story wish to escape from the city and ascend in a balloon from Capitol Square. The balloon is whirled away in a terrific storm, and is finally wrecked on the island where the tale is played out, and where the adventurers are under the protection of the mysterious Captain Nemo and the submarine *Nautilus.* American waters are navigated by Captain Nemo in the earlier, and probably more widely known, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.* If the writer's memory is not false Florida played a conspicuous part in Jules Verne's *A Trip to the Moon.* It was a shaft bored into the soil of that State that formed the mammoth gun designed to hurl the inventor's projectile ninety thousand miles skyward. But of all Verne's romances the *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* gives us the most varied North American background. The race of Phineas Fogg and his faithful servant Passepartout across the continent is equalled, for dramatic vigour, only by the similar rush from west to east described by Mr. Kipling in *Captains Courageous.*

In only one of his novels did Charles Dickens deal specifically with our country. That one was quite enough according to the ideas of Americans of sixty years ago. Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, after a few weeks' residence in New York, find their way to the town of Eden, which was situated somewhere on the Ohio River. The name of Thackeray at first suggests nothing but *The Virginians,* with the scenes along the James River, the description of the diastrous Pennsylvania campaign of General Braddock, and George Warrington's journey to Canada. But the fact must not be overlooked, that Dr. Firman, who first appeared under the name of George Brandon in *A Shabby Genteel Story,* and later played a prominent and unpleasant part in *The Adventures of Philip,* passed the last years of his life in New York, from time to time drawing upon the slender resources of his son in England. Another of the older novelists who invaded North America was Captain Marryat, who in various of his tales saw fit to take his characters to the West Indies. Charles Kingsley, too, found his way, in a literary sense, into the Caribbean Sea, although the actual scene of *Westward Ho!* belongs to South America.

The comparatively large amount of attention that Canada has received in the books of British novelists is not at all surprising. As has been said, the Dominion played a part in Thackeray's *The Virginians.* Conan Doyle used it for certain scenes of *The Refugees.* David Christie Murray's *Despair's Last Journey* told of a Scotchman of a varied career and many crimes who at last found peace in a log cabin in the Canadian Rockies. Robert Barr's *In the Midst of Alarms* dealt with Canadian country life at the time of a threatened Fenian invasion from the United States. In French Quebec Besant and Rice found the background for *Le Chien d'Or.* Of comparatively recent date are Harold Bindloss's *A Sower of Wheat,* which deals with the experiences of a Lancashire farmer in West Canada, and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Merton, Colonist.* Turning from the far north to the far south we find in Grant Allen's *Ivan Greet's Masterpiece* the story of a man who seeks in Jamaica the leisure to write a masterpiece; in J. E. Bloundelle Burton's *The Hispaniola Plate* the story of a loss off San Domingo in the seventeenth cen-

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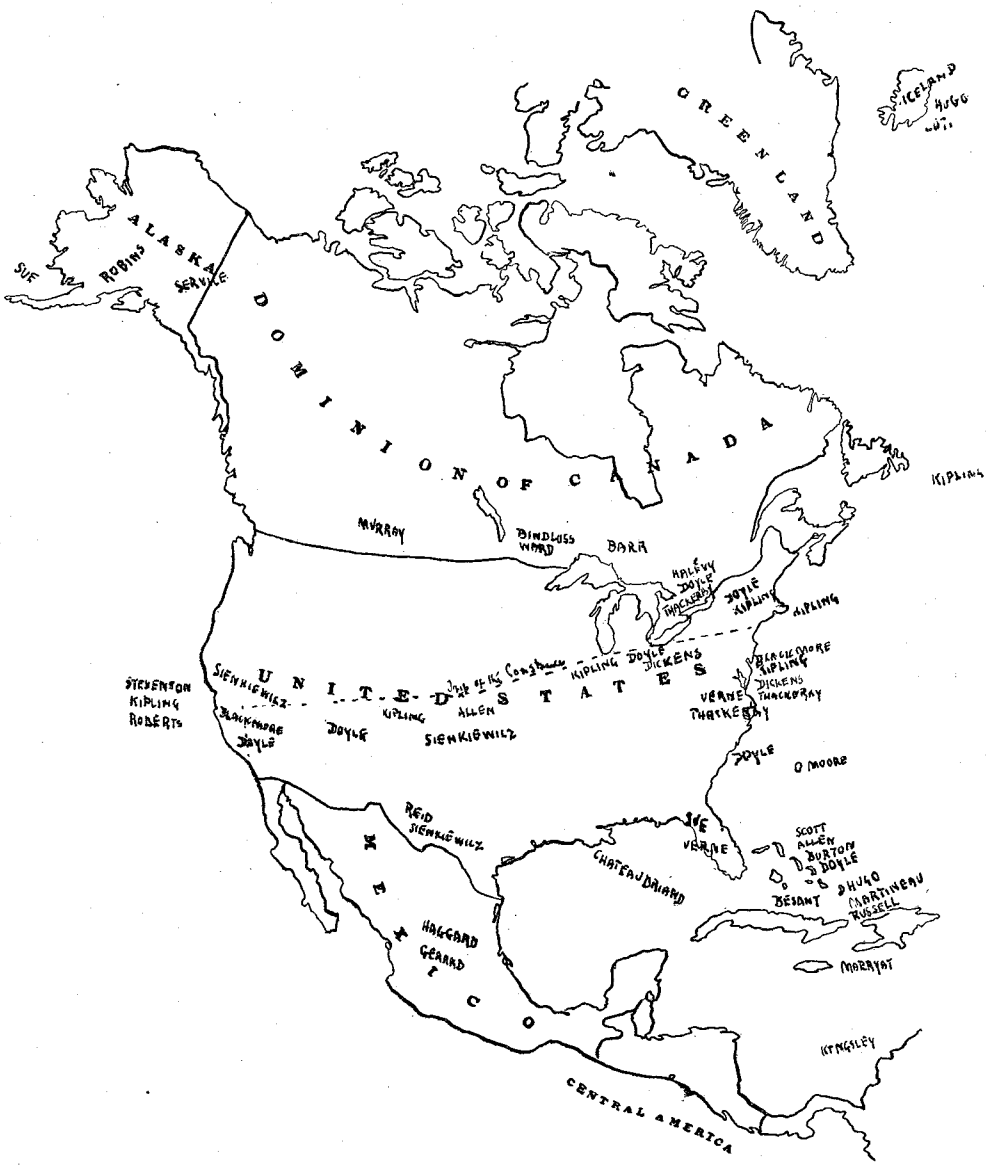

A MAP SHOWING THE INVASION OF NORTH AMERICA BY FOREIGN AUTHORS

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tury, and a recovery in the nineteenth; in Walter Besant's *For Faith and Freedom,* a tale of English exiles in the Barbadoes at the time of the reign of James II. The ubiquitous Conan Doyle plays about the West Indies in the series of stories dealing with the brutalities of the pirate Captain Sharkey. These semi-tropical islands were veritable havens for the buccaneers of the old Spanish main, and it was to some friendly and secreted West Indian harbour that Sharkey would repair after one of his raids on the Carolina coast. Michael Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log* dealt with Bermuda and Jamaica, and the same author's *The Cruise of the Midge,* a story of slave catching on the African coast, had some of its scenes in the West Indies. The only use of Toussaint L'Ouverture and the uprising of slaves in San Domingo made in English fiction that we recall is contained in Harriet Martineau's *The Hour and the Mark.*

The American trails of Mr. Rudyard Kipling lead in many directions. Back in the years when he was a very callow sub-editor of an Indian newspaper, whose knowledge of American life was mainly confined from what he had learned by reading the stories of Bret Harte, he wrote a tale of San Francisco which is to be found in the volume *Abaft the Funnel,* which appeared a year or two ago. In the *Naulhaka* he staked a literary claim to a part of Colorado, indicated by the town which he playfully dubbed Topaz. Vermont he invaded with some of the yarns incorporated in *The Day's Work.* San Francisco, Chicago, and New York all play small parts in "The Mutiny of the Mavericks." The end of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" finds Wilton Sargent done forever with his aspirations to be a Briton, inhabiting a lordly mansion on the unkempt banks of the Hudson River and going to New York City every morning on his steam yacht *Columbia;* while of the American delegate to the council decreed by the German Kaiser we know that he had "a girl in Jersey City, who worked on the telephone." But perhaps Kipling's best claim to American territory is based on *Captains Courageous.* It is not easy to forget that description of the fishing village of Gloucester and of the women and children widowed and orphaned by the relentless sea. Nor is it easy to forget the trip of old Cheyne's private car "Constance," starting from San Diego when the news comes that Harvey has been picked up by the fishing fleet, whirled night and day through space, climbing grades of the Rockies, across the plains to Kansas City and Chicago, finally coming up, restless and panting like an animate being, against the shores of the Atlantic.

Utah, at the time of the Danites, was the scene of the second half of Conan Doyle's *The Study in Scarlet.* It was a party of Latter-Day Saints on their way to the shores of the great Salt Lake that picked up the man and the child that were the only survivors of the luckless caravan. Jefferson Hope, after the death of his betrothed, followed his enemy, Enoch Drebber, to Cleveland, New York and thence to Europe. In R. D. Blackmore's *Erema* there are scenes in New York, Washington, and California. California plays a part in several of the stories of Henryk Sienkiewicz, who at one time was a member of a Polish colony established there. His "Across the Plains" describes a tragic journey overland to California in 1850. Something in the same vein is his "In the New Promised Land," the gloomy story of a peasant and his daughter who are decoyed to America by an emigration agent. His "Sachem" tells of the last of the Black Snake Indians who appears as a circus performer in Texas. It is almost unnecessary to point out Robert Louis Stevenson's literary claim to a part of San Francisco, and Morley Roberts has written at least one tale with the scenes laid on the old Barbary coast. Among the European literary claimants to Mexico we recall E. D. Gerard (Madame de Laszowska) with *Reata, or What's in a Name* and Rider Haggard with *Heart of the World,* and *Montezuma's Daughter.*

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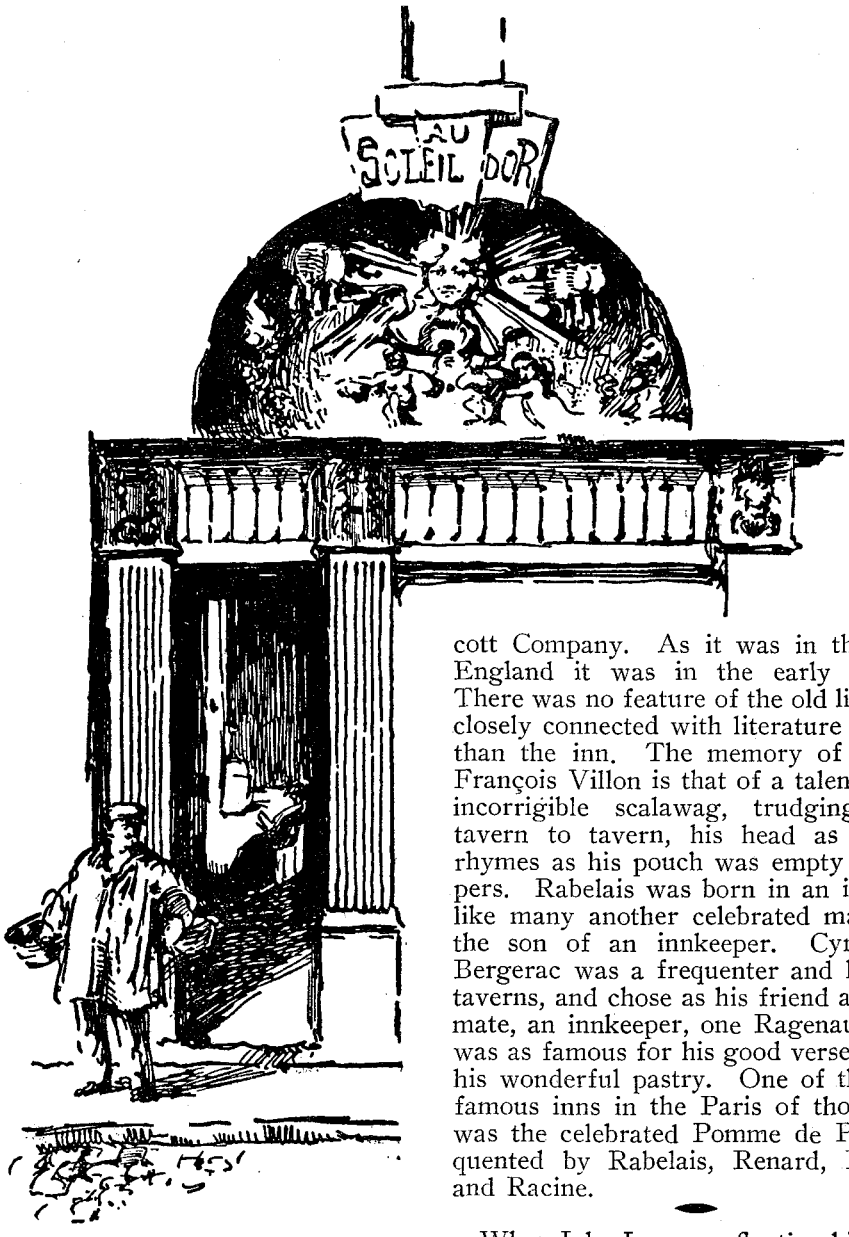

ENTRANCE TO THE INN OF THE GOLDEN SUN

Old French Inns

A few months ago we had some paragraphs in these columns on the subject of "Old English Inns." Similar discussion of old French inns is suggested by the recent publication of *Shadows of Old Paris,* by G. Duval, an exceedingly attractive volume which comes from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Company. As it was in the early England it was in the early France. There was no feature of the old life more closely connected with literature and art than the inn. The memory of Master François Villon is that of a talented and incorrigible scalawag, trudging from tavern to tavern, his head as full of rhymes as his pouch was empty of coppers. Rabelais was born in an inn, and like many another celebrated man, was the son of an innkeeper. Cyrano de Bergerac was a frequenter and lover of taverns, and chose as his friend and intimate, an innkeeper, one Ragenaud, who was as famous for his good verses as for his wonderful pastry. One of the most famous inns in the Paris of those days was the celebrated Pomme de Pin, frequented by Rabelais, Renard, Boileau, and Racine.

When John Law was floating his "Mississippi Bubble" before the public imagination the Epée de Bois, in the Rue de Venise, shown in the accompanying illustration, was the centre of the life and movement. Law's office was in a street nearby, and at midday the noted inn was crowded with customers, come to snatch a hasty dinner and hurry back to hear the latest quotations of the illusory stocks that were thrown on the market. Specu-

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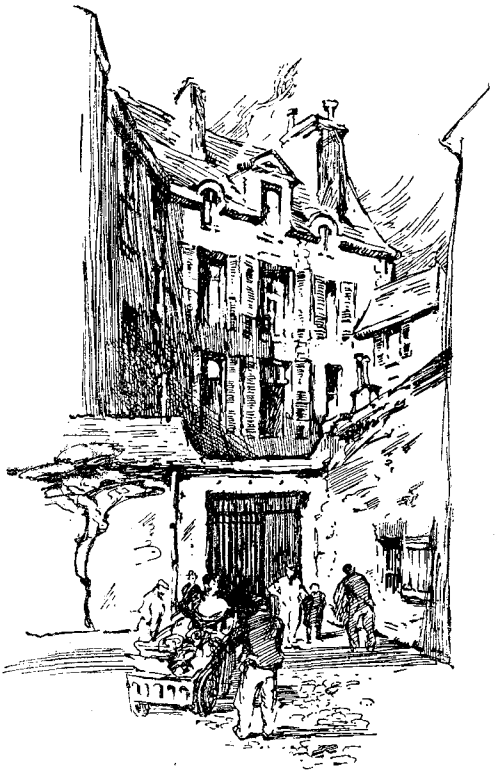
lation ran riot. Rich and poor, prince or servant, none was exempt from the contagion. At this very Epée de Bois, between two glasses of claret, Mariavaux found himself a ruined man and Louis de Racine lost, to the last penny, the fortune he owed to his great father's genius. Law, dining upstairs, looked down at the crowds in the street, and cried mockingly, "Come on, come on, we will have you all—all—all."

Brummel Revised

Mr. Lewis Melville in *Some Eccentrics and a Woman* has gathered together a good deal of gossip about British fops and dandies of the latter Georges and has sketched briefly a number of light, perishable and showy folk of the sort that are not preserved in biographical dictionaries. The "eccentrics" include men about town of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the exquisites of the early nineteenth, together with Peter Pindar, the Duke of Wharton, Charles Fox, and William Beckford; the woman is Sterne's Eliza. Of the biographers of Beau Brummel he complains that they took many of his sayings literally, crediting him apparently with no sense of humour whatever. For example, when Brummel replied to the lady who consulted him about a proper allowance for her son, that "with economy he could dress on eight hundred a year," it did not occur to them that he was joking. They commented on his outrageous extravagance. And when he remarked, "Really, I did my best for the young man; I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's"—about a hundred yards, they merely referred it to his colossal conceit. Mr. Melville points out that the "Wales, ring the bell" story, though mythical so far as Beau Brummel was concerned, was true in so far that the words were actually spoken. But they were said by a lad who had taken too much to drink at a royal supper party. The Prince rang



THE COUR DE ROUEN

THE EPÉE DE BOIS IN THE RUE DE VENISE

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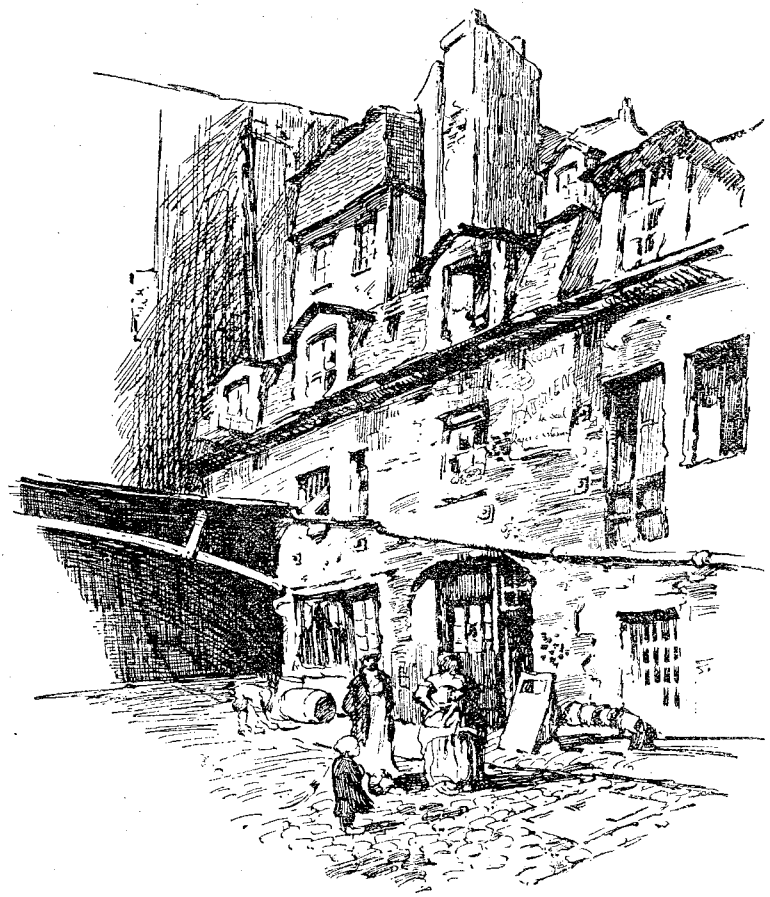

THE INN OF THE WHITE HOUSE. IN THIS HOSTELRY THE STORY OF MANON LESCAUT HAD ITS ORIGIN

the bell, but when the servants came ordered them to "put that drunken boy to bed." As to the famous anecdote of Brummel's inquiry, "Who's your fat friend?" he dismisses one version after another as groundless or inaccurate, and asserts that the true story runs as follows:

A dandies' ball was to be given by Lord Alvanley, Sir Henry Mildmay, Henry Pierrepoint and Brummel to celebrate a great run of luck at hazard. The question of inviting the Prince was mooted, but it was negatived because all felt sure it would be declined since he was not on friendly terms with Brummel. The Prince, however, sent an intimation that he desired to be present, and of course a formal invitation was dispatched. The four hosts assembled at the door to do honour to their royal guest, who shook hands with three of them, but looked Brummel full in the face and passed on without any sign of recognition. Then it was, before the Prince was out of hearing, that Brummel turned to his neighbour and asked with apparent nonchalance, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?"

His delvings have brought nothing new to light in regard to Brummel's extraordinary act of self-denial in respect to the consulate at Caen. This position, which paid four hundred a year, was secured for him by his friends who had been moved by his misfortunes. An arrangement was made whereby his creditors were to receive a stated part of this income in payment of his debts, which amounted to a thousand pounds, and they allowed him to leave Calais. He had not been long at Caen when he wrote to Lord Palmerston that the consulate was a sine-

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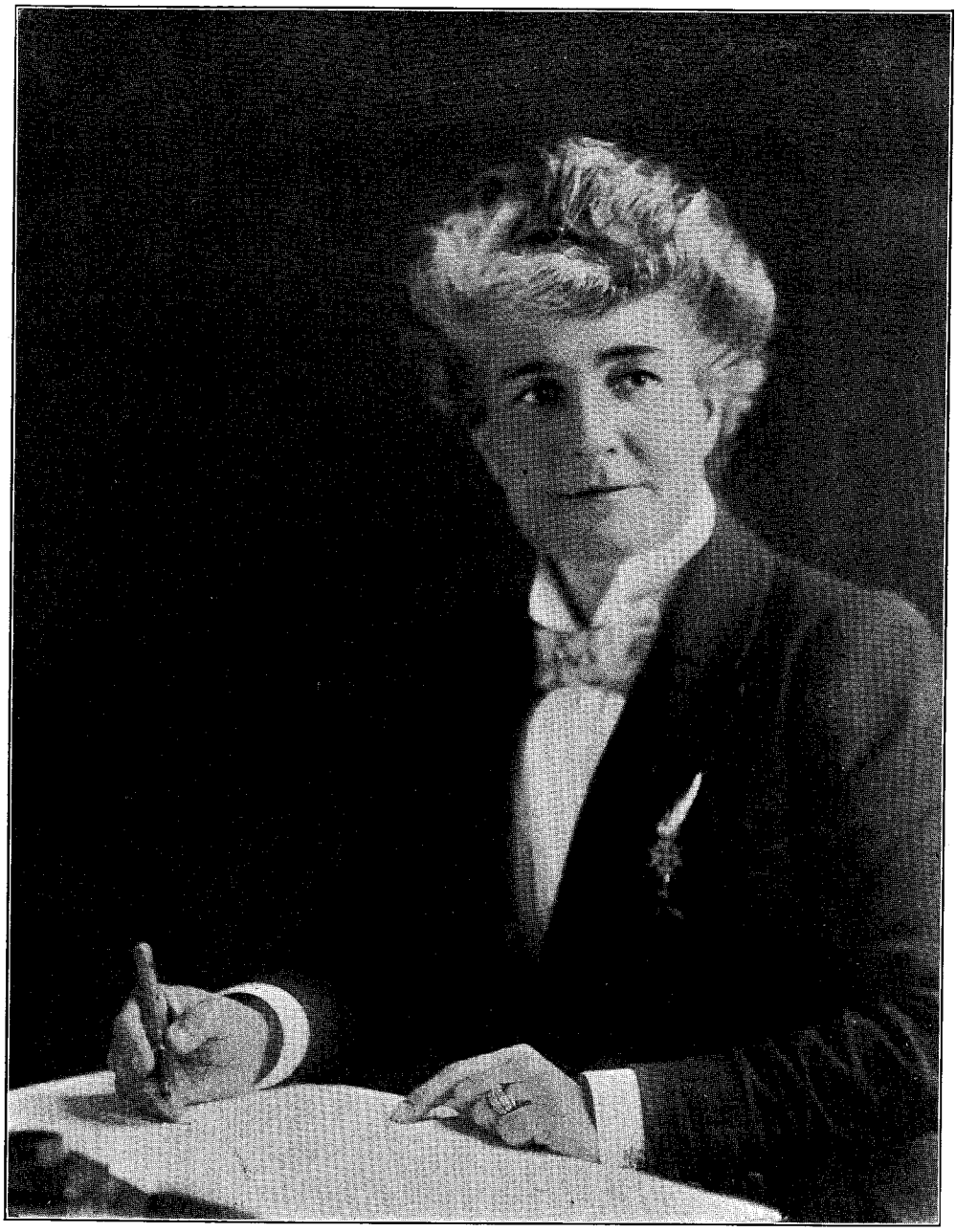
cure and its duties were so slight that he felt obliged to recommend its abolition. Palmerston was constrained, to his regret, to take the consul at his word. Brummel was again left in poverty and not long afterward put into prison by his creditors. Various motives have been implied—the hope of winning a better



FLORENCE L. BARCLAY

No book of recent years has had a more spectacular success than "The Rosary," which, making its appearance almost unheralded, for months held a place at the top of the lists of best selling books. It is, of course, too early to prophesy what the fate of "The Following of the Star," Mrs. Barclay's new book, will be, but the advance sale is said to be very large.

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place, the desire to escape the payments of his debts, and simple honesty—but they are merely guesses varying with the writer's estimate of his character.

Mr. Melville's Other Notables

Among the minor figures in this volume is George Hanger, afterward Lord Coleraine, who had been a captain of the Hessians during the Revolutionary War, and who is best remembered for the prophecy in his "Memoirs" that "one of these days the northern and southern powers [of the United States] will fight as vigorously against each other as they have both united to do against the British." But among contemporaries he was famed for his eccentricities and humour. Mr. Melville preserves some specimens, chiefly of the eccentricities.

For his kind heart much may be forgiven Hanger; and who could be angry with a man who possessed so keen a sense of humour as is revealed in this story? Late one night he went into his bedroom at an inn, and found it occupied. The opening of the door awoke an irate Irishman, the occupier, who inquired in no measured terms: "What the devil do you want here, sir? I shall have satisfaction for this affront. My name is Johnson." Aroused by the clamour, a wizen-faced woman by Johnson's side raised her head from the pillow. "Mrs. Johnson, I presume?" said Hanger dryly, bowing to the lady.

It seems as if people must have read enough about the drinking bouts of the eighteenth century and the enormous losses of Charles James Fox at cards, but Mr. Melville goes over them again pretty thoroughly.

One reads with amazement of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Lord Chancellor, and a Treasurer of the Navy—Pitt, Thurlow and Dundas—excited by wine, galloping through a turnpike gate without paying the toll, and the man mistaking them for highwaymen, discharging his blunderbuss.

It is doubtful whether there is much amazement left. But it may be as Mr. Melville thinks of some value "as showing the temper of the times" to keep on proving that very great men got very drunk, that "Fox, Sheridan, Pitt and notably Professor Porson were three-bottle men," and that Lord Saye and Sele consumed large quantities of absinthe and curaçoa, and replied to his new servant's inquiry as to orders: "Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me day after to-morrow." He quotes Walpole's explanation of Fox's failure to acquit himself well in a debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles.

He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate, went to dinner at half-past eleven at night, from there to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning, thence to Almack's, where he won six thousand pounds, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost ten thousand pounds two nights after, and Charles eleven thousand pounds more on the 13th, so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-four, lost thirty-two thousand pounds.

A Bright Book

Mrs. John Lane's new book, *The Talk of the Town,* is as typically American as the cartoons in our yellow journals or the pithy sayings of their editorial pages. There is no doubt whatever that American humour is becoming more methodical as the years go by. Fun takes the course of other large industries, and, like furniture, follows standard forms. Economies of large production, labour-saving devices, better knowledge of the market steadily reduce the individual variations of the increasing mass of salable American fun. It settles down as time goes on into more definite processes of cold, hard, efficient exaggeration. With our great gift for clever imitation, it is not strange that so many of our books are brightly written, for from one bright model a thousand soon are made. We have always been able to do with great exactness what other people do. Reviewers are all saying that Mrs. Lane's book is a very bright book, and so it is. We should as

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soon think of denying the gleam of new porcelain plumbing. Yet there is unquestionably a sameness.

I consider an infant with an orange, with all that represents of danger, as more menacing to the public peace than a turmoil of mistaken but well-meaning anarchists in Trafalgar Square, who merely talk about bombs. Talk about bombs! Why, what bomb is so dangerous as the irresponsible peel of an orange?

However, our mild lamentation concerns mere style, a recondite literary matter about which few people are worried. Mrs. Lane's book is certainly good of its kind. It contains many pleasant passages—for example, on the "Tyranny of Clothes"—

Once I met a man who was lured from the joys of Piccadilly just as he stood, in frock coat and top hat, to a rural retreat five miles from a railway station. I never saw anything so unbecoming to a landscape as that wretched hat and that superlatively rigid coat. It was in vain that we took him for walks and showed him the hills. He persisted in sitting disconsolately on a stile, and I shall never forget the abysmal gloom with which he watched the innocent gambols of a litter of young pigs. A man not without a sense of humour, and if his distinguished head had been covered by a straw hat he would have been the first to love the little pigs. As it was, he wandered tragically through the village street entirely out of drawing, and a terror and perplexity even to the chickens. He rather rudely refused the loan of a straw hat as being humanly impossible with a frock coat, and he only cheered up the next day when he climbed into the train.

"Good-bye," he said, in an impolite burst of rapture. "I fear my soul has not been in harmony with nature."

"Don't blame your soul," I said cheerfully, as we shook hands, "your soul was all right, but you had on the wrong hat."

"Lady Patricia" in Print

Mr. Rudolf Bésier, the author of *Don,* has published in book form his comedy *Lady Patricia,* which was first produced in London last spring, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the title rôle. It seems singularly mechanical when exposed to the unfair test of reading. One after another all the characters shut themselves in a summer house and eavesdrop on the rest, and so in the end clear up all misunderstandings and pair the couples off properly in the paths of virtue from which they have begun to stray. But it is worth printing for its light, and often amusing dialogue. It is credible dialogue too, in the main,

PRINCESS LOUISE OF SAXONY

The book written by the Princess Louise about her varied experiences has naturally aroused much discussion in this country and in Europe. An extended review will be found elsewhere in this issue.

full of the carelessness and repetitions of actual speech.

LADY PATRICIA: . . . Your letters have been too full of facts to tell me anything. And I do so long to hear all your news. . . .

BILL: Patricia . . .

LADY PATRICIA: Yes, dear?

BILL: What an awfully good woman you are!

LADY PATRICIA: Am I? . . . I wonder!

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BILL: And your eyes are simply ripping.

LADY PATRICIA: Are they?

BILL: And your hands, by Jove!

LADY PATRICIA: What of my hands, dear?

BILL: They're simply ripping.

LADY PATRICIA: Dear heart! (*Stroking his head.*) Dear soft hair. But I'm waiting.

BILL: Oh, yes, I forgot. But there really ain't much to tell that I haven't told you in my letters. I arrived in New York on a Saturday after a jolly passage. Those big Cunarders are corking boats. Had a bit of a dust-up at the Customs, but I squared the chap with a ten-dollar bill. A chap on board advised me to put up at the Waldorf-Astoria. He told me it was one of the swaggerest hotels, but I must say——

LADY PATRICIA (*laughing*): Yes, yes, dear, you've told me all that before! And about the nigger waiter whose thumb was always in the soup—and the California peach as big as a baby's head—and the factory that was burned down in Chicago—and the card-sharper who tried to swindle you at poker, "but he got hold of the wrong chap, by Jove!"—and so many other thrilling details. (*Almost with passion, taking his face in her hands*) You darling! Oh, you darling!

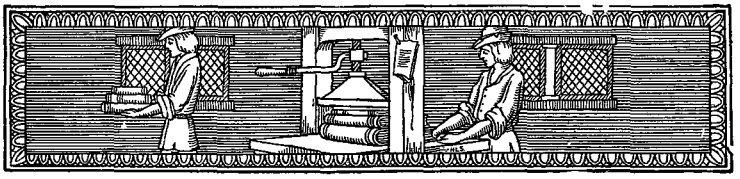
BILL: I thought I'd told you everything.

LADY PATRICIA: Of course you did—everything. (*With far-off eyes*) I wonder why I am so foolish as to expect the essentials from you—those labourings of the soul at midnight, yearnings, ecstasies, and long, long thoughts under the stars. . . .

From which brief passage almost any one, even though he has neither seen the play nor read it, can easily guess a good deal of its story. It is because the guessing, after reading the first act, becomes altogether too easy, that the play when presented in book form has rather a slack hold on the attention.

Rum, Romanism and Rebellion

Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter, by William C. Hudson, throws a new light on the famous speech of the Rev. Dr. Burchard, which is conceded to have turned the scales in the Blaine-Cleveland Presidential election of 1884. It has always been a matter of wonder that so astute a politician as the candidate of the Republican Party did not realise the danger of Dr. Burchard's alliteration and meet it at once. Mr. Hudson tells us that some time after the election he questioned Mr. Blaine on the subject. Mr. Blaine's explanation was that he never heard the remark at all; that he had been up late the night before at a dinner, that he had been busy with important callers, and that while the clergyman was talking he was trying to arrange some thought and did not hear him. At the time there was current a report that the speech had been a carefully contrived plot of the Democratic organisation. As a matter of fact Mr. Blaine himself was responsible for selecting Dr. Burchard as the speaker. On the occasion there were two different bodies of ministerial visitors between whom there was friction. When it was learned that they must be received together the question came up as to which body should furnish the spokesman. The matter was referred to Mr. Blaine, who met the difficulty with the suggestion that the oldest clergyman present be selected. This happened to be the Rev. Dr. Burchard. It was a curious fact that the next oldest clergyman present, and only by a few days, was the Rev. Father Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn. Had he been six days older than he was the fatal words would never have been uttered.



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"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"—ACT II

"The marriage of the telephone-operator to the millionaire results not only in her own advancement but also in that of her sister and her prospective brother-in-law."

PLAUSIBILITY IN PLAYS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

A PLAY can scarcely succeed in the theatre unless, during the two hours' traffic of the stage, the particular audience that it appeals to believes the story that it tells; and no piece can be considered an important contribution to dramatic literature unless, upon a critical examination, it proves itself to have been conceived and conducted in accordance with the admitted laws of life. The first question that must be asked of any play that appeals for popularity is, "Is it plausible?": and the only and all-inclusive question that must be asked of any play that bids for more than passing commendation is the question, "Is it true?"

There are innumerable plays that pass the first test successfully and then falter before the second. So long as an audience is gathered in the theatre, it offers to the playwright the advantage of a crowd's credulity; and the actors, by sincerity of art, may charitably cover up a multitude of sins upon the author's part. It is only afterward, when the crowd has disintegrated into its individual components, and these individuals have escaped from the immediate influence of the actors' personal appeal, that, in many cases, it becomes possible to perceive, in retrospect, that the dramatist has trifled with the laws of life; and, as a gambling chance, the playwright is warranted in figuring that very few people will analyse his effort intellectually after they have left the theatre. Not ultimate truth, but only immediate plausibility, is all he needs to master if his ambition is set only on success.

But momentary plausibility is no antidote against the opium of time; and the world will consent to remember the plays of yester-year only when they have told

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"GREEN STOCKINGS"—ACT III

"The Colonel represents himself to be the nearest friend of the lamented hero, and engages in a protracted struggle of wit with Celia."

"A SINGLE MAN"—ACT I

"Robin Worthington engages himself to a pretty little girl of seventeen or thereabouts. . . . But meanwhile his secretary, Miss Heseltine, enters unobtrusively the race for his affection."

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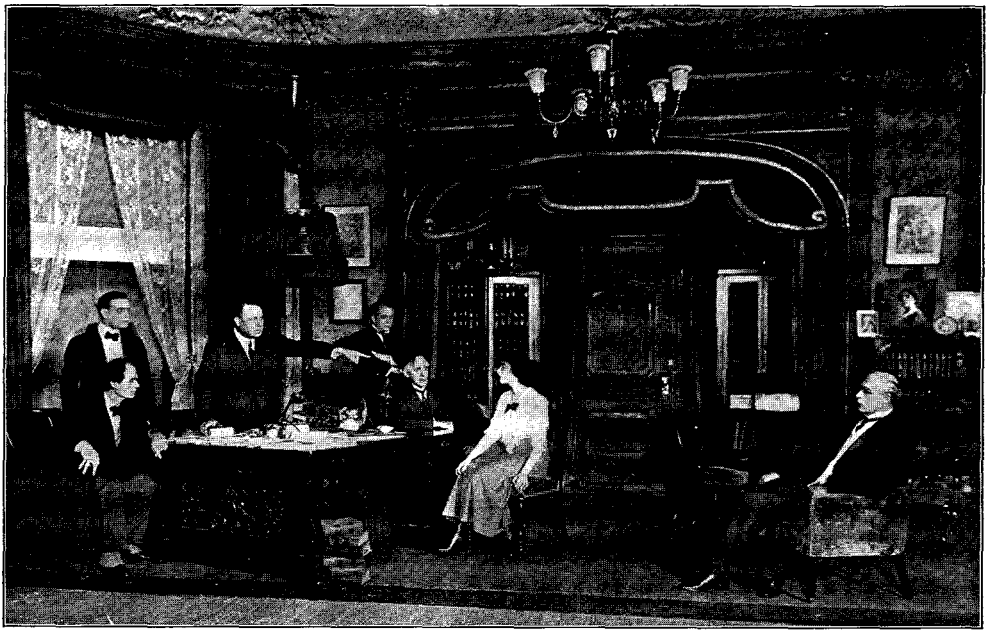

"THE WOMAN"— ACT I

"In conducting the first act, which is set in the office of a Washington hotel, Mr. Belasco has achieved an incomparable simplicity and serenity of method."

"PASSERS-BY"—ACT I

"'Nighty' turns out to be somewhat of a social philosopher. . . . The human derelict named Samuel Burns is a man with an infantile vacuity of mind. . . . Burns is very interesting to Peter Waverton, but is frowned upon with snobbish disgust by the aristocratic Pine."

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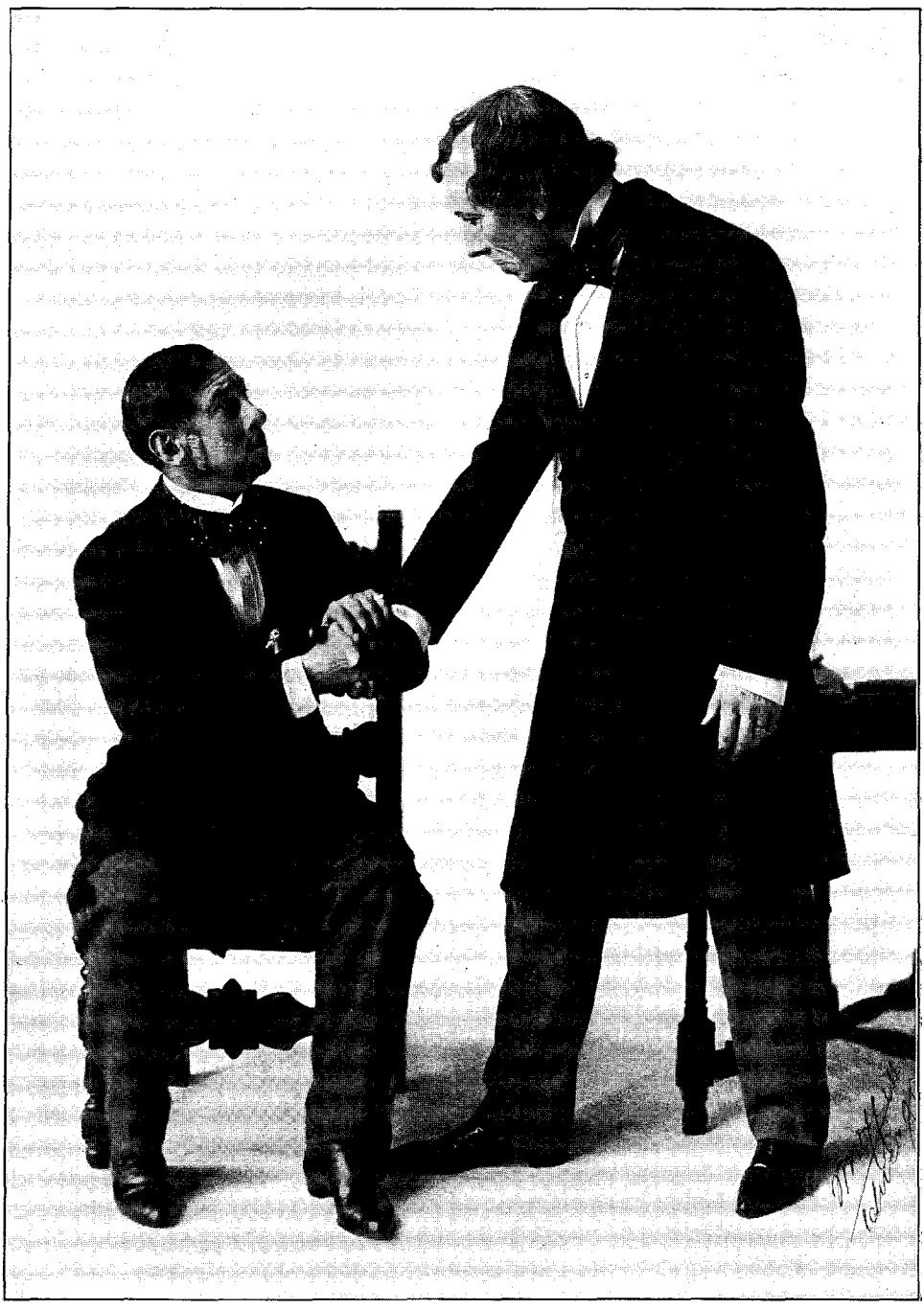

"DISRAELI"—ACT III

"An *œil-de-bœuf* through which one looks upon a famous statesman."

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unfalteringly some truth of human life which was eminently worth the telling. For Truth is the talisman we all are seeking in that running toward the rainbow's foot which is our little life upon this planet; and we are very busy in the running, and cannot pause for long to listen to tales that are not true. Even plausibility itself we are willing to discard, if the unplausible may symbolise for us some nearer revelation of reality. *The Blue Bird* is not a plausible representation of experience; yet it is eternally, immortally true. To tell the truth is a very difficult and delicate task, far heavier than moving mountains; and truth often may be told more lucidly by some dreamful alteration of the unrevelatory terms of actuality. Often we are voyaging in search of some treasure island buried beyond our actual horizon; and to see it we need the mystic aid of a mirage. The poetic drama is a telescope, through which we may look at truths so high that, without its aiding intervention, they would remain invisible; and for that imaginative searching of the skies there are cryptic astronomic principles which transcend the ordinary rules of criticism.

At present, in considering only the need for plausibility in the ordinary play, we must make a certain reservation in favour of the dramatist. We must allow him to begin with almost any premise, and we must allow him to end as he conveniently can; provided that, during the course of his narrative itself, he does not impose any undue tax on our credulity. Any work of art is a conventional patterning of certain selected details of nature; and the convention must be most apparent in the beginning of the work and in the end. For life itself is a continuous sequence of causation: it shows no absolute beginnings and no utter ends. Nothing in life is initiatory, nothing is conclusive. Not even birth is a beginning; for the shadowy and disconcerting science of heredity teaches us to regard it as only an incident in the progress of the race. Not even death is final; for no monumental tombstone can hold an influence quiescent, and our slightest actions vibrate in ever-widening circles through incalculable time. But a play, by the conditions of its representment, must have a beginning and an end. It derives its possibility of existence from an initial and a terminal falsification of the admitted facts of nature. Hence we must pardon the playwright for any necessary cutting of the Gordian knot of his structure at the close; and we may pardon him also for starting his narrative with a posture of circumstances that is scarcely plausible. The one thing that we may not pardon is a violation of plausibility during the progress of the action from the conventional starting-point to the conventional termination. We will grant him his own conditions at the outset, provided that he shall remain faithful to the legitimate requirements of those conditions until the time comes for him to empty the theatre and send us home. He may end his play with a wedding, and delude us with the amiable fiction that marriage is an end instead of a beginning, provided that he has led up to the marriage through a logical development of motives; and he may begin with a staggering impossibility, as Sophocles began in *Œdipus King* or Goldsmith began in *She Stoops to Conquer* [to mention two great plays as far apart as possible in mood], provided that thereafter, when we have granted the conditions precedent to the action, he shall rigorously tell the truth that is necessitated by those conventional conditions. In other words, it may be formulated as a practical rule that a playwright should gather whatever impossibilities may lie latent in his story into that section of the entire narrative that is conceived to have occurred before the play begins. We are willing to accept an antecedent unplausibility, because it is merely stated to us in conventional expository lines; but we refuse to accept a subsequent unplausibility, because we have to watch it being acted out before our very eyes upon the stage. A playwright may begin by asking us to concede (for the sake of the entertainment he is about to offer us) that two is equal to four; but he must afterward adhere logically to the inference that four is equal to eight and eight is equal to sixteen. If he subsequently tells us that four is equal to nine, we shall immediately revolt from the convention of

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credulity and reject his narrative as unbelievable.

"Passers-By"

Mr. Haddon Chambers's play called *Passers-By* tells a story that is exceedingly incredible; but the piece has achieved a popular success because the most obvious impossibilities in the narrative have been gathered into the series of antecedent incidents that lead up to the first entrance of the heroine. After Mr. Chambers gets her on the stage, the story moves along without any violent violation of plausibility; but it is still conceivable that the play might have been more interesting if the author had not introduced that particular heroine at all. For not only does he have to give a dangerous wrench to human probability to drag her into his action; but after she has entered, he is forced to sacrifice a rather novel theme in order to vacate the centre of the stage for her more ordinary uses.

The play begins very promisingly. Peter Waverton, a rich young bachelor with rooms in Piccadilly, is exceedingly bored at the artificiality of high society; and one forlorn and foggy night, he tries the experiment of gathering in some casual passers-by, in the whimsical hope of discovering some elements of human interest in their personalities. The first of these is an all-night cab-man from a neighbouring stand, who is an acquaintance of his valet, Pine. The cab-man, who is known as "Nighty," turns out to be somewhat of a social philosopher, for he has seen a great deal of the night-life of the metropolis from his elevated perch. The second is a human derelict named Samuel Burns, a man with an infantile vacuity of mind, who has no will and does no work, and lives by picking up odd scraps and profiting by the pity of those mysteriously endowed with property. Burns is very interesting to Peter Waverton, but is frowned upon with snobbish disgust by the aristocratic Pine. At this point a valuable theme seems to be in process of development. We expect that Peter will continue his adventurings and will collect some other odd fishes from the diverse and undulating stream of Piccadilly; and we expect the author to construct a play by interweaving such various threads of narrative as are hauled up, by this means, out of life at large. And, of course, the prime requirement of the theme is that Peter shall be absolutely unacquainted with any of the passers-by into whose hitherto unnoticed lives he thrusts his providential inquisition.

But Mr. Chambers casts aside this interesting theme in order to tell instead a story that is neither plausible nor novel, and thereby drops his play into the quite ordinary class of those which fail to fulfil a high promise which they have given at the outset. Peter does indeed gather in another passer-by; but she turns out to be the very girl that he had loved passionately many years before. It is assuredly not plausible that her wanderings through the heavy fog should have drifted her to Peter's very door on this night of all nights in the year; and her past history, as it is soon expounded, is equally incredible. She had been a governess in the family of Peter's married sister, and had been summarily dismissed when his affair with her had been discovered. Thereafter she had written to him twice, but her letters had been intercepted and destroyed by the intervening sister. Peter had not known where to find her: each had deemed himself deserted by the other: and they had remained lost to each other for years. All this is scarcely plausible, in view of the further fact that the girl has a child of whom Peter is the father. When two people strive hard to find each other in this modern world, and one of them at least has plenty of money, it seems impossible that they should be baffled in their mutual search. Peter, being a club-man, must have had several reliable mail-addresses; and, on his part, he might easily have employed detectives. But Mr. Chambers's play is saved from disaster by the fact, already noted, that these impossibilities are presupposed before the play begins.

The remainder of the piece is commonplace and sentimental. Peter is now engaged to a girl in his own social set, and regards his love for the former governess as a mere memory of the past. But the heroine's child is introduced upon the stage, and gets around the

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father in the usual theatric way. The spontaneous emotion of paternity is rather rare in life, but the idea of it is loved by theatre-audiences. The child wanders away into the suburbs in company with the feeble-minded Burns; and the two parents are brought nearer to each other by their mutual agony of suspense until the child is found. Peter's fiancée is a very good fellow; and realising that Peter and the heroine still love each other, although neither of them will admit it to himself, magnanimously gives the hero up in order that he may marry the mother of his child.

Passers-by, because its story is so unbelievable, will not bear the calm analysis of criticism; but it has sufficient merit to account for its success. It starts out with an interesting idea that deludes the audience into thinking that the subsequent development is better than it is; and the story that it ultimately tells, though thick with sentiment, is of the sort that is popularly known as "human." The piece, besides, is admirably acted and very delicately staged.

"Maggie Pepper"

Mr. Charles Klein may almost be regarded as a master of momentary plausibility, but he rarely sails within hailing distance of any permanent truth. He is a mechanician of the theatre, rather than a student of life. His plays are entertaining at the moment, because of their efficient craftsmanship; but they leave nothing ponderable in the memory. *Maggie Pepper* is neither more nor less important than the general average of his work.

Maggie is a shop-girl who rises to be the manager of a large department-store, because of her natural ability and long experience, and because she wins the love of the young owner of the enterprise. The business of Holbrook and Company had long been running down, owing to the antiquated methods of the manager, and owing also to the further fact that young Joe Holbrook, who had inherited the business from his father, had found it more interesting to spend money abroad than to work for it at home. But Joe returns to America, and looks over the department-store, as a preparation for assuming personal charge of the concern. He runs across Maggie in the stock-room. She takes him for a new clerk in the men's furnishing department, calls him down for his apparent affectation of European clothes, and drifts into an adverse criticism of the manager, in the course of which she offers several luminous suggestions as to how the business should be run. When she discovers that she has been babbling to the owner, she expects to be instantly discharged; but, instead, she is retained by Holbrook and promoted to be his confidential adviser in building up the business.

Maggie builds up the business by sitting in an office and being continually interrupted by Holbrook, who pops in at every moment to talk to her of extraneous matters. On her part, she continually orders her employer to go away because she is very busy. The process, on both sides, is scarcely plausible as a representation of the successful management of a large and intricate enterprise; but is serves, theatrically, to develop the mutual interest of Maggie and Holbrook in each other. Holbrook is engaged to marry the daughter of the manager; and the manager, in order to get rid of Maggie, propagates a scandal involving Holbrook and the promoted shop-girl in a sinister relation. Maggie is forced to resign, in order to silence the wagging of the tongue of rumour; but in the end Holbrook discards his fiancée and marries Maggie. The inference is that the department-store will flourish ever after.

This unplausible fabrication is sufficiently interesting in the theatre, because it is skilfully devised to afford the performers opportunities to act. The part of the heroine is humanised by the sincere art of Miss Rose Stahl. The plot is well-articulated; many of the incidents are unexpected; and the slang dialogue often suggests the casual tone of actual conversation.

"A Single Man"

A Single Man, by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, is not so important a play as *The Mollusc* nor so interesting a piece as *Cousin Kate;* but it sets forth an amiable story told with its author's customary charm. Mr. Davies is an artist in miniature, dealing daintily with minor delicacies of char-

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acterisation; and in the contemporary theatre, where so few things, large or little, are done well, he is always to be greeted as a good and faithful servant.

The hero of his present play—Robin Worthington by name—is a successful author in his forties. Robin has always been too busy with his books to think of marrying; but now he has arrived at what Continental novelists with a sinister interest in sex are fond of calling "the dangerous age." His younger brother, who is a husband and a father, has been staying with him on a visit; and a continuous intimate viewing of this brother's marital felicity has stirred Robin Worthington's imagination to thoughts of matrimony. Consequently he engages himself to a pretty little girl of seventeen or thereabouts who plays about the neighbourhood. Quite ignorant of his intention, the married pair beneath his roof conspire on their own account against his freedom, and import a husband-hunting girl, about thirty years of age, to conquer him. This self-emphasising woman arrives at the precise moment when Robin announces his engagement; but, all undaunted, she settles down to win him away from the little springtime flower that has caught his fancy.

But meanwhile Robin's secretary, Miss Heseltine, enters unobtrusively the race for his affection. She has worked for him for many years and has, without his knowing it, grown indispensable to him in his daily labours. She has always loved him; but he has never noticed her, because she has always been so comfortable and unannoying. It is not until she resigns her post and tells Robin that she will not be able to work for him any longer, in view of his approaching marriage, that Robin awakens to a consciousness of her love for him and begins to think about her seriously. He soon perceives that she is the sole woman that he needs and wants. Meanwhile he is obliged to ward off the continuous attacks of the husband-hunter, and is further confronted with the more delicate embarrassment of breaking his engagement to the spring-song-without-words who is his fiancée. From the latter difficulty he is providentially released by the little girl herself, who determines on her own account that Robin is too old for her. The husband-hunter is then easily disposed of; and the single man is married to his secretary.

This pretty story is a little thin; but it is sufficiently plausible to conquer momentary credence, and is told with a tender intermingling of sentiment and humour. One would like to live long in a world so charmingly conducted; and this little play may be regarded as a green and lyrical oasis in the average theatre-goer's desultory days.

"Disraeli"

Disraeli, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, can scarcely be considered seriously as a play: it is, rather, to be regarded as an *œil-de-bœuf* through which one looks upon a famous statesman. The exquisite art of Mr. Arliss cried out for an opportunity to represent the elusive personality of Beaconsfield; and Mr. Parker, with his capacity for loving reminiscence of the past, was commissioned to recall a picture of mid-Victorian society with Disraeli as its central figure. The resultant piece is fairly satisfactory as an evening's entertainment, and more than passingly remarkable as a vehicle for the delicate actor's subtle art. The plot, which does not demand to be summarised in a review, is merely a sort of second-hand combination of the leading elements in *Diplomacy* and *Richelieu.* Disraeli is determined to secure for England the control of the newly dug Suez Canal; and in order to effect this patriotic purpose he is required, by the usual theatrical devices, to defeat the machinations of a couple of hostile Russian spies. In defect of a love-story of his own, the hero is permitted to assume a personal interest in the love-affair of a charming young girl who comes under his protection; and he is given several scenes of sweet domestic sentiment with the considerably older woman to whom he is happily married. Doubtless there were no more moving elements of drama to be discovered in Disraeli's actual career. Mr. Parker's task was difficult, and he has accomplished it with credit; and the fascinating art of Mr. Arliss lifts the

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playwright's fabrication into a momentary competition with life.

"Bought and Paid For"

Bought and Paid For, by Mr. George Broadhurst, is the best play of the present autumn season in New York, because it seems the most plausible while it is being witnessed in the theatre, and because it most successfully endures a subsequent thinking-over in comparison with life. It tells a story that the auditor may readily believe; it sets forth a quartette of characters drawn with rare fidelity to nature; and it is written in an easy, natural vernacular that has the tang of actual conversation.

A millionaire named Robert Stafford falls in love with a telephone-girl named Virginia Blaine and asks her to marry him. She is not certain that she loves him; but he is a man of indubitable ability and unusual personal charm, and she accepts him. Her marriage results not only in her own advancement but also in that of her sister and her prospective brother-in-law. The latter is a shipping-clerk who has been worrying along on a salary of fourteen dollars a week. He is devoid of any business ability, but deludes himself with the belief that he is endowed potentially with a genius for finance and is destined to enjoy a rosy future. Stafford, who sees that he is worthless, creates for him a gratuitous position with a salary of a hundred dollars a week; and, thus endowed, the shipping-clerk is enabled to marry the sister of Virginia.

Virginia herself is fairly happy in her married life for a year or two; but her husband has a habit of convivial drinking at midnight, and, when intoxicated, annoys her with unwelcome amorous advances. One evening, being drunk, he approaches her with a violence of amatory passion against which she disgustedly rebels; and when she repels him, he insults her by telling her that she is helplessly his because she has been bought and paid for. She flees to her own bed-room and locks the door. Her thwarted and infuriated husband smashes a panel of the door and makes his way to her. This scene has apparently been borrowed from Brieux's *Maternity;* but it is none the less real in Mr. Broadhurst's representation.

The next morning the husband is humbly penitent for his brutality; but, in a sincere and well-studied dialogue which recalls the last act of *A Doll's House,* Virginia tells him that she can no longer live beneath his roof, but must go back to the working world alone. In the last act she is living with her sister and her brother-in-law—the latter of whom has, of course, lost his artificially created position and is again toiling restively for a very meagre salary. In this setting, Stafford, after several months of consistent and continuous repentance, comes to reclaim his wife; and Virginia, convinced at last that his love for her is genuine, rejoins him.

This play attains its climax at the end of the second of four acts, instead of at the termination of the third, as in the usual well-made four-act play. The third act lets down the action to a logical conclusion; and the fourth act can be regarded only as an epilogue. But this technical defect of structure is covered up by the reality of Mr. Broadhurst's characterisation. His people are alive. The hero and the heroine are both drawn with that intimate understanding that is synonymous with sympathy; but it is, perhaps, the part of the shallow-minded and ambitious shipping-clerk that most emphatically convinces the audience of absolute reality. This subsidiary character is very fully drawn, and constitutes a genuine contribution to the growing portrait-gallery of our American drama.

"The Woman"

It was not so many years ago that the heroines who were stage-directed by Mr. David Belasco used to pound the furniture and break the bric-à-brac at emotional moments and bestrew the stage with sound and fury. The exhibition was theatrically thrilling, but scarcely edifying as an elucidation of life. But Mr. Belasco is an artist who has never stood still. He is not to be considered as a stage-director who attained the zenith of his powers several seasons since and ceased thereafter to develop. His work improves from year to year; and each new season shows him competing nearlier with na-

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ture than in any of his former efforts. *The Woman* is the best directed play that Mr. Belasco has ever yet produced. The dominant note of the performance is an appealing quietude that apes the modesty of nature. The piece is played throughout in a slow tempo. There is never any hurry, and seldom any obvious lifting of the voice. In conducting the first act, which is set in the office of a Washington hotel, Mr. Belasco has achieved a simplicity and serenity of method of which there was hardly more than an occasional indication in his labours of the Leslie Carter days.

The Woman was written by Mr. William C. de Mille; and no detraction is intended from the merits of his authorship when we call attention to the advantage that his play has reaped from the superlative production that it has received at the hands of his more experienced adviser. Mr. de Mille's own craftsmanship has been steadily improving year by year. *The Woman* is distinctly a well-made play. It is not a big play, for it expounds no theme which is of permanent importance to humanity; it is essentially a play of plot, and exists solely for the sake of the story that it tells: but the plot is exceedingly well articulated, the characters are true to life (often with an unexpected, poignant truthfulness), and the lines are easily and naturally written. So well have both the author and the producer done their work that, while we are watching the performance, *The Woman* seems to us the most plausible of recent plays. We believe all that happens on the stage: we are never forced, as we are at most performances, to doubt our own eyes and disbelieve our ears.

The story is, in its essential elements, not particularly novel; but Mr. de Mille has given it two or three very novel twists, and all of these unexpected variations must be lauded as returns to nature. There is a political struggle in Washington between Matthew Standish, an insurgent leader, and the old guard of the party, led by a corrupt and grafting boss named Jim Blake and his son-in-law, Mark Robertson. Standish has risen to be a popular idol and is considered an apostle of purity in politics. Blake and Robertson discover that, several years before, Standish had once spent a week at a remote rural hotel living with a woman to whom he was not married, and they conspire to force him to withdraw his opposition to them by a threat of making public this intelligence. They have not, however, been able to discover the name of the woman in the case; and this is the weak point in their position. Standish calls the woman up on the long distance telephone, to warn her of the impending danger; and a moment later Robertson telephones to his wife in New York. The two numbers are the same. By this expedient, the telephone girl discovers that the woman whose name Blake and Robertson are plotting to brand publicly with scandal is the former's daughter and the latter's wife.

The conspirators try to bribe the telephone girl to give them the number that Standish has called up; but she is the daughter of a politician whose career had been wrecked by Blake, and she fights them resolutely. Though they put her on the rack, she holds out against them, and even stands staunch against threats of imprisonment which she knows them to be able to fulfil. But meanwhile Mrs. Robertson herself arrives in Washington. At this point the story takes an unexpected twist which is surprisingly truthful. Standish is a public-minded enthusiast and the apostle of a cause; he feels that his duty to his constituents is higher than his duty to shield the woman who has compromised herself with him; and he tells her that if there is no other way to stop the publication of the story that will wreck his work he will himself reveal to Blake and Robertson the identity of the woman they are plotting to defame. Assailed from all sides, Mrs. Robertson breaks down, and the truth becomes apparent to her husband and her father. At this point the author reveals an even more surprising truthfulness of treatment. Nobody goes into hysterics or makes a horrid noise. Blake and Robertson receive the revelation with a stunned, appalling quietude. Certain motives had been made clear which explained, and to some extent palliated, the error of the woman; and, at any rate,

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her mistake had been lived down before she ever met the man she married. In the tense, emotional moment of discovery, she has nothing to say in her defence; but her father ultimately looks upon her with a quiet agony of understanding and forgiveness, and her husband tells her that, in spite of everything, he feels that he must go on loving her. This entire scene is very remarkable for its unusual reality.

"Green Stockings"

Mr. A. E. W. Mason is more a novelist than a dramatist; and his farcical comedy called *Green Stockings,* especially in the expository act, can hardly be regarded as a well-made play. But it is conceived in such a spirit of sprightliness and is rushed along with such a rollicking humour that it furnishes a delightful evening's entertainment.

The title refers to a tradition of the county in which the comedy is laid that an unmarried elder sister should wear green stockings at the marriage of a younger sister. Celia Faraday, though she is not yet thirty years of age, has figuratively worn green stockings twice, for two of her younger sisters have been married; but when a third sister, who is not yet out of her teens, announces her prospective wedding, Celia revolts against another donning of green stockings that would seem to set her finally upon the shelf. She has been away from home upon a visit; and upon her return she pretends that she has become engaged to an imaginary Colonel Smith, who has been ordered away upon a military expedition to a distant land. She writes a love-letter to the hypothetical Colonel Smith, intending to destroy it subsequently; but her youngest sister innocently gets hold of it and mails it. The fiction of an absent lover makes Celia seem more interesting than theretofore in the eyes of all the men of the neighbourhood; and from a position of neglect she finds herself pushed forward into a position of social prominence. Eight months later she decides that it is time to get rid of Colonel Smith, and inserts in *The Times* a notice of his death upon a distant battlefield. Her family, discovering the notice, endure an agony of embarrassment in breaking the tragic news to her.

But there is in the army an actual Colonel Smith, who has received Celia's first and only love-letter; and he humorously comes to call upon her the very day that his own death-notice has cast her into a pretence of mourning. He represents himself to be the nearest friend of the lamented hero, and engages in a protracted struggle of wit with Celia that is conducted, on both sides, with unfaltering high-spirits. During this amiable duel the Colonel and Celia fall in love with each other; and in the end she has only to declare that the reports of Colonel Smith's death have been greatly exaggerated in order to claim him as her husband.

"Rebellion"

Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson's drama called *Rebellion* is so sincerely intended that it holds, at all points, the sympathetic attention of the audience. Moral earnestness is an armour that blunts the blade of criticism; and in view of the high seriousness with which the author evidently went about his work, it seems a little ungracious to call attention to the fact that *Rebellion* is not really a good play.

A working-girl who is a Roman Catholic by family tradition is married to a worthless brute who is incurably a drunkard. At the end of the first act she thrusts him out of her home and out of her life, against the protests of her religious-minded mother. The heroine falls really in love with a fine fellow who loves her and in every way is worthy of her; but, being a Roman Catholic, she cannot secure a divorce in order to marry him. Instead, the author asks us to believe that she yields to the arguments of her parish priest and takes her husband back again, although she loathes him. The husband continues his career of brutality and drunkenness. The heroine has a child that is prenatally poisoned with the father's disease of alcoholism; and the child dies after a few weeks. The husband is brought home drunk and sodden at the moment when the child has breathed its last. The heroine then finally rebels against the dictates of the priest, forsakes the Church, and decides to di-

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vorce herself and marry the man she really loves.

The main weakness of this play lies in the fact that it is made evident at the outset that the heroine is a Roman Catholic not by conscience and conviction but merely by inheritance and family convention. From the very beginning of the action she honestly disagrees with the Church and disbelieves the Roman doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. As a consequence there can be no genuine dramatic struggle within her own soul. In this particular the play is obviously weaker than *Irene Wycherley,* in which the heroine was retarded from securing a divorce by a genuine unalterable faith in the doctrines of the Church. In *Rebellion,* it is difficult for us to believe that the heroine was really persuaded to take back her husband, since her moral conscience quite evidently cried out against this immolation of her sense of right.

The play also suffers from being written in a mixture of two styles that are incongruous with each other. It begins as a concrete, realistic study of middle-class life in Chicago, and soon ascends to an uncharted region of abstract polemics. The third act exhibits the fabric at its weakest. It is in this act that the baby dies upon the stage. The infant, like Charles the Second, is an unconscionable time a-dying; and during its deliberate demise, the doctor, the priest, and the child's own mother stand around the stage and compare at length their respective theories of immortality. The auditor desires to climb over the footlights and do something to ease the slow departure of the neglected and forgotten child; but the author keeps on writing with undaunted earnestness. This is, of course, the danger in any polemical play —that the author, while airing his theories, is likely to forget the insistent cry of life to be represented plausibly.

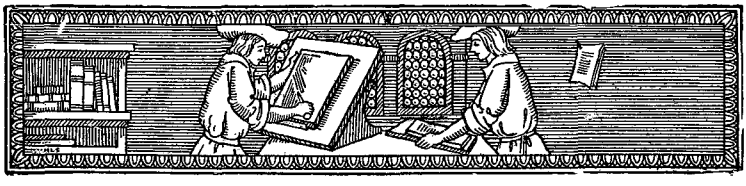
HORACE AT HOME

(HORACE, *Odes* 1.38)

BY ELIZABETH H. DU BOIS.

Persian pomp I hate, and the costly garlands
Twined of rich rare blooms that are deftly mingled,
Nor, for me each nook shall you search for roses
Blossoming latest.

Simple things are best. If the lowly myrtle
Grace my care-free board, it is all I covet.
'Neath its clust'ring leaves let me dine contented,
Sipping in quiet.



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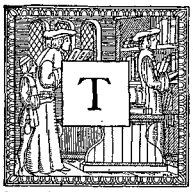
OUR ENDANGERED ARISTOCRACY*

BY C. M. FRANCIS



HERE is according to Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin a high social class in this country with precise and recognised limits, and what is more he knows just where it is to be found. "I know Society," his book begins, "I was born in it and have lived all my life in it, both here and in the capitals of Europe." From the uncommonly solemn countenance depicted on the paper cover of the book, it is evident that the author is not the man to speak with levity on this subject. He has actually discovered the finest families and the very Best Society in the United States. He has been intimate with them. Once at a very aristocratic club he saw a man reading the New York *Evening Post*. The man was "descended from four generations of the purest-blooded aristocracy this country owns," yet on laying down the paper he exclaimed—

> America needs a Marius, a Pitt and a Peel. Before long it must get one or all of them, or it will surely breed a Danton and a Robespierre.

This alarmed Mr. Martin not a little. Consider its significance, says he—

> To-day, in America, an aristocrat and a member of the plutocratic class, sitting in a great city club of fashion, reading an editorial from a paper that is published and edited to meet the demands of that very class, gives it as his opinion that in this country we must raise a Marius, a Pitt and a Peel! And the alternative—the days of the Terror, the bloody hands, the brutish mob, the wild-eyed, frantic leaders of the hosts that stormed the Bastille, set up the guillotine—so runs the mind of an aristocrat and a plutocrat, reading the *Evening Post* in a rich man's club on upper Fifth Avenue!

This remark about the *Evening Post*, by the way, seems very strange. People had hitherto supposed it was edited by and for college professors or graduate students—a worthy though uncomfortable class, and not in the least dangerous. But the main point is Mr. Martin's marvellously keen scent for aristocrats, whom most of us have so much difficulty in ferreting out in American life. He can tell the "best set" from the second best anywhere. He is but slightly acquainted with the American middle class. He did indeed know an author once and even used to visit him, but had to give it up, because, as he tells us, the remembrance of these simple joys made him actually homesick on returning to the cold complexity of upper class existence. He cannot speak authoritatively for the middle class. He can speak authoritatively only for the American aristocracy. His point of view is that of a disillusioned member of that old *noblesse*. "It has always been," he says, "a habit of my mind to ridicule the fads and fancies of my class." Now that he sees the Terror coming, he feels it his duty to address them seriously. It is not his business to address the masses, who would no doubt distrust anything from so patrician a source.

> I am addressing this book to Society, to the men and women whom I know, to the boys and girls who are to take our places in the social world as years go by. To them, in all sincerity, I am preaching a sermon of warning. I am calling them to gird themselves for battle—a battle the like of which has never been fought in this land before—a battle for life. . . . I covet for you, my friends and members of my class, a higher destiny than the mere panic-stricken flight for safety. . . . I often think, as I watch the young men and women of my class trying to enjoy themselves, what a terrible problem we have bequeathed to them. I am no longer young; even my friends call me middle aged. At any rate, I have reached a stage in life where I can stop and weigh the facts, and come to a conclusion unbiased by the mere joy of living. Therefore I am moved to pity as I watch the very young of my class at play. For I am positively certain that three out of four of them will face,

*Passing of the Idle Rich. By Frederick Townsend Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1911.

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in the fulness of their lives, many bitter and heart-searching problems. Already the shadow of impending events falls heavily upon them. Many of them, even in their very tender youth, have learned that they belong to a hated class. How different is their lot from mine! For I, as a boy, was taught to consider myself the heir of all the ages. I was taught that I belonged to a class loved and respected for its virtues, envied and looked up to for its opportunities. I was taught that the women of my class were models and exemplars to all the world. I was taught that the men were the uncrowned kings of America, leaders of thought, leaders of action, masters of destiny, masters of business.

Of course it is not the main line of his argument that makes his book seem queer. He is a wealthy banker who has been absorbing steadily for the past five years a great quantity of magazine and newspaper articles by muckrakers and demi-socialists. He believes, like most of us, that changes are ahead, and he thinks the ostentatious misuse of unearned wealth will tend to make such changes violent. No ground could be firmer than the principles on which he stands as to the curse of idleness and the vice of extravagance on the one hand or the sheer lust of gold on the other. He is at one here with Dr. Watts, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and Juvenal. It may not be quite fair to pack into a single chapter on the "Madness of Extravagance" extreme instances of waste occurring at long intervals and found only after considerable research, but that is only by way of moral emphasis. Few people will believe in the continuity of dinners served on horseback costing $50,000, banquets to black-and-tan dogs wearing collars worth $15,000, the spending of $10,000 a year on shoes, and $1,000,000 on "bedecking a coarse, but crafty, stage girl," getting holes bored in one's teeth and having them filled with two rows of diamonds, supporting a monkey at the cost of $15,000 a year, giving dinners with a black pearl in every oyster, wearing necklaces worth $600,000, rocking the baby in a cradle worth $10,000, sleeping in a $200,000 bed, and giving $75,000 feasts with monkeys sitting between the guests and ducks swimming in the pools of ivory fountains. Still by gathering these and a score of other more or less familiar excesses into solid formation he does bring some moral pressure to bear.

And he is no doubt sincere in his confession that the wealthy classes have only recently realised that they are fast becoming objects of popular contempt.

To-day in New York the girls of our class cannot read the newspapers without learning the fearful lesson that their fathers are despised by the people and their mothers are suspected by the women of the Nation. Ridicule, slander, sarcasm and obloquy are poured on us day by day.

Nor is he wrong in thinking that the charities of the rich and the various reform manias of Society people have little effect in changing that opinion.

High Society is becoming a rampant reformer. It will reform anything on a moment's notice. When I read in the papers, and hear in the club, that a dozen women of great wealth were standing along Broadway handing bills and encouragement to the girl shirt-waist strikers of last winter, I was not a bit surprised. It is just what you might have expected. Nowadays I can hardly go to a reception or a ball without being buttonholed by somebody and led over into a corner to be told all about some wonderful new reform. It is perfectly amazing, this plague of reform, in its variety, in its volume, and in the intensity of earnestness with which it is pushed.

Moreover, he is not misled into vague contrasts between American Society and imaginary groups of brilliant and at the same time virtuous folk in other lands. On the contrary he believes American Society "stands to-day a cleaner, saner and more normal Society than that of any other highly civilised nation in the world." He is no pessimist and he sees signs everywhere in his own class of efforts to shake off the vices he laments—

The dishonour of inactivity, sloth and idleness is coming to be widely recognised in the very best classes of Society. Old prejudices are breaking down under the demands of the younger men for something to do. Even labour with the hands is not beneath them.

Nevertheless, Mr. Martin sees his duty

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very plainly. As a member of New York's old *noblesse* he will play the part of Mirabeau. Sometimes he is Tiberius Gracchus, but usually he is Mirabeau. "Within the gates of gold," he says, "there dwells a host of people barely aroused." His *Passing of the Idle Rich* is intended to arouse them, is not to be regarded as a mere book. It is a bugle call.

It is, of course, perfectly reasonable to blow one's bugle to the very rich or to the very poor, or to the moderately well-to-do, or to any other determinate class of men if one has a bugle to blow. Mr. Martin is, he says, a wealthy banker as well as a very fashionable man. There is not the slightest impropriety in his blowing a bugle to other wealthy bankers. But to blow a bugle to Best Society, to the American Aristocracy, whom the bugler himself has known, is and always has been somewhat impracticable. In New York especially Best Society has ever been an inadequate subject for strong and serious human thought.

For sixty years our literary folk have been writing about it with strangely disproportionate moral zeal. They have all failed, and some of them have perhaps by this time almost guessed the reason why. It is simply because no such solid and self-conscious body as the Best Society of their imaginings has ever existed in the city of New York. Though schooled by generations of society reporters, the mind of man, when directed to this subject, remains to this day almost blank. New York Best Society has never been a class of people. Seen from the outside it has been a journalistic and literary myth. Seen from the inside, it has been a tremulous incertitude. At its best and to a few aspiring souls it has been a hope. It has its limits; so has a puddle; but it is no more fair to blame it than to blame the puddle for exclusiveness. On the whole, people seem to get in and out quite carelessly. Proud souls have been in it, of course, anxious about their visiting lists. But New York Best Society has not been proud. Sixty years ago, if we may believe its ancient chroniclers, it had not the heart to exclude persons for any defects, however grievous, in body, manners, or mind. To-day if we may trust our faculties, it continues no less kind to these unfortunates. Writers on New York have given us no clue whatever to Best Society. What they have done is to describe some wealthy persons spending their money for a little fun in vain.

Now to sound the death knell of the idle rich may not be impracticable. At least the mob might learn in time the persons that were meant. Aided by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, Mr. Upton Sinclair, and other able sansculottists (themselves sworn to eternal poverty), Mr. Martin, if he were willing to go into the work heartily, might accomplish a good deal after a month of carttail speeches east of the Bowery.

The mob might become rather clever in killing rich men after a little coaching, and would be pretty certain to apply their torches to the right address. But imagine the perplexity of any mob when required to massacre our Best Society. Mr. Martin, being an expert, does not appreciate the difficulties of us poor, frowsy, rough-hewn outside creatures.

To us it is a subject, subtle and recondite, beyond the grasp of our slow, uncouth wits. It is no such simple matter as one might think from his comparisons with Roman wars and French atrocities. The Roman plebs could point out a patrician; the French mob could tell a *grand seigneur*. But only a few specially trained observers—perhaps only Mr. Martin himself—could name with any accuracy men of the class to which Mr. Martin belongs.

"Let the reader imagine himself," says Mr. Martin, "a member of a class judged and condemned according to a distorted popular conception based on a semi-knowledge of the acts, habits, morals and ethics of the very worst of the class."

But we of the populace do not hate Mr. Martin's class. We hate only rich folk, who necessarily include many persons with whom Mr. Martin would not wish to dine. And therein lies the difficulty of massacring Best Society. After guillotining some Astors and Vanderbilts we should be quite at sea as to who was really fashionable and who was not, and questions would at once arise which

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only careful study of society columns in newspaper files for many years could settle.

Nor even then could our ringleaders be made to see the most important social differences, as, for example, between the nobility of carpets and the bourgeoisie of other household goods; between the fierce pride of wholesale biscuits and the simple worth of retail groceries; and we might soon be shedding the socially innocent blood of Park and Tilfords, Siegel and Coopers right and left, under the impression that it was just as blue and guilty as that of the Dukes of Tiffany. To point to a fleeing aristocrat and say, that man is a Podwalladar and his mother was a Brown would mean nothing whatever to our mob-leader. There would be no more reason to his untutored mind why he should kill a Rockmore of Germantown than why he should kill some large beer man from over Brooklyn way.

For, as Mr. Martin says, people who are shut out of Best Society often resemble very closely those who are shut in—

> They have wealth equal, perhaps, to that of any in the social world. They have education, it may be, of the finest. They have desires just as all men have. They have instincts, it may be, little better or little worse than those of the best in the land. The gates are shut against them for reasons that, to those inside, seem quite sufficient. . . . Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that they are beyond the pale.

And what is more perplexing, many do not know that they are shut out, but even think that they are Best Society, and themselves the shutters, and the plebeian looking for patrician blood to shed is no more likely to find it in the one group than in the other. Indeed, he may not find it anywhere. For in the chaotic conditions of New York life to-day, Major Pendennis himself, turned traitor to his class, could not direct the bloodthirsty canaille to the really correct aristocratic addresses for their murders.

It is important always when speaking on this difficult subject of American caste to define as accurately as possible one's own social status. Now it so happens that the present reviewer belongs to the most dangerous class in American society to-day—the very class against whose brutish, blood-stained fingers Mr. Martin warns the gentry whom he knows. The present reviewer is a proletarian, greatly agitated by the inequalities of fortune, angry at the hand that has slanted back his brow.

He speaks therefore for the proletariat. He was born among them and has lived among them all his life, depending for each day's bread on that day's labour, exploited, expropriated like the rest. Capital the vampire, which sucks the blood of honest workingmen, has sucked the blood of the present reviewer, who is now as ripe for revolution as almost any man he knows. One more leap in the price of potatoes and the present reviewer seizing his pike may swing down Fifth Avenue singing the Marseillaise, and then, swept onward by the fury of his fellow Jacobins, begin the looting. But terrible as the carnage will be, Best Society is not necessarily exposed to danger. Bradstreet's will be our guide, not the Social Register. Many an American aristocrat will escape us.

It is true that we may butcher Mr. Martin, but we shall butcher him only as a banker, and not as a thoroughly well-bred man. Railway men will fall, oil men, sugar men, chewing gum men, and here and there a publisher will be tortured in some dark alley till he signs a cheque, but on the whole the safety of Best Society is assured. Its distinguishing marks are so very metaphysical. It is so very hard to keep its names in mind. It is probable that Best Society does not even know that it is Best. It is still more probable that it isn't.

The whole matter is very unsubstantial and queer and hazy and involved. But one thing is altogether certain. Very few souls approach the subject in the frank, forthright, and manly way of Mr. Martin. Very few souls have that bright faith in their gentility and pass the good word on. Hence the charm of the book to us plebeians, cut off as we are from American aristocracy, and totally ignorant of what it may be like. We turn the pages in our hovels trustfully, thinking, Oh! what a noble Lucumo is here!

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THE BANISHMENT

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

A beautiful marble group of Eros and Psyche was recently ordered to be removed from above a young girl's grave in the great metropolitan cemetery as "undesirable."

"Pale marble effigies of Pagan joy,
You have no place above a Christian grave:
Your young Greek rapture doth the dead annoy,
Whom Christ, thorn-crowned, was crucified to save.
Here all is cold. Here faith is frozen calm.
Here hope is sober as a winter cloud.
Love must seem sorrow. But the martyr's palm
Shall mate the willow silver-grey and bowed.
Here sunshine should not dance but to a psalm.
Here winds should never pipe their songs aloud.
For sign of life, the shaven grass alone.
For memory, a labyrinth of stone,
Whence random shafts and broken columns rise,
Or shapes in rigid garments point to distant skies.

"To statues bare like you, the Board,
Both scandalised and wroth, demurs:
Nor place nor plot to you it can afford."
Thus spake the Master of the Sepulchres.

But at night, when the full moon shed
Her blue-green magic among the graves,
And the stars flashed faint in a sky of steel,
While the low wind ruffled the grass as it sped,
The harsh gate-bell rang a shivering peal
That jangled chill o'er the harbour waves.
Lo, countless, out of the heaving ground,
Rose mistlike forms with a wavering glow
Pale pulsing where their hearts had been.
And they hovered as knowing not whither to go,
Till, caught and swirled on a breeze terrene,
They streamed and eddied around and around,
And swept down the walks with never a sound
To trouble the calm of moon or star.
And the lovers of old from their stone awoke,
While curled at their feet an altar smoke,
And thither the river of spirits flowed
To the lilt and thrill of an old Greek ode,
With echo of harp and flute from afar.
Then the misty throng from its silence broke.
Some flashed rose-pale and some went grey;
And ghosts of sighs, and shades of smiles were rife;
And bubbling murmurs seemed to say:
"Joy! this is Love" and "This is Life!"

"Yea, I am Life," said the marble maid,
"I am the Human Soul,

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That out of the mists eternal came
To touch the ooze with a breath of flame,
And give it a shape and eyes and feet.
Then man knew the sea from the land,
And rose to behold the day-star shine,
The moon grow small, and the planets roll,
And travailed their ways to understand,
And measure the dateless years;
But he quivered in being incomplete;
Of teeth and claws and thunder afraid,
With hunger and cold the only dole,
And death the only spring of tears,
Until, in a night by the slumbering sea,
There came on soundless wings to me
A luminous, wondrous boy.
He touched my lips, and they spake in song.
He touched my bosom, it heaved in joy.
He filled my heart the whole night long,
And I was his, and he was mine.
The winds blew faintly a deep perfume.
The sea stole light from the skies above,
A rose-dawn laughed through the waning gloom,
The whole world wakened to light and Love,
And the mortal bliss became divine."

"I am Love," said the marble boy.
"I came when the earth was young,
From beyond the verge of the outmost stars,
In myriad rosaries outflung—
A wingéd ray from the breast of Him,
The Glory and the One,
In whose great light the suns are dim,
In whose wide webs the cycles run,
I came aflame through the heavy air
To Life that blindly multiplied,
And in unending struggle wrought.
A gift I bare,
And a balm I brought:
A tender quickening to the heart;
A lift and glow to human thought,
Until desire was deified;
A glance that flashed from eye to eye, and saw
The marvel of the Beautiful anigh,
Where rugged force and need alone were law;
A subtle fire that ran the whole earth through,
And leaped the spaces that held men apart,
And gave great heavenly visions to their view
And longings that go roaming thro' the sky.
Winging the ether so, mine eyes first fell
On Psyche in a darksome dell,
And once we had met in the first long kiss,
The night around gleamed silvery grey:
The birds fled piping the news to tell;
Delight rose running to meet the day
In bliss,
And the Muses nine and the Graces three,
And the harps of the wind and the drums of the sea

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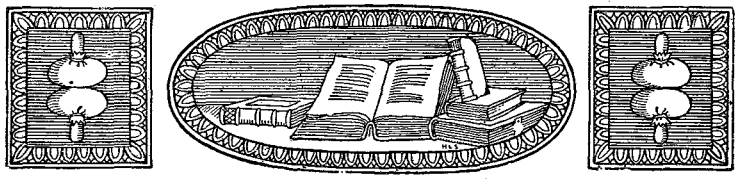
Made Love's own fervid melody
On a sunny morn in Arcady.
My red flag waved in the sinking sun,
And the heart of the world to Love was won;
And since and ever I tell you this:
To every child of the human race,
Some morn, some day I have shown my face."

'Mong the dim, white forms, lo a rising glow,
And the sightless faces seemed to know
That a god had spoken from out the stone;
For from lips long cold came warm soft cries:
"I saw your blest face in a city street."
"You laughed on me, Love, from a rose full-blown."
"I touched your brow by the riverside."
"I found you under the Spanish moon,"
"You came, *Dio mio,* from Italy's skies,"
"I looked in your eyes, and you smiled, *aroon.*"..
"The treasure at foot of my rainbow, you are,"
"I heard your call by the Norseland's tide,"
"I felt your breath as we gazed on a star."
But down the Maid and the Lover stepped,
And over the seaward path passed on,
The dimmed shades moaned, and the cold dew wept
For Life and Love that were gone.



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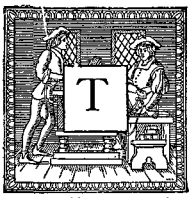
THE MESSAGE OF BOHEMIA

BY LOUIS BAURY



HE age of analysis and investigation is upon us! Science is in the ascendant, and all that cannot prove itself must perish. Fairyland, that delightful realm of extraordinary happenings and happy improbabilities, is deemed fit only for the minds of children. Natural science has denied the awesome dragon and picturesque griffin to give us in their stead the ugly mastodon. The pool which inspired Ponce de Leon to marvellous deeds has been proclaimed but a figment of soaring imagination. Reason has annihilated utterly the charming terror which the mischief of pixies and brownies once held for us. The telescope of the astronomer has uncompromisingly shown that broomstick-mounted witches do not in reality careen through the skies to sweep them clean. The world of fancy shudders and retreats before the merciless cry for proof, until even the heroes and gods of Olympus remain but a gorgeous memorial of marble and legend to a splendour that might have been. Reality binds us with molten chains to a leaden ball of unyielding fact, nor is there any escape. In all the world but one fairyland remains undemolished: Bohemia! That none can deny. Bohemia exists. It is in the world about us. It is real; yet quite magical—its fairyland, its reality, its fact, its vari-hued imagery.

Life for the vast majority arranges itself in greys and drabs and browns, flecked here and there with pleasures of pale yellow, and girt about with a sombre border of black. In Bohemia it is not so. Bohemia, more than anything else, represents the colour element of present-day existence. Its pleasures are scarlet and gold and magenta, its moments of quiescence soft greens and silver, its thoughts rose-tinted, and even its tragedies are wrought not in black but in majestic, throbbing purples. The arrangement may be fantastic, but still it is fascinating; and though there be those who scoff, and those who envy, and those who are even a trifle shocked, still there are none who pass it by altogether. Regard it how you will, fairyland will not be utterly ignored. It was Henri Murger and George Du Maurier who first discovered this magic realm for the world at large. It was these two also who irrevocably linked it in the public mind with artists. And so to-day it is to the artists that one must turn for an explanation of the life that it represents.

Yet among the myriad American painters of the present there is not a single one who has devoted himself undividedly to this phase of existence. So delicate a task is it to interpret this elusive kingdom that only here and there can be found artists who have dared touch upon it at all. But there are a few. To them it has spoken. In terms of their own attitude, it may be—but still, it has spoken.

Pre-eminent among this little company is Alson Skinner Clark. With delicate, feeling strokes this artist has recorded his impressions of the Bohemian quarter of cities innumerable. Their vivid sensationalism and their somnolent contemplation both find expression on his canvases in nicely calculated blendings. Having passed in review the Bohemia of well-nigh all sections of America, he loves it all; but if a choice had to be made in favour of any one corner of it, Mr. Clark would be inclined to select the Bohemia of New Orleans as the most appealing.

"It is so remote that it is distinct," he offers in explanation. "The Bohemia of practically all other cities is more or less the same, but in New Orleans there is a more resigned attitude, less striving and less energy, and an absence of that undercurrent of discontent which in other places sometimes lifts Bohemia out of its normal self. The mingling of nations fast losing their power lends to it a certain pathos; but, though it has this sadness, it is never sordid. The desire for money is not in it, and possibly it is for

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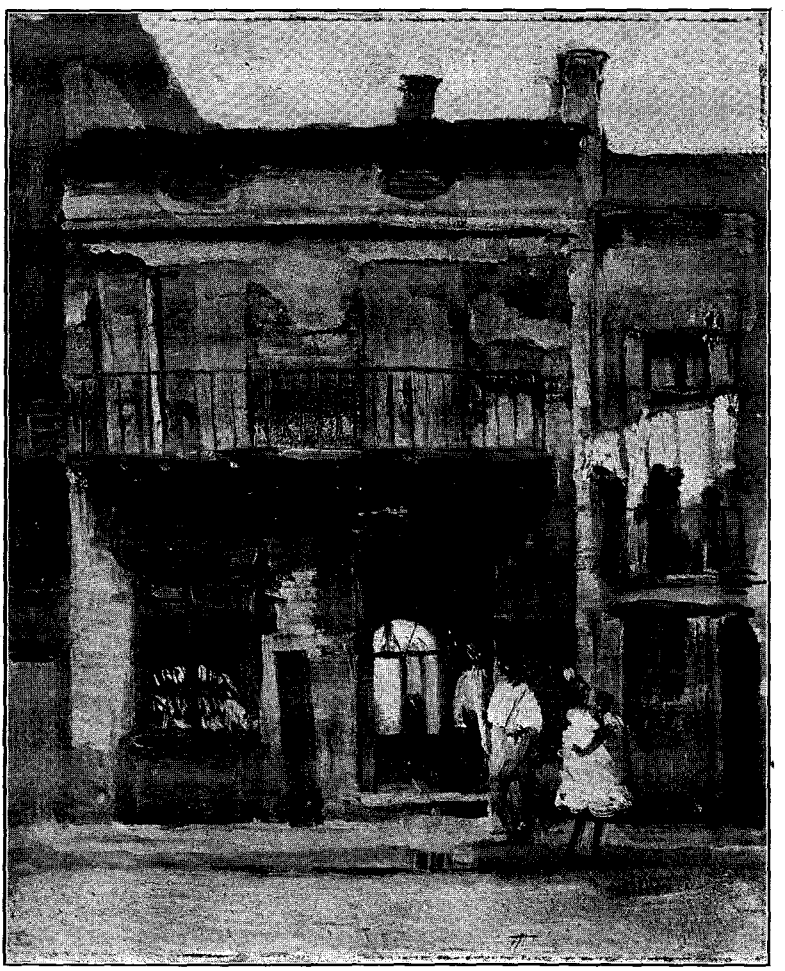
this reason that it does not enter into competition—is, in fact, actually unaware of competition. This fact, coupled with its remoteness, renders it self-sufficient. It does not exactly dream, but it lolls contentedly.

"Possessing a rich Latin inheritance of sympathy and understanding, it is more truly the artist in temperament than the Bohemia of almost any other city, while its enjoyment of the smallest things is at times almost childlike—its appreciation of them truly beautiful. In its atmosphere any definite line of ownership becomes non-existent. Possibly this is accounted for by the negro influence, but however that may be, a thing belongs to the being who needs it. There is a distinctly poetic side to the nature of Bohemia in New Orleans, and it possesses a soul for colour. With an abandonment that is almost tropical and a sort of Marcus Aurelian philosophy as to the unimportance of the morrow, it throws itself into the present with a sublime contentment, living only for the moment, with no heed for past nor future. And in it all there is no pose: It is genuine, every bit of it. Even the little restaurants which have become famous and are known to the travelling world make no distinctions. Workmen and tourists sit side by side. All of Bohemia fraternises, sensing the best in all types so sympathetically that



"BOHEMIA IN NEW ORLEANS." BY ALSON SKINNER CLARK

"The mingling of nations fast losing their power lends to it a certain pathos; but though it has this sadness, it is never sordid."

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its message could be summed up no better, it seems to me, than in the words, 'I appreciate.'

"And this message," goes on Mr. Clark, "is most eloquently echoed in the externals of Bohemian New Orleans. The climate, making flowers possible the year round, accounts in part for the difference between Bohemia there and in Northern and Western cities. The inherited architecture of balconies adds another note. The class which built these charming old buildings no longer inhabits them. But the present dwellers have entered without destroying. There does not seem to be the same pathos in them which appears in the abandoned grandeur of the great cities of the North. Here the new generation has moved in without disturbing the places. They are somewhat like the gypsies who lived so long in the Alhambra without really harming it. They are like cuckoos, these Bohemians: they have found good nests and appropriated them. They possess a capability of adjustment, I might say, and the manner in which they utilise this only goes to accentuate their capacity for appreciation. Nothing could more adequately convey their message than their architecture. That good-natured contentment, that philosophic acceptance of the present as it is, that appreciation and sympathy which creates a harmonious *ensemble* in their sagging, wandering buildings and their pleasing ease of street life is the embodiment of this thought."

This picture of a delightful languor and comprehension is, however, as Mr. Clark so truly says, quite local to New Orleans and quite remote. As one fares farther to the North and the West Bohemia inevitably takes on something of the more highly strung, complexly organised, impatient attributes of the localities in which it finds itself. It is still distinct because it is Bohemia, but it ceases to be local. The inherent differences of Bohemia in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, or Denver become almost negligible. It is part of the fairyland of it that it refuses to be limited by the mere boundary lines of townships and municipalities.

Among those who have touched upon this more universal, and for that reason probably more typically American, Bohemia is George Bellows, a painter of bold robustness and vigorous execution which seldom fails of its mark. When broaching the matter of Bohemia, however, he is inclined to wax cynical. He likes to fence with the subject, delivering lively rapier thrusts on all sides before he touches centre.

"After all," Mr. Bellows asks quizzically, "what is a Bohemian? The first answer is apt to be, 'A man who is creating something—an artist.' But I am an artist, and I certainly do not consider myself a Bohemian, while a great many people who do consider themselves Bohemians are not creating anything. Modifying this a little, one might try, 'An attractive, clever person' as a definition. Still this does not fit. Any number of society people, for instance, to mention only one class, are attractive and clever; but one couldn't call them Bohemians. On this basis, remembering the habits attributed to them, it might be suggested that Bohemians are people at the far extreme of polite society. But this would have to include the highwayman, the robber, and the tramp, whereas unquestionably they have no place in Bohemia. Perhaps, then, a Bohemian is simply one who lives for pleasure and excitement only; but if that were the case the ordinary voluptuary and the race-track tout and the 'sport' would have to be granted admittance; yet these are people with whom Bohemia is scarcely on bowing terms. Still this seems to be coming nearer the mark. It hints of the flowing bowl, which is so essentially a part of Bohemia as I understand it. From it one might suppose that a fair test of Bohemianism would be to place a group of people about a table and let them drink for a couple of hours. At the end of that time all those who got up sober could qualify as Bohemians. This might not be a bad criterion, if it weren't for the fact that such a test would make a number of sailors and barbers and tailors the greatest Bohemians of them all.

"And yet the Bohemian possesses some of the characteristics of nearly all of these. However, you cannot catalogue him as a composite of all types, not only

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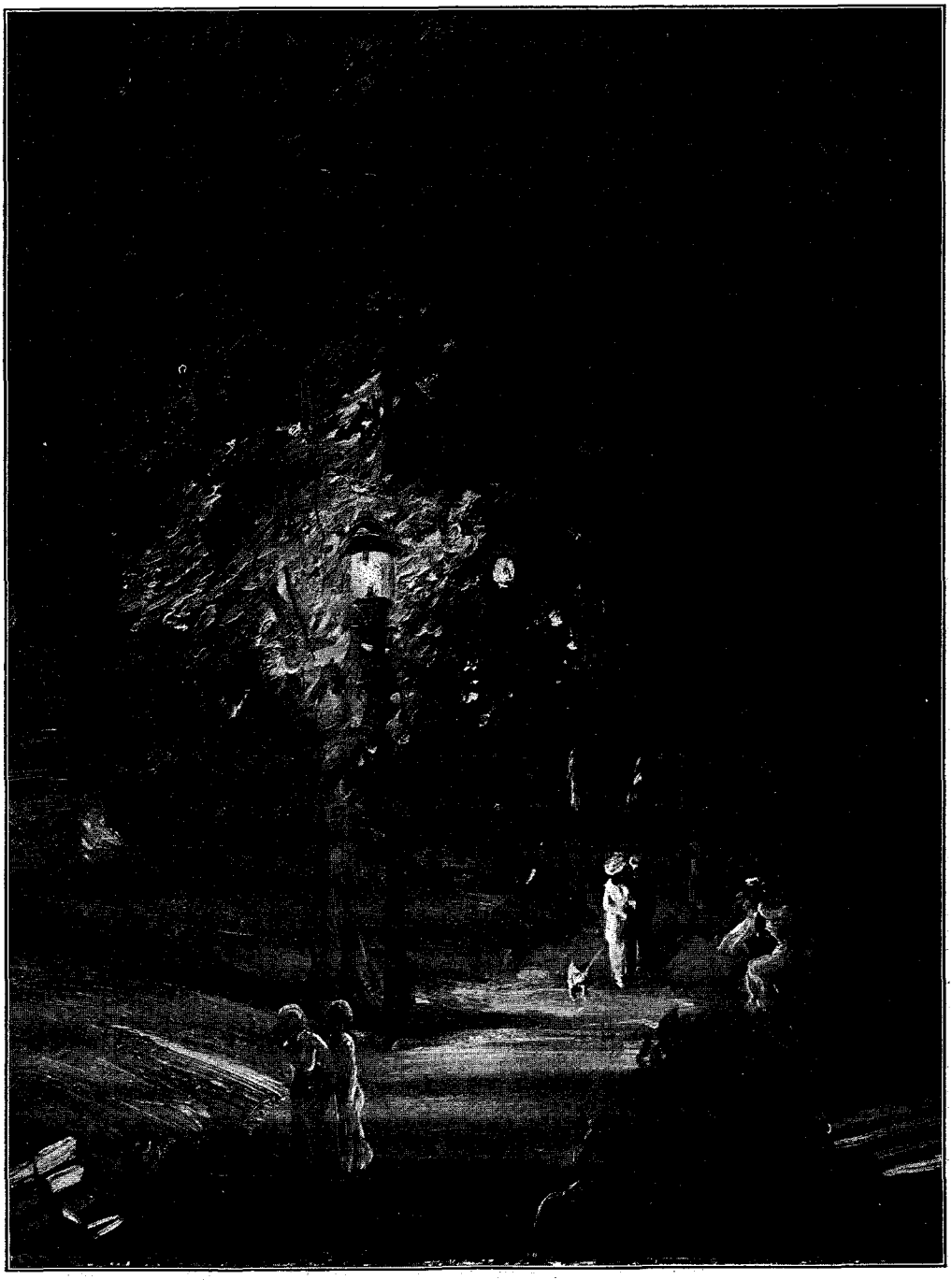

"SUMMER NIGHT BOHEMIANS." BY GEORGE BELLOWS

To Mr. Bellows Bohemia is the country of contrast. The natural habitat of the Bohemian is the Italian restaurant, the brilliant studio, and the parkway where the moon is bright and the arc light shines gracefully across the grass.

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because that is too indefinite, but also because 'all types' would include workers, and work is a thing that is not for him. Where work enters into Bohemia it seems incidental and generally trifling. The business—the real aim—of the true Bohemian is pleasure, yet his is not the pleasure of the society man, the voluptuary, or the sport. The difference appears to me," sums up Mr. Bellows, "solely in that the Bohemian brings poetry into his pleasures. Bohemia is the poetry of raising the devil—no other term exactly fits my meaning. Bohemians are the living poets of devilment, and their lives are their odes, their days their cantos.

"Their natural habitat is the Italian restaurant, the brilliant studio, and the parkway when the moon is bright and the arc light shines gracefully across the grass. They must always be at play to be themselves, just as their play must always be poetic. They are care-free and light-hearted to a degree. Whether their pockets are empty or bursting with the proceeds of a newly cashed cheque makes no difference. While the cup still bubbles over with wine all is joy. Their message, in so far as there is one, sounds to me very much like: 'Nothing matters.'"

It is not surprising to find Mr. Everett Shinn, who belongs to the same artistic school as does Mr. Bellows, approaching Bohemia in very much the same spirit shown by the latter in the foregoing words. But Mr. Shinn, who learned of Bohemia in its capital, Paris, and from there traced its labyrinthian course through this country, seems to probe rather deeper beneath the surface. And surely there is no one better qualified to speak on the subject than he—no one who has painted it more often, who has better caught the spirit of it all, or more attractively revealed that spirit in paint. Yet at the outset even Mr. Shinn feels it obligatory to apologise for the Bohemian.

"In the popular acceptance of the term," says he, "it isn't a particularly fine thing to be. Most people when they employ the word do so more or less as a term of contempt. To them it signifies loose morals and loose living. In that sense I don't suppose any one—except perhaps a few very youthful individuals—would care to have the name applied to themselves. I'm sure I shouldn't. Personally, I conform to decent, accepted standards of living and conduct, and a Bohemian is the last thing I consider myself, or should want any one else to consider me. And yet in the broader, more unrestricted sense, isn't ninety per cent. of America Bohemian?

"Who can say where the strict proprieties begin and where they leave off? For instance, in New York not long ago a restaurant was opened where after six in the evening no one was allowed unless in dress clothes. That restaurant closed its doors almost before it had well opened them. The public—not only New Yorkers, but the hundreds of thousands of visitors from every quarter of the United States who passed through the city during the brief life of that resort—refused to patronise a place which imposed such a restriction upon them. Yet evening clothes after six are what the highest propriety demands. In London, for example, no one would think of dining at one of the better restaurants in any other costume, nor is any law necessary to bring about that condition there. So, in its widest application, that test would tend to prove that pretty nearly the whole nation over here was composed of Bohemians.

"As a matter of fact, that's probably a trifle too general," Mr. Shinn hastens to qualify. "A vast number of people down on the docks and in the slums would be included in such a Bohemia for the simple reason that they couldn't help themselves. They really don't belong there. Much as the word has been misused, one still associates brain and intelligence with Bohemia. And right there, I think, is where one comes down to an understanding of Bohemia in its best sense. It is nothing but an informal meeting of minds.

"By informal I don't necessarily mean undignified. The true Bohemian must have it in him to be as formal and precise as the most finicky could desire. But two people can be formal with each other—remain on the 'So-charmed-to-see-you' basis—for a lifetime without really knowing anything at all about each other.

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It's the same way with business. You don't get to know what a man actually has inside of him through a business relationship. When people substitute 'Come on in, old man' for 'Delighted to have you with us this evening' and slap one another on the back in preference to shaking hands with studied grace, then they're beginning to get on. They're reaching a footing where each one will have the best drawn out of him, and that is really where progress begins. To say or imagine that people are going to make beasts or fools of themselves (and some unfortunate persons seem to suppose that one must do one or the other to be classed as a Bohemian) is simply to say that they are utterly lacking in restraint and in the

"A BOHEMIAN SUPPER." BY JOHN SLOAN

"The Bohemian pays a price for the freedom with which he contends with convention, and it is the woman in Bohemia who bears the heaviest burden."

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instincts of common decency as well. Of course, such people cannot hope to enter this Bohemia of which I am talking.

"It would be just as silly to attempt to limit Bohemia to artists—it would be narrow. Any collection of men and women all of whom follow the same occupation is absolutely certain to begin sooner or later to 'talk shop.' That isn't progress. It's more like prejudice. For the realisation of the best sort of Bohemia all classes of minds are desirable—painters, writers, musicians, lawyers, brokers, bankers—all kinds—with the qualifications that I've intimated. But when you get such a group together in any place that is conducive to a stripping off of the formalities and a spontaneous intercourse of minds, there is the truest Bohemia. To the types who are fitted for this atmosphere Bohemia extends a warm, hearty hand and says: 'Glad to know you.'"

The fellowship which Mr. Shinn here indicates has its other side, however—the side where the slapping on the back becomes paramount. Although this has no part in the Bohemia which he depicts, it has, in some strange, perverted manner, come to be associated with it. Bohemians of this order, so rated, perhaps, because they so insistently apply that classification to themselves, form at once the support and *raison d'être* of the "Tenderloin" of every great city. Where corks pop loudly and ice chinks enticingly against glass, where white-aproned waiters bustle obsequiously and the shrill laughs of painted women punctuate the strains of a rollicking orchestra filling all the air with the strains of the latest music-hall song "hit"—there they are to be found. Almost no painter has derived inspiration from this tawdry life, but some of the illustrators have found occasion to turn to it. Of these none has more strikingly summarised it than James Montgomery Flagg. Mr. Flagg is conceded to be the most popular of present-day illustrators, and his studies of this "white light" Bohemia are among the best things he has ever done. But his opinion of the subject of them is not exalted.

"To accuse Bohemians of having a message," he thinks, "seems terribly paradoxical, but if their life may speak for them their message would decidedly seem to be: 'Let's pretend.' This applies equally to both sorts of Bohemians. The ultra-artistic, studio types are trying to impress the world with the idea that they are great artists and famous men or women. The 'white light' Bohemian—who is every bit as distinctive and probably much more numerous—is trying to create the impression that he is a well-known man of fashion or person of wealth. The two things represent the highest ambitions of the two types—but in neither case do they ever attain to the standing they crave. They are always imitations. Their every movement and action is a pose, and consequently a form of falsity. They are a colossal hoax—so big a one, in fact, that sometimes they dupe even themselves.

"The Bohemian of white lights is perfectly contented with life if only a head waiter calls him by name. As long as he can 'flash a roll,' as he would himself express it, and cause the eyes of beholders to bulge he feels that he is really accomplishing something. He desires nothing better than to move from restaurant to restaurant without pause, preferably in company with some gaily bedecked girl who will attract attention. To have the spotlight of notice directed always at himself, that is his great desire, and anything which will further that end justifies itself to him. But, having nothing within him to compel notice and attention, he must continually pose and appear something which he is not to command even the cheap attention which satisfies him. Thus he lives always in a world of pretensions—an atmosphere in which nothing is what it seems. He never produces anything, because he has neither the inclination nor the ability; he never really feels anything, because he is too utterly shallow, too much lacking in any sort of mentality. He simply plays at life. He just pretends."

To this there could be no greater contrast than that Bohemia which John Sloan sees. Mr. Sloan's view of life is almost panoramic in its scope. In it is that breadth and bigness which is bred only of sympathy—of that true feeling of humanity which calls all men brother.

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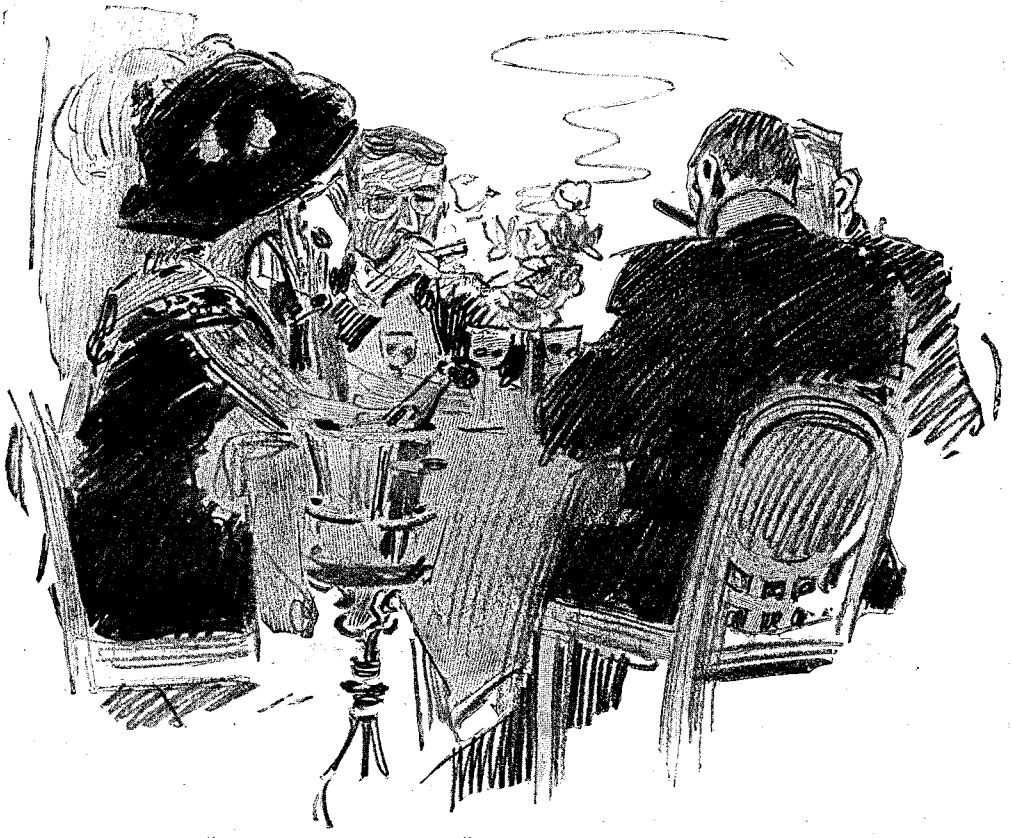

"WHITE LIGHT BOHEMIA." BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"The 'White Light' Bohemian is trying to create the impression that he is a well-known man of fashion or a person of wealth."

His painting is strong, forceful, and unafraid, and in its wide sweeps is something strangely compelling. Viewing all things on the broad basis which this necessitates, Bohemia to him represents a psychological state, a stage of mental and ethical development, indigenous to no place, allied to no particular epoch. The orgies of midnight life, the chatter of the atélier, the flowing tie, the warm drip of carmine wine—these are not hallmarks of Mr. Sloan's Bohemia. To him that magic kingdom may build its citadel in the heart of the millionaire or be incarnate in the soul of the vagrant, wandering friendless through dew-jeweled fields as he munches the crust of charity.

In drawing his word picture Mr. Sloan prefaces it with a sketch of that much-discussed individual, the average man. John Sloan sees the latter merely as the counterpart of the man next door, the replica of the man across the street. He is like a chromo cast which is turned out from a mould with thousands of others and differs no whit from any of them. With him money, beginning as a means, has become an end in itself—a veritable god. Lacking individuality, he is a slave to all conventions, all popular theories and prejudices. In fact, the most abject of all slaves, since his fetters are fashioned from out the brass of his own commonplaceness.

"Now, whatever they may think of him," declares Mr. Sloan, "all people must admit that the Bohemian is above everything else unconventional. The very essence of him is his difference from the ordinary. He stands in everything at the opposite pole from the average man. So, if I am correct that the average man is simply a slave, then the simplest definition of a Bohemian is: A free man. And, because simplest definitions are always apt to be the most com-

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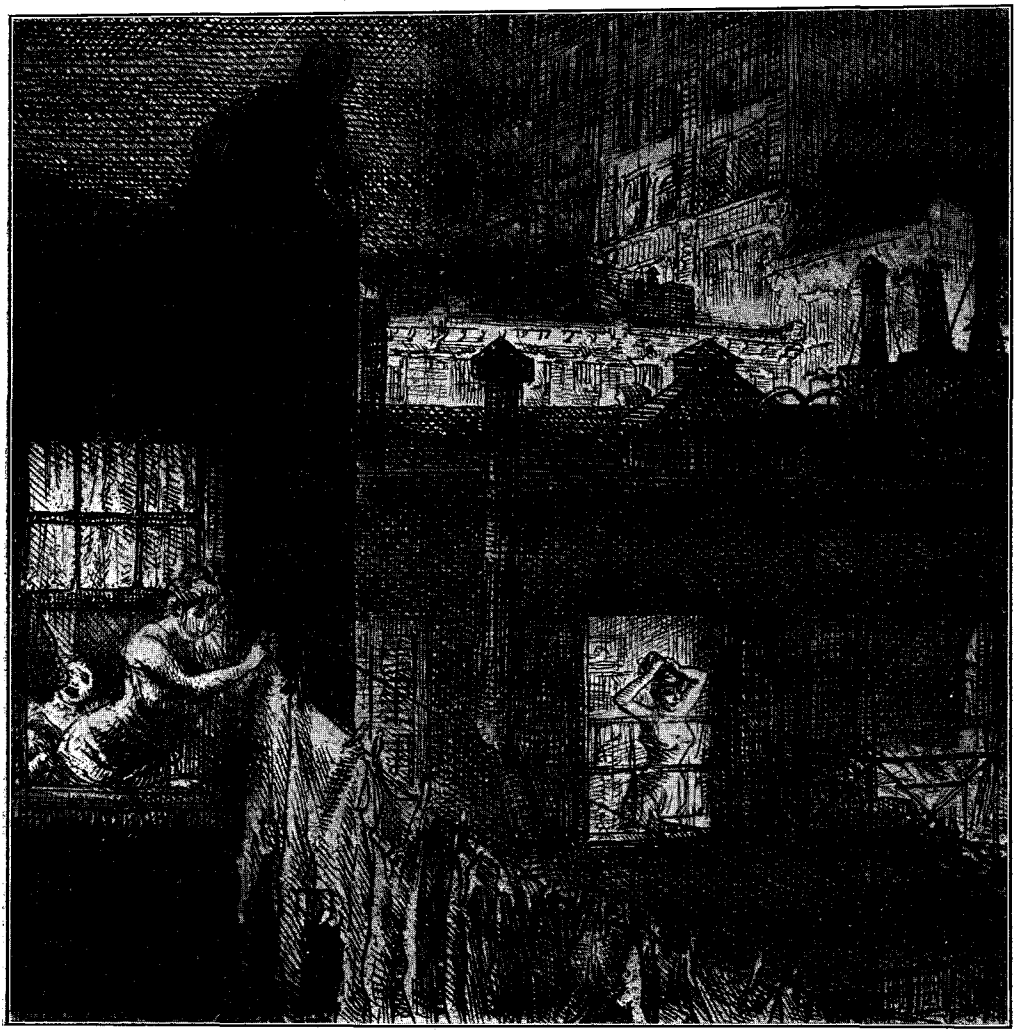
prehensive, there you have the spirit of all Bohemia.

"Denying, as the free man must, all the ideals of the slave, his life will necessarily differ in all respects from that of the latter. Thus all the external differences of his conduct become nothing more than the outward, visible manifestations of the spirit of liberty within him. Beholding, the average man says: 'It's all very unique and interesting, I dare say.' As a matter of fact what really holds and interests him is the sight of a free man. But at the same time the average man looks down condescendingly upon the Bohemian, and there is patronage in his tone when he mentions him. He has so ordered his life that he must scorn true liberty.

"This attitude on the part of the average man causes the Bohemian to pay a price for the freedom for which he contends with convention. Money, being neither his god nor his aim, is usually scarce with him, so that it comes about that he lives mostly in cheap, crowded quarters, cooking nearly all his meals in his own room, since he can seldom afford to patronise a restaurant, and showing in his often prematurely haggard



"NIGHT WINDOWS IN BOHEMIA." BY JOHN SLOAN

To Mr. Sloan Bohemia is a country of deprivation and suffering, a realm that is at war with society.

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face the marks of the conflict which he wages."

From the suggestion there arise visions of wheezy, uncarpeted stairways and sparsely painted corridors leading up, up to some such miserable hole as Mr. Sloan has shown in the accompanying painting where wearied beings make shift as best they may and between whiles dream of a brighter to-morrow. It is not a pretty picture, this which Mr. Sloan records; but there can be no gainsaying that it is at least part of the truth. It represents the shadow of that same phase wherein Mr. Bellows seizes upon the light.

"It does not apply to the lives of *all* Bohemians," admits the artist, "because persons in almost any walk of life or of any income may elect to live freely; but I think that it is a fair statement of the portion which society allots the great majority of Bohemians. Bohemia's message to the world, however, lies behind all this—behind any externals. It is summed up in that state of mind which makes it possible for people to endure such conditions in order that they may continue to live their own lives in their own way. It seems to me that that message is: 'Let there be real life; let there be real liberty.'"

In thus regarding Bohemia solely as a thing of the spirit and the mind Mr. Sloan finds a companion in F. Luis Mora, albeit the latter finds no place for the grim accompaniments which so insistently occupy the other. Mr. Sloan looks upon a Bohemia at war with society, retiring loweringly unto itself; Mr. Mora's Bohemia, on the other hand, rests upon a superstructure of exalted sympathy. He has painted the toreadors of Spain—strong, picturesque men whose lives are as full of variety and colour as a poppy bed—and on his canvas have also appeared studio gatherings whereat polite young ladies sip tea and nibble almond-studded cakes with polite young men, discussing Nietzsche and tentatively playing at being "artistic" and "unconventional." He has done these things lightly, daintily, yet at neither extreme does he find his ideal of true Bohemia.

"For that," he says, "I should take you, I think, into some German restaurant—some quiet place where the light was soft. In it I would show you two calm, settled Teutons at a side table lingering with unhurried pleasure over their tall steins. For perhaps an hour they would sit without the exchange of a syllable. At length one would raise his head and, nodding gravely, meet the eye of his companion. The latter would gaze steadfastly back for a moment and, nodding in return, would heave a long sigh and mutter, 'Yah!' The first would echo the monosyllable softly, together they would nod a little more—then all would relapse again into silence. And that would be Bohemia. As I regard it, it would be the highest possible type of Bohemia—one founded upon a great sympathy, a pervading harmony.

"For an hour those two men would have been talking to each other and ultimately they would have reached an agreement upon whatever topic had been under consideration. And they would be perfectly aware of the agreement. Perhaps this is rather an extreme example, but it illustrates better than almost anything else could what Bohemia means to me.

"Most people," continues Mr. Mora, "associate Bohemia with artists and persons of artistic tendencies; and it may be that those two Germans of mine hold the explanation of this. An artist—a person engaged in any sort of creative work—necessarily must possess a more subtle mind than the average man following some routine occupation. He is more sensitive to atmosphere, receives impressions more readily, and is quicker to attune himself to the moods of others or bend them to his own. A big, broad harmony of spirit is possible among creative minds where, from the nature of things, it would be out of the question for others.

"By this," he is quick to amend, "I do not wish to seem to plead for any exaggerated æstheticism or thing of that sort. I do not mean to indicate groups of people who spend their time listening to weird music and holding soul conversations in perfumed rooms. They must appreciate Chopin and Beethoven, but they must like George Cohan once in a while as well to be the sort of Bohem-

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ians I have in mind. The best Bohemia must have that refinement of sympathy which makes for understanding. That is Bohemia's message to me: 'I understand.'

"The breadth of such a message inclines to exclude the element devoted to sphagetti parties and that sort of thing. That element may rise to my idea of Bohemia some day—may, indeed, be already on the way—but they have not reached it yet. Personally the most perfect Bohemia that I have ever encountered was about the table of my own father. The atmosphere there had nothing of the wild or unsettled in it, either. It was a calm, even, tolerant atmosphere, based upon that sympathy I have mentioned. Its keynote was harmonious and its evidence a tremendous, wide, all-embracing understanding."

And in the last analysis does not this message which Mr. Mora receives epitomise it all? Is not to understand to "appreciate" as well? Is not poetry the very language of understanding, and where there is understanding in its best sense does "anything matter"? Including, as it needs must, imagination, does not understanding look down upon those struggling along the way which it has already traversed and, helping them along their circuitous path, murmur sympathetically, "Let's pretend—just for a little while, anyway"? Is not, too, the very being of real life and real liberty a fine, large-souled understanding?

And though some may degrade and many scorn it, is not a mode of life which can offer this message to one who chooses to hear worth cultivating and worth knowing? Is it not truly the very present fairyland of maturity, the dream of the idealist, the realm where, like shapes in some delicate, gauzy mist, things dissolve into one another and the many are one?

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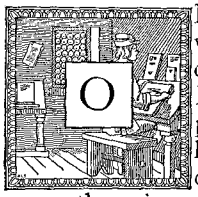
THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF LISZT

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE



NE is always struck, when reading the records of the Romantic Movement, by the rapidity with which the lives of the Romantics diverged. For a brief space there is an impression of a band of brothers (and sisters) conspiring and rebelling in salons and *cénacles*. One sees them all—to vary the metaphor—pulling together, like the crew of a university eight, stroked by Victor Hugo, and steered by Sainte-Beuve, with Alfred de Musset rowing bow, Dumas, Mérimée, Theophile Gautier, and Alfred de Vigny in the middle of the boat, George Sand, Marie Dorval, and Delphine Gay waving lace handkerchiefs from the barge, and Liszt and Berlioz blowing horns and other instruments of music on the bank. One looks again, a very little later, and finds the members of the crew dispersed and differentiated: Prosper Mérimée a courtier and Dumas a Bohemian buffoon; Gautier a hard-working journalist, and Musset a solitary absinthe-drinker; Delphine Gay a *salonière* and George Sand a feuilletonist "making copy for Buloz"; Hugo an apocalyptic gas-bag and Sainte-Beuve a cold critic making his eternal reservations; Vigny a pessimistic recluse in his "ivory tower," and Liszt an abbé with a great company of devout (or at all events devoted) women at his feet.

It sounds odd; but it is, in fact, a perfectly natural evolution. The Romantics were little more than boys and girls in the days of their alliance; when they grew up, they went their several ways. They were allied mainly for a destructive purpose, to break artistic fetters and secure artistic freedom; it was not to be expected that they would use their freedom similarly, when they had secured it, for then individuality, talent, and circumstance came into play. They talked —or some of them talked—of "art for art's sake;" but their real objective was art as the means of self-expression. They aimed, more or less deliberately—and some of them very deliberately indeed—at making their own lives works of art; and they did this in an age which grew up under the influence of Werter, Obermann, and Réné. If their attempts were not always successful, they were always interesting, and generally picturesque. Other artistic movements may have been more important; none has ever been more spectacular, or richer in anecdote, drama, and romance.

Liszt's life, in these respects, was one of the fullest and richest. Even his ordination is attributed by sympathetic feminine biographers to mysterious private reasons from which the veil must on no account be lifted. This may, or may not, have been intended to imply that remorse, or secret sorrow, drove him into the consoling arms of the Church. It may equally well have hinted at a desire to place an insuperable obstacle in the path of some devoted woman's matrimonial ambitions; and, whatever the biographer wished to convey, she may perfectly well have been wrong. Right or wrong, however—and we shall have to return to that question—her hint renders the atmosphere, and conjures up the picture: the picture of a venerable figure, glorified by a halo of romantic legend; a magnificent and sentimental abbé, surrounded by a devoted court of women—mostly his pupils—who implore him, in the intervals between the lessons, to tell them all about those other women, not less devoted, who had loved him in the days when he was younger.

It was understood that it was the devoted women who had loved the abbé, not the abbé who had loved the devoted women. The place of Liszt in the annals of Romanticism is distinctly that of the lover who let himself be loved. Love, like religion, had been a part of his artistic education—a means toward the evolution of that unique personality which he expressed in music. He would probably have said of the passions which love and religion provoked that they

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were good servants but bad masters. At all events he behaved as if he so regarded them; and no one (or hardly any one) seems to have expected him to behave otherwise. He did not suffer, but triumphed; and the captives who adorned his car were proud of the distinction. Even a husband with whose wife he eloped declared that he had done so "like a perfect gentleman"; while the women whom he permitted to love him for a year or a week or a day were grateful, and seldom presumed to be indignant because he expected them, after enjoying their share of his favours, to stand aside and yield their places to others.

Moral and sentimental censorship were equally kept in abeyance in their appreciation of his case; and the voice of Mrs. Grundy was never heard in connection with his successes. One of his court of women records approvingly that "virtue in woman, not as an abstract idea, but as an existing fact, struck him as being more vulgar than moral." Another applauds him for being too "large-hearted" to love one woman only. A third enthusiastically pictures him as "offering the charity of his affection on all sides to the crowd of women who threw themselves at him." "To have been loved by Liszt, if only for one day, would be joy enough for life," was the delighted exclamation of a fourth. And first, second, third, and fourth all like to group themselves at his feet—just as women of another school of enthusiasm like to group themselves at the feet of the British chaplain in the corridor of a Continental hotel—and coax him to revive his sentimental memories.

And Liszt allowed himself to be coaxed, beginning, as a rule, with cynical epigrams—the fruit of experience and disillusion—which the court of devoted women carefully wrote down and preserved:

Women always make a boast of the love they feel, and particularly of the passion they inspired.

Women do not believe in a passion which avoids notoriety.

Misunderstood women are generally women who have been too well understood.

And the women who listened to these hard sayings were not shocked or indignant, but only eager to hear particulars of the recollections which had provoked them.

"Have you written the history of your life?" I asked him one day.

"It is enough to have lived such a life as mine," he replied in a grave voice.

So his friend and pupil, Mlle. Janka Wohl, pressed him, and on another occasion she ventured to be even more insistent:

One day, when the master was evidently in a good humour, I took it into my head to make a diplomatic little speech to him.

"You know, my dear master, with what ease I write about things I have seen or heard; but you have no idea how difficult I find it to invent. Now you can do me a real service. Just turn over the leaves of the book of your life, and pick out a few of the thousands of more or less romantic episodes in it which have helped to gladden or sadden it. Will you?"

He leant back in his chair, and gave me an indescribable look, half sly and half serious: "And so you think that my life is one out of which romances are woven," said he, after a moment's silence.

And so it was: a romantic life from whatever point of view one looks at it—a life of dazzling triumphs alike in art and love, lacking nothing except a deep sorrow, a hard struggle, a set-back, a moment of doubt whether success would really come, to bring the glory into more brilliant relief.

In art Liszt had begun as an "infant phenomenon," and had never ceased to be "phenomenal." Even in the days when he could not stretch Hummel's long intervals without bringing his nose into play, he had been saluted as, potentially at least, the greatest pianist that the world had ever seen. The Hungarian nobility had subscribed to pay for his musical education. Carl Czerny, of the "Etudes de la Vélocité," had given him lessons in Vienna, and refused his fees. Beethoven had mounted the platform, at one of his first concerts, and consecrated him to music by kissing him on the forehead. The ladies of the Viennese aristocracy had insisted that he should be brought to their boxes in or-

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der that they also might kiss him. Metternich had recommended him to Cherubini as worthy of admission to the Paris Conservatoire.

Cherubini, indeed, had rebuffed him, saying that Metternich had no *locus standi* in the matter, that the French School of Music was only for French musicians, and that to that rule no exception could be made; but though this refusal had moved the child to tears, it had really helped his progress rather than impeded it, leaving him free to appear in public whereas the pupils of the Conservatoire are forbidden to do so. He did appear, and the press saluted him as "the eighth wonder of the world," while the orchestra—that of the Italian Opera—were so astonished that they suspended their accompaniment to listen. Rossini took him into French society, where he played with Moscheles and was complimented by the Duc d'Orléans, presently to be Louis-Philippe. Erard, of the pianos, took him to England, where his performance was encored by George IV. He made a triumphant progress through the provinces. An opera of his composition was staged, when he was only fourteen, at the Royal Opera House, with Adolphe Nourrit in the leading part. When he announced, at the age of sixteen, that he would give lessons, the pillars of the Faubourg Saint-Germain clamoured to have their daughters taught by him.

Once, for a short space, his supremacy was in doubt; but not for long. He was living in Switzerland, in circumstances to be referred to presently, and —*les absents ont toujours tort*. Thalberg came to play in Paris. The word was passed round, as the word is passed round in such cases, that in Thalberg a greater than Liszt had arisen; and Liszt felt that he must take up the challenge, hurry back, and give his proofs afresh. The ensuing contest has been described as a duel fought with grand pianos. The rivals not only gave concerts against each other, but also played against each other at a party given for the purpose by Princess Belgiojoso; and Liszt was acclaimed the victor. To the few who ventured to pronounce Thalberg "the greatest pianist in the world," the retort was made that Liszt was the *only* pianist in the world. Technically Thalberg might be his equal; but Thalberg had nothing but technique. Technique, with Liszt, was only a means to an end—that end being the expression of the most romantic personality which had ever sought expression through that particular art. His religious mysticism, his culture, his sentimental escapades, all contributed to his triumph; and when the smoke of battle cleared away, he was in undisputed possession of the field.

His honours were great; and he bore them gracefully, and even nobly, his nature being too great for jealousy. He was more disappointed at Thalberg's failure than exultant at his own success; and he was always sympathetic to other artists, and equally generous with his help and with his money. All the world knows how deeply he was attached to Chopin, and how he effaced himself in order to help Wagner in the dark hour of his early struggles. To him, too, artists in general, and musical artists in particular, owe many formidable strokes for the assertion of their dignity in a world with a perverted scale of social values.

He had himself suffered the contumely of that world even at the time when he seemed to be the spoiled darling of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. He had presumed to fall in love with the daughter of the Comte de Saint-Cricq, Charles X's Minister of the Interior, to whom he was giving music-lessons. The matter had come to the ears of M. de Saint-Cricq through the tattle of the concierge, whom the music master had neglected to bribe with a sufficient number of five franc pieces; and M. de Saint-Cricq had turned him out of the house. He had ejected him with old-fashioned courtesy; but he had ejected none the less. Whether he was heart-broken—and whether the lady was heart-broken—as the biographers, with one accord, maintain, one may take leave to doubt. He certainly did not remain heart-broken for very long; but the affront to his art rankled, and the incident gives piquancy to the stories told of his occasional self-assertion in the days when he was in a position to assert himself.

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He once asserted himself in conversation with Louis-Philippe:

"Do you remember the time," said the King to him, "when you played at my house as a little boy, when I was yet Duke of Orleans? Things have greatly changed since then!"

"Yes, sire; but not for the better," replied Liszt dryly.

That rejoinder is said to have cost Liszt the Legion of Honour; but the loss of that distinction did not prevent him from asserting himself in the presence of Queen Victoria, who sent a chamberlain to open and shut windows while he was playing:

This produced a bustle and a going to and fro capable of ruining the effect of the finest performance in the world. When the "Introduction" was finished, the master, instead of playing the piece itself, got up, made a bow, and went out into the Park to smoke a cigar. When, half an hour afterward, he came back to the hall, King Frederick William got up from his place and said to him:

"You ran away just now; what was the matter?"

"I was afraid," replied Liszt, "of disturbing Her Majesty Queen Victoria while she was giving her orders."

And he would not resume his performance until after Her Majesty had left the hall; and he had the courage to assert himself similarly at the Court of the Tsar of all the Russias:

During a *soirée* at the Court of St. Petersburg, where he was always very well received, it happened that the Tsar Nicholas, who did not care much for music, began talking with a lady, and, caring little for Liszt's playing, talked very loud. All of a sudden Liszt stopped dead, and went away from the piano. The Tsar was puzzled, and approaching the master said to him:

"Why have you stopped playing?"

"When the Emperor speaks, one ought to be silent," was the Machiavellian answer of the wounded artist.

That was pretty well for the son of a clerk in Prince Esterhazy's estate office. Only genius could have accomplished it; and it is a manifestation of genius with which all artists will be pleased. One can picture the court of women listening to such stories with delight; but, of course, there were other stories which they were still more anxious to hear. The Polish countess who "used regularly to receive him in a boudoir ankle deep in rose leaves, wishing in that way to symbolise her affection for him"—she and many others equally devoted—were less interested in Liszt's subjugation of arrogant sovereigns than in his conquests of hearts as tender and inflammable as their own. They knew that he had eloped with a countess, and had jilted a princess. They had heard rumours of other escapades and other infidelities. They had not listened with Mrs. Grundy's ears, or looked with Mrs. Grundy's eyes. On the contrary, they admired and applauded, and wanted to hear the particulars. From time to time, by dint of asking leading questions, they induced the master to tell them the particulars.

There was the story, for instance, of the lady who took laudanum because the master chided her. It made her sleep for eight-and-forty hours; but then she woke up, and called on the master with a pistol.

She deliberately took aim at him. "Fire!" said Liszt, advancing toward her. The unhappy woman dropped her hand, and threw herself at his feet; but all her entreaties were in vain. Liszt was inexorable, and she was obliged to leave Buda-Pesth.

Then there was the story of the singer "of European celebrity and spotless reputation," who disguised herself in boy's clothes in order to visit the master in a castle in Bohemia in which he was a guest. It was *not* Malibran, said the master, and it was *not* Jenny Lind. The former was dead at the time, and the latter was "more dead still since I never had the happiness of her particular favours"; but he would give no further indication. Guarding the anonymity of his heroine, he proceeded with his narrative, explaining that her disguise was adopted to deceive both a jealous husband and a lunatic admirer:

"I had met her from time to time in society; I admired her immensely; but, as you know, I have never cried for the moon! In short, I was amazed to see her there in boy's clothes, calm and quiet as if it were nothing but an

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ordinary visit. I learnt at last that, being at the waters in Bohemia, she had taken advantage of the proximity to come and see me again. I gave her to understand that her disguise was no good whatever, that on the contrary it compromised her a great deal more than if she had come openly, especially since, beginning with my host, she was too well known by all not to be recognised. I was so far successful that she went away as she had come, after a tête-à-tête breakfast, the like of which, under similar circumstances, it would be hard to find. I have always avoided troubles and fusses of this kind, and I hate melodramas, especially in private life. For all that, she came again in the same way two years afterward. I was then living in retreat at Monte Mario." . . .

"Well, what became of her afterward?" I asked.

"She died!"

Then I saw in the master's face an emotion such as I had never seen before.

And then there was the story which links Liszt's name with that of Marie Duplessis—the original of Dumas's "Dame aux Camélias." He was living at Weimar at the time; but he had come to Paris on business, and was at the *Ambigu* with Jules Janin. In the *foyer* he noticed a conspicuous young woman staring at him. "That's Madame Duplessis," said Jules Janin. "She has taken a fancy to you, and she will take possession of you;" and, sure enough, the next day a stranger called, and proposed to introduce the master at the house of the fashionable beauty. He went there, and conquered. He acquired the habit of going, and so:

She wanted to go to Weimar with him; "but I pointed out that there would be certain inconveniences," said Liszt, "and gave her to understand she would not like it. She thought otherwise, as she had never had time to get bored, since she never got up till two, took two or three hours' drive in the Bois, and then went to the theatre. That was her life." They ended by making arrangements to meet the following year at Pesth, whence they would go together to Constantinople. Liszt departed, and sixteen months after he heard of Marie Duplessis's death.

"The trip to Constantinople, the prospect of which delighted her," Liszt added, "is one of those halting-places which I have always regretted."

Thus the stories flowed on; the court of women taking careful notes of them for the advantage of posterity. It seemed to them equally a tribute to the master's matchless personality that the most famous of modern courtesans should have desired to travel with him and that a public singer of European celebrity and spotless reputation should have put on male attire and a false moustache in order to invade and divert the solemn solitude of his religious retreat. At the same time, they recognised that such anecdotes touched only, so to say, the parerga of the master's amorous pilgrimage. Gallantry was, on the whole, more conspicuous in them than sentiment. But the master had been young in the glowing days of the Romantic Movement, when sentiment had, for a season, superseded gallantry; and the great joy of the women at his feet was to evoke his memories of that period, and induce him to discourse on the theme: *Et ego in Arcadia vixi.*

He had lived in Arcadia, as they knew—and as every one now knows—with the Comtesse d'Agoult. He had lived with her there in such a style that the husband from whom he took her congratulated him, as has already been mentioned, on behaving like "a perfect gentleman"; but he had not lived with her there for ever, and the latter days of the sojourn were known to have been inharmonious. Dissensions had broken out; and there was more than one theory as to the just allocation of the blame. Balzac declared that the master had transferred his affections to Princess Belgiojoso—the hostess in whose salon we have seen him triumphing over Thalberg. Others maintained that Madame d'Agoult, after getting divorced for his sake, had refused his offer of marriage, saying, with the insolent pride of birth: *La Comtesse d'Agoult ne sera jamais Madame Liszt.* What, then, were the rights of the quarrel? How had the romance begun, and what had caused it to flicker out? That was what the devoted court of women wanted the master to tell them.

The romance, they learnt, had not been of his seeking, but had been thrust

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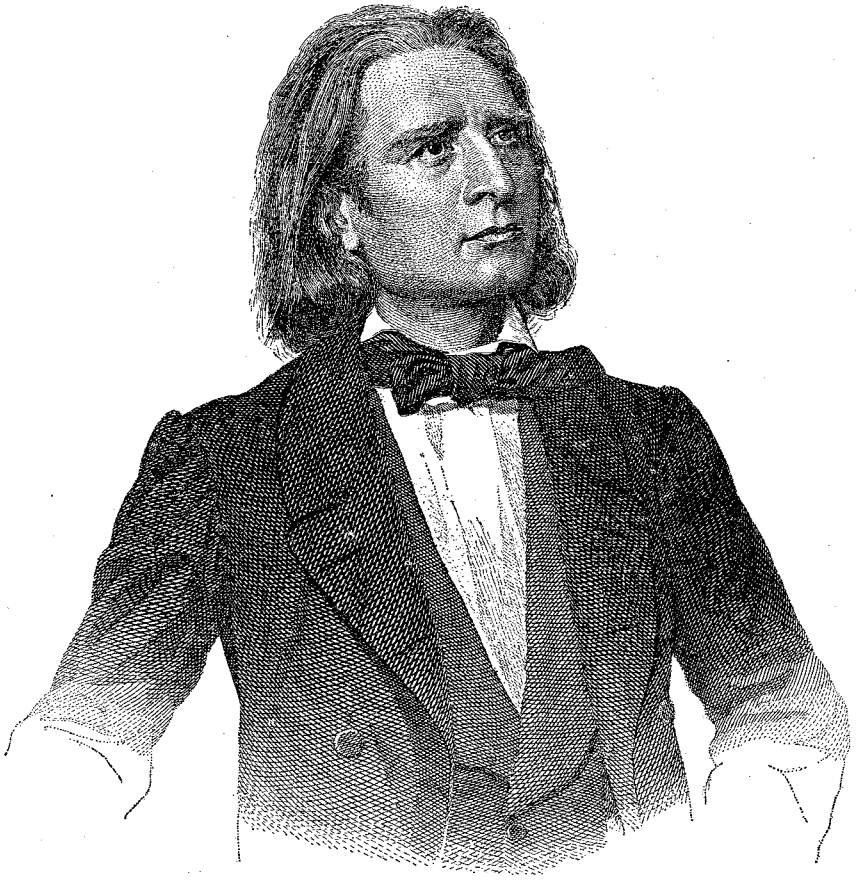
upon him. He loved Madame d'Agoult, indeed, more or less—but less rather than more. He was willing, that is to say, to let himself be loved by her—in moderation; but she was immoderate in her ideas, and six years his senior. It seemed to her that "le petit Liszt," as everybody called him, wanted an Egeria, and that Heaven had designed her for the rôle. Perhaps he did feel some need



FRANZ LISZT

of an Egeria—most artists do; but he did not want one very badly. He felt, at any rate, that Egerias are made for artists, and not artists for Egerias. Moreover, he did not want to make a fracas, and he was not without religious scruples.

So there ensued some argument as to whether Madame d'Agoult should become his Egeria—and, if so, to what extent. The young musician was willing, as has been said, to let himself be loved; but he was reluctant to implicate himself in the breaking up of homes. When she urged the more desperate course upon him he not only argued against it, but even pulled wires in order to prevent it. He called on Madame d'Agoult's mother; he called on her confessor—the Abbé Duguerray whom the Communists were afterward to murder; he called on the family solicitor. He begged them all in turn to use their influence with Madame d'Agoult, and beseech her to be true to her husband. He sent his friend Lamennais to her on the same errand.

But all in vain. *Ce que femme veut Dieu le veut;* and it has to happen. Those were the days of the romantic *coup de tête;* and Madame d'Agoult was resolved to be "in the movement." Somehow or other she contrived that she and Liszt should meet at Basle. She and her

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mother were at one hotel; he was alone at another. He went out one day for a walk; and when he returned he found that she had established herself in his apartments with all her luggage. She had come, she announced; she meant to stay; now that she was compromised he would not have the heart to turn her out.

Nor had he. For years he lived with her in Switzerland and Italy; and, for a time, they were companions in Paris. Children were born to them—a boy, who died young, and two daughters, who became respectively Mesdames Emile Ollivier and Richard Wagner. They visited George Sand at Nahant, and George Sand visited them at Geneva. They and George Sand took a trip together to Chamonix, where Liszt described himself in the Visitors' Book of his hotel as "a philosophical musician, born on Parnassus, coming from Doubt, travelling toward Truth," and Madame d'Agoult wrote underneath that her domicile was Nature, and that she came from God and was travelling to Heaven, "damaged by public opinion."

It was all in the romantic style of the Romantic Age—the age which so queerly confused the love of God with the love of the neighbour's wife—the age in which George Sand exhorted unfaithful wives to open their proceedings with prayer for the husbands to whom they were untrue. And yet, for whatever reason—and no doubt there were more reasons than one—the charm evaporated, and the alliance was found to be a mistake. Madame d'Agoult was too much *grande dame* to be quite happy in Bohemia; and, if the reports of other women may be believed, she was also as silly as she was beautiful, and disposed to quarrel with her lover, and embroil him with his friends, when she found that she had made herself ridiculous.

There was friction, to begin with, when she mixed herself up with revolutionary politics at Geneva, and found that a plausible Polish refugee, who had obtained money from her for the revolutionary cause, had disappeared to spend it on his pleasures. It was Liszt's fault, she said. He ought to have warned her. She had no idea that he had such disreputable acquaintances.

There was friction, again, when Balzac put Madame d'Agoult into a novel—*Beatrice*—hinting therein that Liszt was only her lover by compulsion. The thing was so well done "that I," said Liszt, "who thought I thoroughly knew this woman, with her way of courting notoriety as much as other women shun it, was amazed, and actually understood her better after reading the book." But Madame d'Agoult, naturally, was not grateful to Balzac for helping Liszt to understand her. On the contrary, she ran to him, screaming and stamping her foot in her indignation:

> "You can flatter yourself that you have nice friends," said she to me. "Here's Balzac writing a novel about me. He traduces me, and makes me ridiculous in the eyes of the world. It's a shame, an infamous shame; you must go and demand satisfaction. Your honour is at stake as much as mine."

Liszt refused to do anything of the kind, and they wrangled:

> "Is your name in it?" I asked the weeping woman. "Did you find your address in it, or the number of your house?"
>
> "No!"
>
> "Well, then, what are you crying about? What right have you to feel yourself attacked? Let him whom the cap fits wear it! If you can show me your name, your address, and the exact number of your house, I will go and call Balzac out; otherwise I will do nothing of the sort."

So relations continued to be strained. The strain was intensified when Liszt suggested that *Swagger and Lies* would be a suitable title for a volume of "Souvenirs" which Madame d'Agoult had written; and presently we come to this crowning confession:

> She wished to be my muse, my Egeria, and obstinately stuck to a task for which she was never meant. . . . At times she irritated me excessively, and one day, when she compared herself to the Beatrice of Dante, supplementing the comparison by a tirade on the ennobling influence of woman, I answered her pretty roughly: "You are wrong; it is the Dantes who create the Beatrices, and the real Beatrices die at the age of eighteen—that's all."

Rupture, of course, could have been

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fairly confidently predicted after such a passage of arms as that; and the rupture presently occurred, though quite quietly, and without any sensational scenes for the benefit of curious spectators. The lovers who were ceasing to be lovers spent their last days together in a small Italian fishing village. When, at last, they packed and departed, they took separate conveyances, and repaired to different destinations—Liszt to Vienna, and Madame d'Agoult to Paris. Ostensibly they parted because it was inconvenient for Madame d'Agoult to accompany Liszt on a concert tour. Actually, they did so because they felt that the curtain had definitely fallen on the drama of their passion, and there was nothing more to be made of it. For Liszt, at any rate, that drama had been a part of education; and we need not waste words in looking for any other moral.

Though it had been a part of education, however, it had not been the whole of it; and it certainly had not been intense enough to leave Liszt an emotional bankrupt. Not only were the experiments in gallantry referred to on an earlier page subsequent to the separation. There was also to be another experiment in sentiment before Liszt's romantic life was completely rounded off. The story of the elopement with the Comtesse d'Agoult has to be supplemented by a brief glance at the story of the jilting of the Princess of Seyn-Wittgenstein.

She was a Polish princess, and unhappily married. Liszt met her in 1847, at Kiev, where he was giving a series of concerts. She invited him to visit her country house in the neighbourhood. He accepted the invitation, and remained for several months. When he took up the post of Musical Director of the Court Theatre at Weimar, it was arranged that he and she should share a house—that she should seek a divorce, and that if she obtained it, he should marry her. The Court of Weimar, of course, knew all about the arrangement, but, after the dignified way of Courts, made an elaborate pretence of ignorance. The Grand Duke was a frequent guest at the Princess's receptions; and he expected to meet Liszt at them. But Liszt also had what one may almost describe as an "accommodation address" at one of the hotels in the town. It was officially assumed that he lived in that hotel; and all official communications were delivered there, and duly called for.

It turned out, however, that the projected divorce was easier to ask for than to get. The casuistry of the Roman Church in this matter of divorce is generally rather difficult for a Protestant to follow; but the device by which Poles used to drive their coach and four through the Catholic marriage laws was equally simple and ingenious. They used to insert in the marriage contract a clause to the effect that the bride had been forced into the union against her will. Then, when husband and wife desired to seek fresh partners, they invoked this useful clause, and the Church was able to grant them their decree without doing too great violence to its rigid principles. Unfortunately, however, the parents of the Princess of Seyn-Wittgenstein had neglected to take this simple precaution. Consequently, though she pulled all the wires within her reach, she pulled them all in vain; and she did not obtain her freedom until her husband died.

He did not die, however, until 1864; and by that time Liszt's passion had had seventeen years in which to run its course. None of his previous passions had lasted so long; and this one was not to last any longer. The Princess taxed him with coldness and indifference; he was obliged to admit, under her cross-examination, that he had in fact grown indifferent and cold. He had not meant to do so; he was very sorry; but seventeen years was a long time; and the cruel truth was as the Princess had surmised.

A rival? No, she had no rival—none, that was to say, except the Church. He had always been religious, as she knew—he was now feeling more religious than ever. The call had been long in coming; but it had come. Sojourning at Rome—consorting with Cardinals, and admitted to the intimacy of the Pope—he was, at last, at the age of fifty-four, persuaded that he had a "vocation." He must obey—she must forgive him. The arrangements had been made—it was too late to

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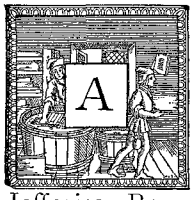
alter them. He proposed to close his romantic life by taking holy orders in the very chapel which had been assigned for the ceremony of his marriage.

He did so, though, instead of undertaking a cure of souls, he departed on yet another concert tour; and the Princess, strange as it may seem, forgave him and remained the most devoted of his friends. "Liszt," she wrote, within a year or two of his defection, "has the noblest heart and the grandest soul imaginable. He is also our greatest genius, as posterity will understand even better than we do. Meanwhile I am very grateful to the critics whose verdict thus anticipates the future."

A SINGER IN VAGABONDIA

BY MILTON BRONNER



FEW years ago a book appeared whose subject was the vagabond in literature, and the "vagabonds" were this singular company — Hazlitt, De Quincey, Thoreau, Jefferies, Borrow, Stevenson and Walt Whitman. Just how some of these men came to be placed in that gallery was never made quite clear. And just as singular was one of the writer's conclusions with regard to his typical vagabonds—that they were shy and reserved. This concerning Hazlitt, who was always writing about himself; De Quincey, who coined himself into fame with his confessions; Thoreau, who wrote of his adventures at Walden and on the Concord and the Merrimac; Jefferies, who wrote the story of his heart; Borrow, who never tired of dramatising himself; Stevenson, who took excursions into vagabondia for the pleasure of writing about them; and finally, Whitman, who minted all his experiences. If there is one thing that marks the vagabond, whether he be the real or the literary tramp, it is precisely egotism, an intense interest in self, and a consuming desire to tell his story to others.

Now it has been said very wisely that there is a vast difference between tramps who write, and literary men who tramp. Most of the men mentioned above belonged to the latter class, but it so happens that in our own day there have been two genuine tramps who made efforts at literature—he who wrote under the *nom de guerre* of Josiah Flynt, and he who is still busy with his pen, William H. Davies. The difference between these men is this: Flynt soon tired of the life of the tramp and assumed the rôle of a scientific investigator of trampdom; on the other hand, the native of Wales not only tramped for years, but is proud of it with a naïve pride that constantly astonishes the reader of his pages. Flynt, in the story of his life, often takes a half-apologetic tone. Davies never does. It is a little singular that in this country Davies is practically unknown, when we remember that some of his best books deal with his adventures in America. In England for four years now the best critics have been praising his works and acclaiming his talents. And certainly no more unique book has been seen in a long time than this genuine *Autobiography of a Supertramp*. Here is no attempt at fine writing, no display of literary finish, but a plain, simple, unvarnished tale of the thirty-five years in the life of a Welshman who started out to seek work and ended by consistently and assiduously avoiding it. There is an artlessness about the narrative that is an art in itself. It makes one hark back to the insinuating pages of Defoe. Certainly few modern Englishmen would have described in as matter-of-fact way a lynching that he beheld in the south, or, losing his leg while stealing a ride on a freight train, would dismiss the incident in words like these:

And there I lay for several minutes, feeling

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a little shaken, whilst the train passed swiftly on into the darkness. Even then I did not know what had happened, for I attempted to stand, but found that something had happened to prevent me from doing this. Sitting down in an upright position, I then began to examine myself, and now found that the right foot was severed from the ankle.

No wonder this calm narration moved Bernard Shaw, who contributed a typical preface to the book, to exclaim: "I ask myself with some indignation whether a man should lose a limb with no more ado than a lobster loses a claw or a lizard his tail." Bearing in mind that his autobiographical books are by a poet, they are especially singular for the baldness of their narrative. There is no touch of rhapsody, no abundance of little nature etchings. On the contrary, we learn of his prosaic boyhood, his arrest for a petty crime, with the whipping he had for it, his determination to come to America as the land of promise where he would find work and fortune; we hear of his speedy acquaintance with a seasoned tramp with whom he started out on the road. We see him as hop-picker, berry-picker, canal-digger, cattle-tender on a cattle ship. But more often we see him merely as a tramp. We follow him in his wanderings up and down the United States and Canada; we meet his various tramp friends and acquaintances; we camp with them near railroad water-tanks or on the outskirts of big cities; we ride with them on railroad trains and participate in their fights with brakemen. Finally, we accompany him back to England, where we see him peddling shoestrings, and begging, while living in the tramps' lodging houses (dosshouses), where a bed can be had for a few pence, and where each man does his own cooking at a common coke-fire.

And the most extraordinary thing about Davies is that though he has been acclaimed by great critics, he still naïvely thinks the life of the tramp and beggar almost ideal. He is as proud of it, as eager to defend it as any lawyer or physician who glories in his profession. Thus he explains that a tramp may be known as "Chicago Slim" or "New York Jack" or any other name of a city "that should be proud to own him." Again he says: "Honestly, if I had not been cursed with an ambition to excel in literature, I would have remained a beggar to the end of my days." He speaks of "my own class whom I as a proud member represent." He makes certain explanations of the harmlessness of beggars, and says he hopes he has proved the tramp's character one "to be loved and respected."

Now it is just because of this pride that one hesitates to give complete credence to his pictures of tramps. Flynt tells us that most tramps are criminals who have lost their nerve and who no longer attempt big crimes, but content themselves with petty thieving and with beggary. In Davies's pages we hear little of crime, although we do learn much about how convenient jails are as free lodging-houses for tramps during inclement winter weather. And to finish the work of carping, there is one more target for criticism: Davies's tramps do not talk like the tramps of our acquaintance. They talk too much like a book. Perhaps this is because the writer was unused to penning dialogue, and, like all beginners, made it stilted and stiff and untrue to life.

But his pictures of tramp ways and of beggars' schemes are undoubtedly true, and he has much first-hand knowledge of this continent and the peculiarities of its various cities. He praises this country over and over again. It is the true paradise of the tramp. He never tires of contrasting the independence of the American beggar with the servility of his English cousin. The American pulls the door-bell, the Englishman timidly knocks at the back door; the American rides on trains from town to town, the Englishman walks; the one asks to see the mistress of the house, the other mumbles his wants to under-servants. And incidentally, we get such bits of tramp-philosophy and studies in human nature as the following:

There is not the least doubt but what bells cry hunger, common iron knockers spell charity and shabby doors that cannot afford either bell or knocker, and require bare knuckles, are—from a beggar's point of view—the richest.

The most poignant pages in his autobiography are those which deal with his

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literary aspirations. His imagination had been stirred when he was a mere lad by learning that an ancestor had once written a book. We find him complaining to a tramp friend that he did not have time enough to read good literature. We have a picture of him at thirty setting out on a begging expedition in England with copies of the Bible and Wordsworth, which he was reading for the first time. In the dosshouse, in the poor light, with the talk and the quarrels going on around him, we see him writing a tragedy, a long narrative poem, and sonnets—all of which were speedily rejected. There followed other plays, other poems, and humorous essays. Finally he selected certain poems and sent them to a publisher, who saw some merit in them and offered to issue them upon payment of thirty pounds. Davies was then living on a legacy of ten shillings a week left him by his grandmother. To raise the publication money he tried begging, but without avail. Later he found another man, a printer, who offered to issue the poems for nineteen pounds. This money he finally obtained by great self-denial, and two hundred and fifty copies of his first book, *The Soul's Destroyer,* were issued. He sent out copies to the press. There were reviews in only two obscure papers, and both were uncomplimentary. Not daunted, he sent out copies to well-known literary men, with the request that they either send him the price for the book, or return the volume. In this manner he eked out an existence until by a happy chance a copy was sent to Shaw, who interested himself in Davies and secured him a hearing in the London press, with the result that the crippled tramp found himself lauded as poet and published as self-biographer. Delighted with his "fame," Davies wrote in his autobiography: "Certainly I have led a worthless, wandering and lazy life, with, in my early days, a strong dislike to continued labour, and incapacitated from the same in later years. No person seemed inclined to start me on the road to fame, but as soon as I had made an audacious step or two I was taken up, passed quickly on from stage to stage, and given free rides farther than I expected."

II

He wrote thus because he felt amply able to take care of himself with his income of ten shillings a week. But this mood did not last long. Just as he took his life as a tramp with intense seriousness, so did he take his literary "fame." He expected great things of it. To be the author of a published autobiography and several small volumes of poetry which had met with favourable critical mention in the leading journals of England, seemed to him to be the open sesame to better things. His wants became greater. He demanded more of life. And he did not get it. He found that the emoluments from his books were pitifully small and that people who were glad to meet him as a rising author, forgot that the writer was likewise a man with a healthy appetite and a body to clothe. There have been no more direct cries from the heart to an unheeding world than those contained in certain chapters of his *Beggars,* also largely autobiographical. Just as he was not ashamed of being a tramp and beggar, so he was not ashamed to call the world's attention to his condition and to protest raucously against neglect:

> It would be impossible to make people believe that a man could be so famous as to be invited to the houses of the great and yet be so shabby in appearance that beggars meet him on the road and taking him for one of themselves, say, "Hello! mate, what's yer luck?" And then when he did meet people of consequence, he had to sneak into back slums at night and sleep in a common lodging-house. People could not be made to believe any of these things while a man lives, but after he is dead they will believe anything.

He returns to the same plaint in his chapter bitterly called "The Sport of Fame." People, he says, had been amazed by his past life, but it was his turn to be amazed now. The world was having its revenge for the years when he lived in idleness and sponged upon its charity.

"Fame in England does not pay so good as begging in America," he exclaims despairingly.

And finally must be quoted a passage which displays at once the egotism of the

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tramp-author and the despondency of the poverty-stricken man:

I know well that a man of genius has shivered on a winter's night, in a bed with insufficient clothing, in spite of using all his wearing apparel, after having received that day a noble tribute from the press, in which a well-known critic said he was unrivalled by his contemporaries. That he lay all night shivering with the cold, and expected to be poor Cock Robin before morning. . . . I shall never forget the day when I was compared to the great Daniel Defoe. At that time I could not spare money for a pair of stockings, so I tore up an old shirt in strips and wound them round my feet, as tramps often do.

Luckily it was in England, not America, that Davies made this appeal. It did not fall upon deaf ears. Within the past few months the government has announced as beneficiaries of the civil pension list William Butler Yeats, the poet; Joseph Conrad, the novelist, and Davies. Perhaps for the first time in England's history an actual tramp has thus been honoured. From this time on he will receive fifty pounds per annum, and it is to be presumed that he will now be able to attain what he once described as the ideal existence, costing a pound a week—the tenancy of a small cottage in the country, with plain fare, some flowers, and abundance of books.

III

Despite the success of his prose, it is not improbable that Davies will live in literature as a poet. And this makes it doubly singular that there is no outcrop of the poetical passion in his autobiography. Nowhere in his pages is there anything so wonderful as Borrow's passage about Petulengro with his: "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath."

In the main, Davies's prose is matter of fact and deals with men and cities. There are few etchings of the long country roads, or what he saw in hedge and bush. The nearest we come to anything of the sort is in some fleeting words like these:

At this place I remained several weeks, watching the smiling spring, which had already taken possession of the air and made the skies blue—unloosing the icy fingers of winter, which still held the earth down under a thick cover of snow.

Yet this vagrant was not blind to the things of beauty around him. He noted every bird and tree and flower. He also observed what classic English poets had made of this material, and when he commenced author, naturally turned to two subjects—things in nature, and his own experiences as a tramp. He is a genuine lyric poet, a poet born not made. His best successes are attained with his little songs. When he attempts the things of larger mould, like blank verse, he writes respectable, but not remarkable English poetry, English rhapsodists to the contrary notwithstanding. He constantly reminds one of a song-bird that can warble its own peculiar song exquisitely, but which is a lamentable failure when it attempts to imitate the notes of others of its fellows in the forest. Davies has certain wood-notes wild which gush forth sweet and pure and unpremeditated; when he takes thought his verse is often banal and his philosophy thin. The truest thing that has been said of him is that he has written the lyrics that men like Herrick and Wordsworth and Blake forgot to write. His best things are little pieces so perfect in their art that they almost appear to be spontaneous, to have been dashed off on the spur of the moment:

Her pretty dances were her own,
  Her songs were by no other sung;
And all the laughter in her house
  Was started by her own sweet tongue.

This little dance and song composer,
  This laughter maker, sweet and small,
Will never more be seen or heard—
  For her the Sexton's bell does toll.

The shining eyes are closed for aye,
  And that small, crimson mouth of mirth;
The little feet, the little hands—
  All stiff and cold inside the earth.

Not even the attempted rhyming of "small" and "toll" can blind us to the beauty, the pathos, and the exquisite simplicity of such Wordsworthian verse.

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But the unique thing about him as a poet is the tramp note, the vagrant tune. One pictures him walking down the roads of England, companioned by things around him:

I hummed with bees, I stared with sheep,
I whistled with the birds for joy;
I shook the butterflies from sleep,
Their time the better to employ;
And when night came I laughed with glee,
When I the Moon's sad face did see.

He is at home with these things and they with him:

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one—
To touch their wings—
With Wind and Sun.

* * * * *

The Wren knows well
I rob no Nest;
When I look in
She still will rest.

And here the tramp—he who had begged clothing for his half-naked body—writes in reminiscent mood:

Autumn grows old: he, like some simple one,
In Summer's castaway is strangely clad.

And he, who neglected nature in his prose, etches such perfect little things as this:

See you that Robin, by himself,
Perched on that leafless apple branch,
His breast like one red apple left—
The last and best of all—by chance?

Or this:

Now lusty May doth grow and burst
Her bodice green; her hawthorn breast,
Breaking those laces once so tight,
Doth more than peep its lovely white.

There is another strain to his song beside the celebration, in a vagrant's way, of the beauties of nature. This man who in his prose never mentions women save as "ladies" whom he has begged from, blossoms out in his capacity of poet as a singer of exquisite love-songs, as the dreamer about some ideal fair one, as some one utterly untramplike:

A thousand trees to every house,
A singing bird in every tree;
And in the midst of these she dwells,
And lives for me,—doth Margery;
Where we can take our sweet love's fill
Shut in a garden green and still.

Lastly, there is the rude side of his song, the poems in which he attempts to picture some of his companions in the doss-houses, their crude ways, their means of subsisting. It is here that he voices the cry of the proletariat which rebels against the slums in which the children of the very poor grow up; which resents the rich stopping to admire a statue of stone or bronze and neglecting the wastrels of flesh and blood who are huddled on the benches near by. There is room in such themes for powerful poetry, but one finds this rather in the little books of men like W. W. Gibson. The single exception in Davies's case is his powerful "The Lodging House Fire," in which he tells of his life in the cheap shelter for vagrants, where the hot coke fire with its poisonous fumes is the centre of attraction for the shivering and hungry men:

My birthday—yesterday,
Its hours were twenty-four;
Four hours I lived lukewarm,
And killed a score.

I woke eight times and rose,
Came to our fire below,
Then sat four hours and watched
Its sullen glow.

Ten hours I give to sleep,
More than my need, I know;
But I escape my mind
And that fire's glow.
* * * * *
So goes my life each day—
Its hours are twenty-four—
Four hours I live lukewarm,
And kill a score.

A genuine prose artist, Davies is a genuine poet too—perhaps the first in our language who was also a genuine tramp and beggar.

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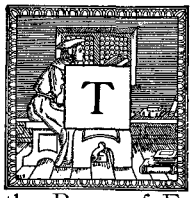
THE CASE OF THE "MONA LISA" (LA GIOCONDA)

BY BARON BERNARDO QUARANTA DI SAN SEVERINO



HE loss of the glory of the Louvre. The world's most precious portrait stolen. Art's irreparable loss!"

With these and many other similar expressions the Press of France, Italy, England and Germany has given the public the incredible news and, lately, torrents of ink have flown to express through all the European organs the immense and justified indignation felt by all civilised peoples for the extraordinary disappearance from the Paris Louvre of the picture of Mona Lisa, "La Gioconda," by Leonardo da Vinci, which, without hesitation, may be called the most colossal theft of modern times.

An event of such importance could not fail to excite public opinion, especially in France, which has been the scene of a most active and noble competition among all classes of the population. Offers of considerable sums of money have come forth from every side in the hope of tempting the audacious thief to the restitution of the stolen treasure that for four centuries people, princes, and sovereigns had jealously guarded as one of France's most precious artistic heirlooms. Blinded to the fact of thus establishing an exceedingly dangerous precedent for the safety of the world's art treasures, and thinking only of redeeming it from the hands of the bandit, the French people have not hesitated to propose publicly to pay a heavy ransom for the picture. Among the most important organs of the Parisian Press (the *Illustration*, the *Paris-Journal*, the *Matin*), and among individuals the well-known art collector Jacques Seligmann, the venerable, but as ever intrepid, politician and writer Henri Rochefort, a recognised authority on the subject of classical painting, and other anonymous donors, fearing that the impossibility of disposing of the priceless masterpiece and the danger of detection should drive the thief to destroying it, have generously come forward with substantial offerings, ranging from ten thousand to two hundred thousand dollars, which latter sum Henri Rochefort pledges himself to raise within the comparatively narrow circle of the Society Les Amis du Louvre, of which he is an important member, proposing also to offer complete impunity, in lieu of hard labour, to the thief *so kind* as to return, "no questions asked," the treasure which was a landmark in the history of art.

LEONARDO AND "MONA LISA"

Leonardo's biographers do not fail to give us an account of the historical circumstances attending the painting of the famous portrait with the sweet and unfathomable smile, that for four centuries has been the inspiration and despair of so many students of art, beginning from the great Raphael, "where," according to Walter Pater in his work *Studies on the History of the Renaissance*, "all the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Ages with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias."

It is known that the divine Leonardo (1452-1529), born in Vinci, a village near Florence, from Ser Piero da Vinci (and incidentally described by his biographers as a master in painting, mechanics, chemistry, hydrostatics, music, astronomy, poetry, engineering and an expert and fearless rider), coming into the world at a period of great prosperity of the Florentine Republic, when art was encouraged and fostered in every way, abandoned the severe traditional line of the followers of Giotto, in whose paintings he felt warmth, life and expression were lacking. As a supreme lover of truth in art he devoted himself entirely

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to reproducing the beauty of the *real* human form and of the spirit which animates it. In preference, therefore, to the exterior and material lines of his subject, he consecrated his genius toward fixing in his paintings the fugitive but interesting expressions of human passions; thus inaugurating a new school of painting, which, taken up by Raphael and his followers, marked a new era in the history of that art and illuminated their works with the light of an interior life.

We know that Mona (Madonna) Lisa (1475-1507), a wealthy Neapolitan noblewoman of the Gherardini family, was the third wife of Ser Francesco del Gio-

"MONA LISA" (LA GIOCONDA). BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

The famous portrait (31 by 21 inches), estimated to be worth several million dollars and stolen from the Louvre Museum in Paris between 7.30 and 8 A.M. of August 21st. Mona (Madonna) Lisa (1475-1507), a wealthy Neapolitan noblewoman of the Gherardini family, was the third wife of Ser Francesco del Giocondo, a Florentine patrician of high standing, whence the name of "La Gioconda" or "La Joconde" given to the immortal painting.

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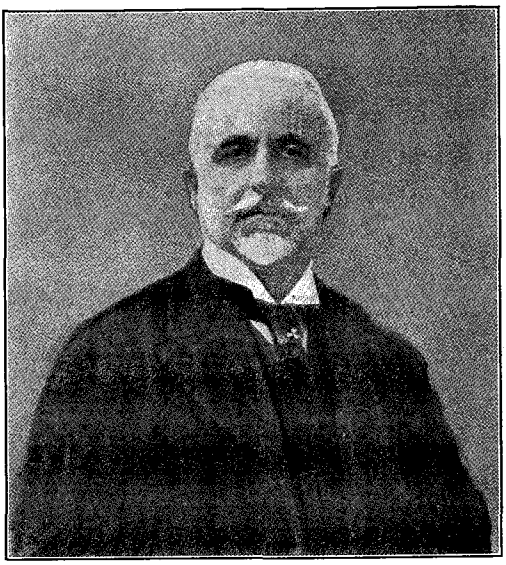
condo, a Florentine patrician of high standing, whence the name "La Gioconda" or "La Joconde," given to the picture.

Mona Lisa loved Leonardo, who in his turn, bewitched by her charming and peculiar smile, devoted himself and all the resources of his wonderful art to placing it forever in the portrait her husband had asked him to paint. It is said that after four years' work without having, according to his own judgment, finished it, Ser Francesco, displeased with the peculiar suggestiveness of *that smile,* refused the picture. Hence the pretty verses of Enrico Panzacchi:

Messer Francesco, suo sposo e signore
Tornato, vide l'opra e il mutamento.
Fece col capo un segno di scontento;
E il ritratto rimase al suo pittore.

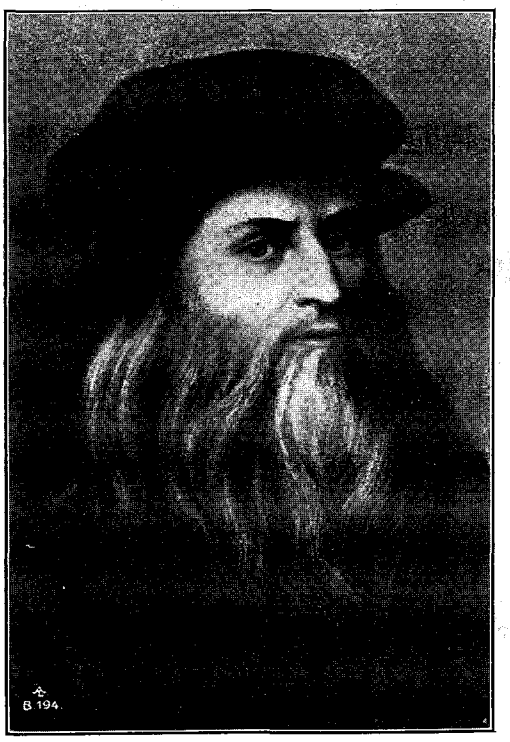
WHY "LA GIOCONDA" BELONGS TO FRANCE

Historians add that Leonardo da Vinci, after repeated invitations from Francis I, King of France, and a great patron of art, finally agreed, in 1515, to make



HIS EXCELLENCY SENATOR TOMMASO TITTONI, AT ONE TIME ITALIAN FOREIGN AFFAIRS MINISTER, NOW AMBASSADOR TO PARIS

He presided over the recent Franco-Italian Pilgrimage to the tomb of Leonardo da Vinci at Amboise, the little town of Touraine, where the great painter passed the last years of his life.



A PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1529) BY HIMSELF. (UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE)

his abode in that realm, where the King overwhelmed him with honours, and gave him, together with a large pension, the Castle of Cloux (now called Clos-Lucé), near Amboise, in which he spent quietly the last years of his life, and where he died.

After having tried in vain to remove from the wall of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan, where Leonardo had painted it, the wonderful fresco of the "Last Supper," now much damaged by dampness, Francis I bought from him for four thousand gold *écus* the beautiful "Gioconda," that had been the beginning of a new school which was to immortalise Italian painting. He placed it in the Cabinet Doré at Fontainebleau, together with other masterpieces which became later an important nucleus of the Louvre collection.

In 1659 "Mona Lisa" was brought to Versailles by Louis XIV, an enthusiastic admirer of the picture, and there the work of Vinci had a place in the Petite Galerie du Roy. In 1800 Napoleon I fell, as much if not more than his predecessors, under the charm of the captivating smile of the beautiful *Italienne,* and, by his spe-

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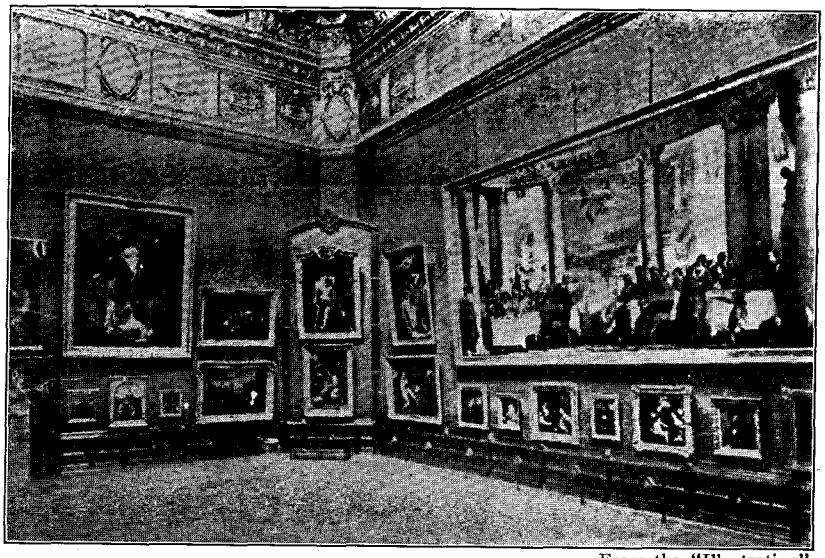
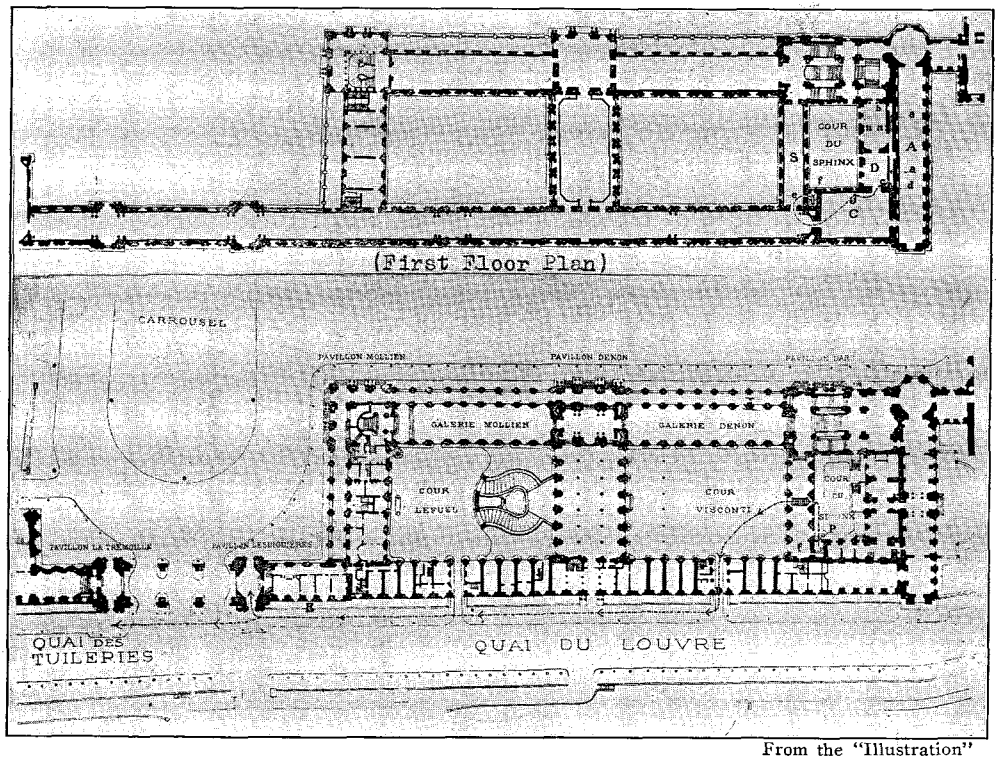


From the "Illustration"

THE "SALON CARRÉ" IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM

On the left is the small door through which, it has been established, the thief, taking with him the "Gioconda" (in this photograph the fourth picture from the right), passed into the large adjoining gallery called "La Salle des Primitifs" and from there to the staircase, where the empty frame was found.



From the "Illustration"

GRAPHIC RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DARING THIEF'S FLIGHT FROM THE LOUVRE WITH "LA GIOCONDA"

The thief, having spent the night of Sunday, August 20th, hidden in the dark corridor lying (see First Floor Plan) between the Apollon Gallery (A) and the Salle Duchatel (D), in the early morning of Monday, between 7.30 and 8, removed the "Gioconda" from its place at J in the Salon Carré (C). By the small staircase, f (where he detached and left on the landing the picture's heavy frame), he passed through the small door P (see Ground Floor Plan), which, disguised as a custodian in white overalls, he daringly asked M. Sauvet, a plumber belonging to the Louvre, to open for him, and made his way to the "Cour du Sphinx," the "Cour Visconti" and hence, a free man with his priceless burden, into the street (Quai du Louvre), after which he may have fled in one of the two directions indicated in the plan.

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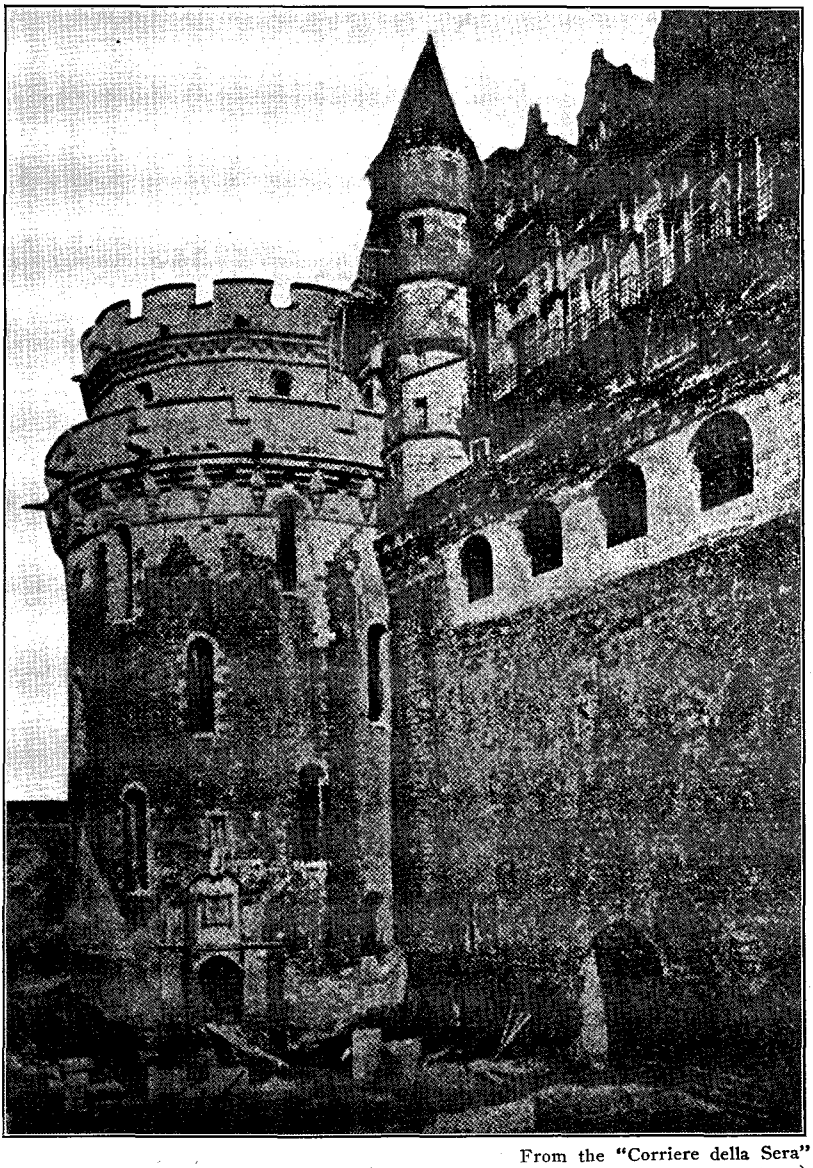
cial command, the painting was placed in the privacy of his own apartments in the Tuileries; but after his downfall it was transferred to the Louvre, where it remained until 1870, the year of the Franco-German war, when with other masterpieces it was secretly sent to Brest and concealed until 1871. At that time it was finally restored to the Louvre and definitely placed in the Salon Carré.

SENATOR TITTONI AND THE ITALO-FRENCH PILGRIMAGE TO AMBOISE

The cry of indignation raised in every corner of France at the news of the theft of the painting has been well justified, especially when it was learned how easily the deed had been accomplished, and that the theft had not been discovered until twenty-four hours after it had taken



From the "Corriere della Sera"
THE HISTORIC CASTLE OF AMBOISE (NOW BELONGING TO THE ORLEANS FAMILY)

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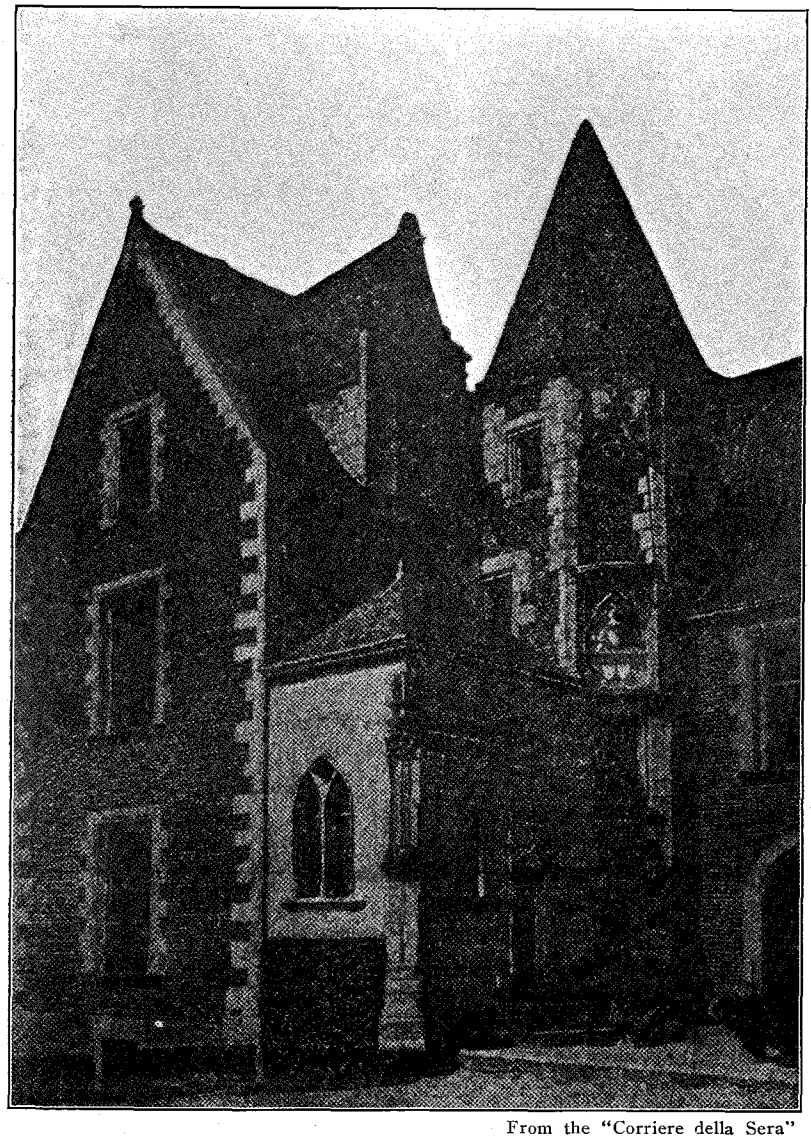
place by finding the glass case and the superb Renaissance frame, a gift of the Comtesse de Béarn, bereft of the portrait of the smiling "Gioconda," on a solitary landing of a small staircase of the Louvre.

Upon the initiative of the Societé des Artistes Italiens à Paris, an official pilgrimage to Amboise, last home and burial place of the great painter, has taken place. Artists, writers, and admirers of Leonardo of every nationality flocked to the little historic town, led by the Delegates of the Archæological Society of Touraine. Senator Tommaso Tittoni, the one-time successful Italian Foreign Minister, now Ambassador to Paris, presided and received the pilgrimage at Amboise. In concluding his brilliant speech before the representatives of the



From the "Corriere della Sera"

THE "CHATEAU DE CLOUX" (NOW CALLED "CLOS-LUCÉ") IN AMBOISE, WHERE THE FRANCO-ITALIAN PILGRIMAGE, PRESIDED OVER BY SENATOR TITTONI, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR TO PARIS, TOOK PLACE. THIS CASTLE WAS A GIFT OF FRANCIS I, KING OF FRANCE, TO LEONARDO DA VINCI, WHO SPENT THERE THE LAST YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

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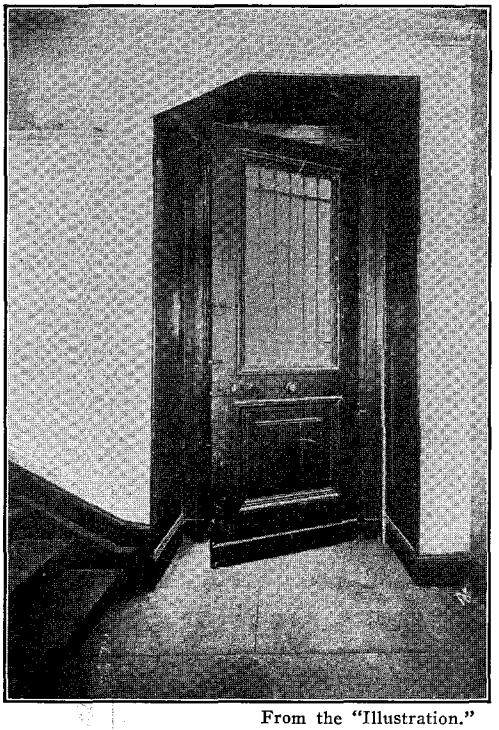

From the "Illustration."

THE FAMOUS DOOR THROUGH WHICH "MONA LISA" LEFT THE LOUVRE

After having in vain tried to open this door (leading into the "Cours" and the street) by removing the knob (afterward found in an adjoining yard) and the upper screw of the lock, the thief of "La Gioconda," disguised as a custodian in white overalls, was frightened by the approaching footsteps of M. Sauvet, a plumber of the Museum. Hiding the knob and quietly sitting down on the first steps of the stairs shown on the left of this photograph, where the plumber found him, he coolly remarked: "When are you going to open this blessed door?" M. Sauvet, by innocently unlocking the door for *"that custodian,"* involuntarily helped along the theft of the priceless masterpiece.

town of Amboise with the words: "Leonardo da Vinci belongs to Italy by birth, to France by his mortal remains, to the world by art," offered to the poetical little town of Touraine, in the name of the Franco-Italian League, a magnificent bust of Leonardo by Fortini.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT'S ACTION

But neither these expressions of popular feeling, nor the many interpolations announced by leading Members for the reopening of the French Chambers, nor the activity displayed by the Premier M. Caillaux and his colleagues of the Ministries of Justice and Instruction, M. Cruppi and M. Steeg, by the Public Prosecutor, M. Lescouve, and the inquests which have followed closely one upon the other, have been able to lead to any real clue to the daring thief. After four weeks of investigation, led by the indefatigable M. Lépine, Préfet de Police, and by M. Hamard, Directeur de la Sureté, and notwithstanding the invaluable assistance of the famous Director of the Anthropometric Bureau, M. Bertillon, who took no less than one hundred and eighty-three fingerprints of the whole personnel of the Louvre, in order to compare them with the clear digital impression of a left hand thumb found on the glass of the frame, the mystery is as far as ever from being solved.

The only result, a meagre one as regards the vanished "Mona Lisa," but useful for the future, has been the disclosure of the most complete and scandalous state of neglect and anarchy in the Louvre, that the French Press, renewing the patriotic campaign of some time ago, calls the dumping ground for the political favourites of M. Dujardin Beaumetz, Under Secretary at the Fine Arts, demanding his immediate resignation to follow the removal of M. Homolle, Director of the Louvre, otherwise a recognised authority on Greek Archæology, whose place has been temporarily filled by M. Pujalet.

The recent inquests (*judiciary,* conducted by the examining Magistrate M. Drioux, and the *administrative,* conducted by the Direction of the Louvre) have disclosed some astonishing facts. Canvases of the greatest value, such as the "Re David," by Dominichino, and the "Annunciation," by Vasari, have been found lying in the garret together with other more recent paintings bought at a heavy price by the Museum and never exhibited, while important works of the Italian, French, English, German, and Dutch schools have been found missing, and it has been ascertained, and most emphatically denounced by the French Press, that on the day of the theft, in the Salon Carré for seven hours not one custodian appeared. It has also been established that young employees from photographic firms were allowed, by contract with the authorities of the Louvre, to detach freely precious paintings from the wall and take them for hours at a time into their *atéliers* within

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From the "Corriere della Sera"

STUDY OF HANDS FOR "LA GIOCONDA" BY LEONARDO DA VINCI (NOW IN THE WINDSOR LIBRARY)

"Edizioni Brogi"

THE "LAST SUPPER." BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

Painted in oils on the wall of the refectory of the convent of "Santa Maria delle Grazie" in Milan (1498) and fallen in decay owing to the dampness of the place, oozing with mineral salts.

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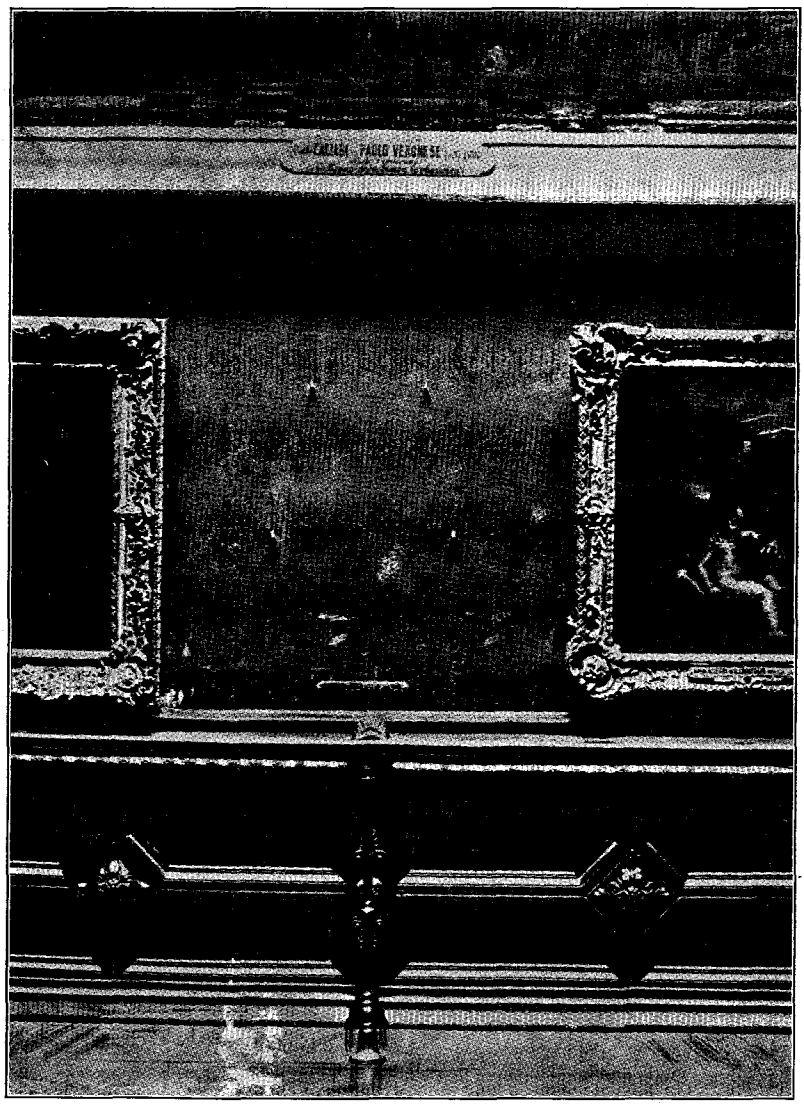
the Louvre to be photographed, without the slightest surveillance!

Under such conditions of disorder and anarchy the general surprise is that "La Gioconda" should only have been stolen a few weeks ago and not long before. The French people and all lovers of art have felt with a shudder that it is a case of being thankful that the other masterpieces by Vinci, Raphael, Titian and all the other treasures of the Louvre, said to be worth in the aggregate more than a billion dollars, are still in their places in a Museum where chaos reigned supreme, where the Director, on account of political trammels, could not direct, where the trustees neglected their trust, and where a totally inadequate number of ill-paid, unruly, and shiftless custodians were entirely incompetent to watch over the priceless treasures entrusted to them.



From the "Illustration."

THE FOUR BARE HOOKS BY WHICH "LA GIOCONDA" ONCE HUNG IN THE "SALON CARRÉ" OF THE LOUVRE

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WAS THE "GIOCONDA" OF THE LOUVRE THE ORIGINAL?

One of the questions most keenly debated by the international Press in connection with the theft has been the authenticity of the painting stolen from the Louvre. The *Cri de Paris,* taking up a sensational announcement made last year, declares the original masterpiece by Vinci to have been stolen since July, 1910, the painting over the disappearance of which such a cry has been raised being, according to its statement, only a copy substituted at the time of the real theft. It adds that the "Mona Lisa" bought by Francis I has been for over a year illuminating with her smile the gallery of the American millionaire J. K. W. W. On the other hand a lover of art, who signed himself "The Spaniard," had begun since last February a violent campaign in the European edition of the New York *Herald,* determined to prove that "La Gioconda" of the Prado Museum (Madrid) and not the one of the Louvre corresponded perfectly to the description made of the portrait by the celebrated Florentine painter and writer Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574) in his well-known work *The Lives of Painters* (1550), and was, therefore, the original. But, besides the opinion of another Spanish painter, Señor Madrazo, and even apart from the unanimous assertions of expert engravers, to-day all the greatest artistic authorities of the world have exhaustively proved and established beyond all doubt the fallacy of these audacious theories, characterised by them as sensational nonsense.

The well-known Professor Adolfo Venturi, of the University of Rome, who succeeded to Verdi in his seat at the Institut de France, and who is recognised as a world-wide authority on art, has, among others, declared to a correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* that "La Gioconda" was such a miracle of workmanship that it could not be copied. "Who could ever reproduce those beautiful hands," he exclaims, "those slender and aristocratic fingers, that are a complete study of the underlying muscles, tendons and delicate bones? Who could obtain the wonderful effect of that skin with the peculiar softness and satiny texture which are a special feature of Leonardo's painting? No, 'La Gioconda' which has gone from the Louvre was the original, the authentic, the beautiful!"

"CHERCHEZ LE MILLIONNAIRE AMERICAIN"

The picture whose peculiar charm seemed to have such fascination that it held many of its admirers spellbound before it for hours, that led enthusiasts even to place at the feet of the smiling and enigmatical "Mona Lisa" letters overflowing with tenderness and passion, that had such attraction for some men that it often was the cause of violent scenes from jealous women in the Salon Carré, could not disappear without arousing at once the suspicion that the extraordinary theft may have been the consequence of some morbid passion and that some infatuated and ardent lover may have been incited to the daring deed by an intense yearning to possess and possess alone the sublime picture.

But many others are convinced that "Mona Lisa" is now smiling upon some American millionaire. *Cherchez le millionnaire Americain* is heard many times a day in every conversation on the subject in the Parisian drawing-rooms of fashion as well as in artistic circles—and the phrase is not a new one. The American multi-millionaire is always brought into all questions of such extraordinary, clamorous, and world-wide importance. Since America and millions have become synonyms to the average European mind, and after the latest valuations of "La Gioconda," ranging, according to the various more or less exaggerated estimates, from four to ten million dollars, it is only too natural that the American millionaire art collector should have been brought upon the scene.

Before the fervid imaginations of the exasperated solution-seekers the most curiously assorted and varied combinations of initials and names of the possible usurpers of the Louvre's treasure have been dancing fantastically, and, while all this has not, so far, brought about the discovery of the Yankee buyer, it has, nevertheless, not failed to give extra work to the American Customs officers and police at the ports of entrance to the United States, suggesting a fresh

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and tempting field of activity to the new Sherlock Holmes of to-morrow. In the meantime others feel inclined to return to the more sane hypothesis that was also the first one, which M. Jacques Seligmann expresses by saying that the man who took the picture is "simply a thief who wants, like all thieves, to realise the price of his booty." This well-known art collector has on this assumption proposed in a letter to the *Figaro* that a subscription of four hundred thousand francs, to which he subscribed fifty thousand, be raised to be offered to the man who has caused the whole artistic world to mourn the loss of one of its most priceless jewels; while absolutely rejecting the idea that the picture could in any way be sold in the United States, where, even were it possible for it to be smuggled on account of its comparatively small size (thirty-one inches by twenty-one), which is highly improbable, no American collector would consent to buy it. "Among all Americans," he writes, "who could afford to buy such a masterpiece there is such a high standard of honour that not one of them would entertain even for one instant the idea of acquiring 'La Gioconda' under such circumstances."

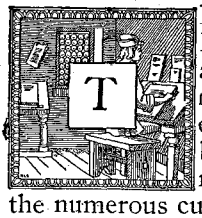
In fact, in spite of the French supposition that the ambition of a Yankee Crœsus is at the bottom of the whole affair, nothing has happened to corroborate such an opinion. Any one with common sense who, leaving aside fantastic suppositions, examines the case coolly, must be convinced that however intense his artistic passion or ambition, no American millionaire in his right senses could be persuaded to purchase a picture which would at once make him a receiver of stolen goods. But, even were this hypothesis to come true, it would not diminish the responsibility which the French Press lays on M. Dujardin Beaumetz for the scandalous system of politico-artistic favouritism which he encouraged.

WILL "MONA LISA" SMILE AGAIN IN THE LOUVRE?

Fortunately, far from having given up the hope of ever seeing again the legendary smile of "Mona Lisa," Europe is now bent upon a most feverish work in order to find it, and the attention of all lovers of art—who cannot become reconciled to the idea of such an extraordinary theft—is centred in the salutary, patriotic and noble work of the French Press, from the energetic and efficient action of which France and the world at large still hope, strongly hope to see restored the great Italian masterpiece.

HAMLET IN THE HAMLETS

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THE dramatic criticism of Hamlet in the hamlets—as well as of the proscenium exhibits of lesser literary magnitude—is held by many to reveal the most curious phase of the numerous curious phases of what the cities refer to as provincial journalism. About a year ago, there was set down in the prints, by an investigator into the files and facts, statistics which indicated that of all the literary arts dramatic criticism (with and without quotation marks) was the most widely indulged in and the most amusingly mishandled. The chronicler, indeed, went on to show that dramatic criticism was the favourite indoor journalistic sport of America, that it was practised, furthermore, with deep seriousness by hundreds of thousands of otherwise perfectly sane persons in other spheres of daily activity and that, in the case of the smaller towns and villages, things had come to such a pass that it was now not at all unusual for the editor of the local newspaper to assign the printer's devil to the critical task with a complete belief that the lad in question could fill the position with entire satisfaction.

The purpose of these present chronicles, however, is without a hidden kernel of protest, aye, of critical comment of

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any species. What object the paper has is merely the presentation to readers who reside in the larger communities of a number of the more wonderful specimens of interior dramatic criticism that have been gathered together from the far corners of the continent by the present writer. The first specimen is a "criticism" of a drama entitled *The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray,* by the well-known French playwright Henri Bernstein, presented by Miss Olga Nethersole. The "criticism" appeared in the journalistic organ of Calgary, a small mining town in the western section of Canada:

Olga Nethersole, who appeared in Calgary last week, was a $3-per proposition. But then, Olga travels with a maid, a secretary, a companion and a pet dog. The play she gave us, *The Reclamation of Calamity Jane,* was strictly Nethersolian and consequently very enjoying to those who are not averse to seeing the science of adultery exploited on the stage through the flimsy veil of high art. *The Redemption of Evelyn Thaw*—hanged if we can remember the correct title—is a strong play, though certain of the more mawkish and maudlin scenes were inclined to drag. The scene of the second act shows the lady living with the chap who jollied her into leaving her husband. . . .

Think of the refined society of Calgary—all church-goers—paying $3 to listen to this shocking stuff, and applauding it vociferously! High art has a lot to answer for.

This new play of Nethersole's, *The Reclamation of Eva Tanguay,* or whatever they call it, is anything but wholesome. The moral is as old as the hills and becomes utterly meretricious when one reflects that had Paul, her lover, not got tired of her and shown a preference for Germaine—who obviously was not so difficult to get along with as the hysterical, weepy Evelyn—she probably would never have gone back to her husband and kid at all. Everything depends on the point of view. It is perfectly proper for a great actress to present to an audience of cultured ladies and gentlemen a picture of a woman living with her lover in his bachelor apartments. Perfectly proper, and we pay $3 for the proud privilege of seeing it. But were an ordinary theatrical troupe to happen along and present to "the bunch" a picture of a Calgary gentleman seated in a parlour in the Nose Creek district, with the professor pounding away at the latest ragtime on the piano, the whole outfit would be pinched. Yet there is absolutely no moral difference between the two pictures.

It is a thousand pities that a magnificent actress like Nethersole should continue year after year to make a specialty of impersonating the morbid type of erring woman.

Her charming stage manner and impressive emotional power, coupled with an extraordinary close attention to apparently trifling detail, to say nothing of her keen and sympathetic insight into the mental extravagances of the character she is portraying, have combined to place Nethersole in the front rank with the few great actresses of our stage and certainly qualify her for a more respectable repertoire. Her voice is one of singular beauty, and she utters words of emotion with all the tenderness of a Bernhardt in her prime. The one great flaw in her stage work is the exasperating habit she has of standing or sitting with her back to the audience to give the ladies a line on how her dress hangs at the back. We noticed this when attending her performance of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in Winnipeg last year, and again noticed it the other night in Calgary. Cut it out, Olga, and oblige. We missed seeing Nethersole in Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice,* but the fact of her playing the title rôle would indicate that Beatrice was inclined to be a sport.

Thus concluding his more or less direct review of the performance of the drama, the Calgary critic boldly appended the following postscript critical summary of the entire correlated dramatic situation:

In real life the Camilles, Saphos and Second Mrs. Tanquerays are extremely tiresome individuals, being nervous, hysterical and self-absorbed. So long as things keep coming their way and the Johnny of the moment spends his money freely and gives them a good time, they are fairly normal; but when the Johnny's mamma steps in, or, as is more often the case, another butts in and claims his attention, they start off on a marathon weeping stunt and talk profoundly of the soul and the heart, never mentioning the liver, which after all cuts more ice in the gay life than does either the heart or the soul. The liver is too blamed common, we suppose, to talk about. Dramatists make a psychological study out of a complication of complaints which are purely

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physical. As well make a psychological study out of the erring and repentant man who is getting over a jag. As an exponent of utter woe and dejection your periodical booze artist, while in the throes of getting over a prolonged one, has Camille and Evelyn Whatshername skinned forty ways. They haven't made a stage study out of him yet, though, not even in vaudeville, but no doubt some Spokeshave yet unborn will arise some day to do him justice and incidentally show to the world the beneficent effect of calomel in straightening out a miserable sinner.

Over the literary quality of these samples of dramatic criticism, there can be no quibbling, no dispute. And yet, in spite of the traces of colloquialism that may be discovered in them, it may not be urged fairly that they are without their proportionate traces of clear judgment and common-sense. Scarcely less interesting than the dramatic observations of the Calgary critic and commentator are those of the Willam Archer of a newspaper published in a small town in Connecticut. This latter critic expressed himself as follows not so very long ago anent Charles Klein's drama, *The Third Degree:*

The Third Degree, written by the king of American playwrights, Mr. Charles Klein, which was produced here last night, is a drama with a purpose. Its purpose, unlike all other dramas with a purpose, is to awaken criminals to a sense of the injustice that is being shown them when they are arrested and forced into confessing what they may not have done. In execution the drama is vital, inasmuch as nothing *risqué* occurs in it and inasmuch as it throws a shaft of light on the vulgarity and odious manners of the New York police force. The love element, however, must not be thought to be absent from Mr. Klein's play, and it is this selfsame love element that contrasts its tenderness with the inhumanity of the plot. The drama as a whole reminds us of Sardou's best efforts, although there is a suggestion of William Gillette's methods here and there, but these are unappreciable and elude the non-critical and non-discerning eye. The scene in which the wife of the accused young man beards the gruff and surly lawyer in his den is to be compared with the best scenes of classic drama, because it stimulates the heart and brings a tear to the eye. It is more affecting, to be truthful, than may of the classics' scenes, because it is more modern and consequently more vital in projecting itself. The acting was elegant, some of it, indeed, being worthy of Mansfield, Booth and Barrett and Congreve and Sheridan. The scenery is stupendous, but is composed mostly of room scenes, which perforce cannot be as stupendous as outdoor scenes. Yet there can be no complaint because of this. The stage cannot well vie with Nature!

When Richard Harding Davis's comedy, *The Galloper,* was transformed into a musical play and given the title of *The Yankee Tourist,* its advent in Tennessee and the impression it created in that section of the country were registered as follows by the "dramatic critic" of a newspaper in one of the "one-night stands" which, at the request of the man who loaned the appended "review" to the present writer, must remain nameless:

It is not often that the residents in this town are privileged to see a truly deep American drama set to music, but this opportunity was given them last night when *The Yankee Tourist* was presented for their pleasure. Richard Harding Davis, the famous war correspondent, novelist and *bon mot,* is the author of this particular play, which demonstrated the necessity of a sense of humour in time of warfare. In execution, scenery and dramatic unities Mr. Davis's play—even not considering the music—deserves to be placed in the same category with the profound dramas of the day, such as *Camille, The Old Homestead* and *Robin Hood.* To this critic it has never seemed fair to eliminate a play from the roster of honour simply because its plot was lightened by music. *The Yankee Tourist,* therefore, he calls a very important contribution to the American drama of thought, because it shows us a strange country of which we have not been familiar and because it thereby educates us to know, appreciate and understand other lands than the one we live in. The music setting of this drama is gorgeous, being reminiscent of the best traditions. It is light and airy, but full of fire, dash, colour and pulchritude.

Inasmuch as the purpose of *The Yankee Tourist* in reality was scarcely anything more "profound" than the entertainment of the imaginary and hypothetically ubiquitous tired business man and inasmuch as the narrative concerned itself only with the comic adventures of

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a comic correspondent in the Far East, the "criticism" of the Tennessee journalist takes on an added interest. Not less guileless than this "criticism" was that which appeared a few years ago in a newspaper published in a small town in central Illinois. This "criticism" is among the treasured possessions of one of the producers of the fairly famous drama at which it was directed and reads as follows:

Macbeth, a comedy drama by William Shakespeare, as put on at the local amusement establishment night before last, is a play well known for the quality of actors who have interpreted it in the grand old days, as well as in more up-to-date times. It seems odd that, in spite of the frequency with which this play has been seen in the theatres of our land, there are few theatregoers who have solved its *raison d'être.* The critic who proclaims Shakespeare as a great playwright must know Shakespeare thoroughly, which is no trivial study. Take *Macbeth,* for example. How many understand it? Few, if any! And yet it is so easy to comprehend if one has read much of English literature. Analysing this play, it may easily be surmised that Shakespeare's purpose in writing it was no mean one. He meant undoubtedly to demonstrate through it the truth of the old adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Macbeth's increasing ambitions formed the rolling stone, inasmuch as he failed to centre those ambitions concretely. The moss of the metaphor might be taken to mean the goal for which Macbeth was striving. Then, also, Shakespeare put a secondary or sub-plot in this play which few people have the astuteness and caution to discern. I refer to the inner meaning and dramatic instinct vested in Banquo's ghost. Most theatregoers are wont to see in this psychological feature only a spectacular item in the play's evolution. As a matter of fact, however, Banquo's ghost is the sub-plot, because it starts new thought among the auditors as to the power of hypnotic suggestion in the life of a struggling man like Macbeth. Had Macbeth not seen the ghost, all might have gone well with him. But he saw the ghost, which Shakespeare surely intended to be symbolic of obstacles in the paths of ambitious men, and consequently he knew he would be deterred in getting what he was after. The character of Lady Macbeth is one possessed of considerable power and it is a necessary figure in the *dénouement* of the play, which is to be criticised chiefly because the comedy is not well balanced with the serious drama. Had Shakespeare paid more attention to this, his play would have proved more popular to people of all nations and would have been destined for eternal life. This is to be deplored, because the absence of the comedy element must finally work against the popularity of *Macbeth* in the eyes and hearts and minds of the coming generation.

One more "criticism" remains to be submitted for the reader's consideration before this brief transcript of the documents in the case is brought to a close. It needs no preliminary comment or further characterisation than a chronicle of its identity. The "criticism" in point, then, appeared in the weekly journal of a "one-night stand" community situated in eastern Kansas.

The art lovers of our town enjoyed a rare treat on last Wednesday evening, when a sterling aggregation of actors and actresses played Ibsen's intense play, *A Doll's House,* before them. *A Doll's House,* as might be supposed, is not a musical show. In fact, there is nothing musical in it. But this fact cannot be and is not held against it by people of education. The theme of the play, about which the city dramatic critics always quarrel at fat space rates, is not as deep as a lot of people think. It deals simply with a woman named Nora, who finds household tasks not suited to her artistic temperament and who shakes her husband for a career. What the career is to be we can only guess, but it seems to me all she wanted was a chance to go out into the wide-open world and see the sights. Ibsen works out this plot in a peculiar way. Any modern playwright would not have done so, but Ibsen knew his tools and probably made a lot of money. Nevertheless, in spite of this, his *Doll's House* is a splendid piece of drama, the scenery being especially commendable. A careful analysis of this play, however, discloses some points that, had Ibsen known about them, might have helped his drama a lot. For instance, the lights ought to be turned lower than they were on Wednesday night during the second scene between Nora and her husband. Another point, too, that Ibsen overlooked was the manipulation of the curtains. The curtain ought to fall slowly on the second act and not quickly as it did on Wednesday night. This fault spoils the effect of the climax of the act.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Princess Louisa's "My Own Story"*

The Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony describes her family as perhaps the most uninteresting of European royalties at the present time, but the impression of the reader when he has finished her sensational narrative will probably be that it is just the contrary. Unwilling victims of heredity, the characteristic sins and indiscretions of the neurotic Hapsburgs have been due, if we credit the conclusions of scientists, to an overmastering impulse to separate themselves from their surroundings which has led many of them to evade, by self-effacement, the irksome responsibilities of their position, and more often to marry outside the prescribed lines of social caste. Louisa, of the non-regnant Tuscan branch of the Hapsburgs, is the latest example of the unfortunate family temperament and, on account of her sex, a considerable amount of degrading scandal has been attached to her adventure. As a mother, she has felt it her duty to make public the situation and the facts that resulted in the flight from Dresden and the subsequent banishment from Saxony. She therefore has doubly the right to tell her own story, and the world, in justice, must listen to it. The telling of it has created a great stir in Europe, for, judge the woman as we may, and making due allowance for bias as well as overwrought sensibilities and other neurasthenic symptoms, she has produced a document of real, if not great, value.

Her descriptions of the terrible dulness and narrowness of the Saxon court cannot fail to arouse pity for any independent spirit compelled to live within its stifling atmosphere. For her husband, the ex-princess evinces nothing but affection and appreciation, while deploring his weakness of will; but on his relatives she pours out the vials of her hatred in terms whose frankness would carry more conviction if, unfortunately, she had not seen fit to tinge them with ridicule.

*My Own Story. By Louisa of Tuscany, Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

Louisa has twice thrown away the chances of a throne, for if she had listened to her first suitor she would now be Empress of Bulgaria. But she delieved that Ferdinand wanted her merely on account of her high rank, and consequently bestowed her hand upon Prince Frederick August, eldest son of the then crown prince of Saxony. The marriage took place late in the autumn of 1891, when Louisa was a little over twenty-one.

The bride's hopes of happiness quickly vanished. Once established at Dresden she found herself in the most uncongenial of surroundings.

> The court circle at Dresden . . . was composed of the most narrow-minded, evil-speaking and conceited collection of human beings it is possible to imagine. . . . Like most superfluous persons, they had a knack of boring others excessively and annoying them in small ways at the same time. . . . Their pride of birth and rank is nauseating to any one who is intellectual and broad-minded, and under pretext of guarding their own virtue, they pry, even by subterranean methods, into affairs which do not concern them in the least. . . . Saxony is dominated by the Emperor William from afar, and nobody dares do anything in direct opposition to the Mars of Berlin.

King Albert was invariably kind, but to the rest of the Saxon royalties she

> proved a most disturbing element, for I had not fulfilled their expectations of being a princess who was merely content to be a princess and not a woman. Every proof of my independent spirit was regarded with mistrust and anger; and I think they, one and all, Frederick August excepted, agreed with my father-in-law when he said in those early days, "It is unfortunate that you have come into our family, because you will never be one of us."

The young mother was denied the right she craved to nurse her own children. In fact, almost every natural desire of youth met with senseless opposition. Among the many amusing and significant anecdotes—amusing, if it were not for their tragic consequences, and

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significant, because they do not come through backstair channels—related by the princess concerns Queen Carola's genuine horror and stern interdict when she attempted to ride a bicycle. But within a month she was again summoned to the royal presence.

> The Queen was all smiles. . . . "Dearest Louisa, I've sent for you to tell you that you may ride the bicycle after all, because I've just learned that the German Emperor allows his sister, Princess Frederick Leopold, to ride one in Berlin."

King Albert died during the summer of 1902, and Louisa's troubles quickly reached a climax. The Controller of the Royal Household had become her sworn enemy, and the new king had lost all patience with his erratic daughter-in-law. According to her story, he attempted to prevent the departure of her children's tutor, M. Giron, when gossip became busy with their names, in the hope that a real scandal would develop and that Louisa would thus accomplish her own downfall. It is difficult, indeed, to form a judgment on this matter. The princess, of course, is a special pleader, and her illogical nature constantly shows itself. Her report of her last interview with King George is certainly amazing, and no one will deny that he came, as she says, "straight to the point." Quoth his Majesty:

> "It has become annoying and wearisome to me to possess you as a daughter-in-law, Louisa. The ideas you entertain . . . are not in the way of fulfilling my ideal of what a Queen of Saxony should be. I dislike you personally, I have always done so, and . . . therefore I intend to have you *removed*. I only regret that our ridiculous modern ideas do not permit me to imprison you for life, or, better still, to cause you to disappear so completely that your fate would never be known. You have fulfilled your destiny, which was to provide princes to continue our line, and so I have no further use for you."

Fearing the madhouse, Louisa fled to her parents at Salzburg early in December, but here she received no sympathy. The Archduke refused to believe—and we are inclined to agree with him—that the royal family could be guilty of such a dastardly act, and endeavoured to persuade his excited daughter to return to her home. But she resolved to take a step that would render such a return, whether voluntary or compulsory, impossible. After fleeing to Switzerland with her sympathetic brother, Leopold, she saw but two courses open to her—defiance, or, "I seemed to hear the words 'Compromise yourself'!" With fatally bad judgment she listened to this voice. "Giron had sworn to dedicate himself to my service no matter how and when I required it." He came from Brussels to Zurich and escorted her to Geneva. She was "thoroughly compromised" by this innocent service, and her object was achieved.

The rest of the story may be briefly passed over. It includes the action of the Saxon family and the peculiar divorce; the birth of the Princess Monica in May, 1903; the secret visit to Dresden which led to her arrest; the final meeting with her children at Munich, and the surrender of the baby princess to her husband.

All this is told with a degree of interest that increases rather than diminishes as the real cause of the whole affair appears naïvely in the telling. Louisa is not to be praised for a sturdy and rational revolt against difficult surroundings. She is to be pitied for inherited temperamental defects which, showing themselves in a weak will, and under the delusion of persecution and the influence of suggestion, inevitably bring disaster upon their unfortunate possessors.

Her recent unhappy marriage to Signor Toselli, "who boasted no pride of ancestry and possessed no worldly wealth," is only further evidence of a lack of coördination which leads one to wonder as to the final destiny of the unhappy woman.

The book is "padded" with a mass of anecdote and information about the erratic Hapsburgs—all of which is exceedingly entertaining. The royal author believes that her uncle, the Archduke John—the missing "John Orth"—is still alive and will reappear as soon as Francis Joseph is dead. She also attaches her credence to the rumour that the discovery of a close blood relationship between

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the Archduke Rudolph and Baroness Vetschera was the cause of the tragedy at Meyerling, the secret of which has never leaked from the Austrian court. Perhaps we shall never get another statement from any one closely related to the Emperor. The publication of the book, in fact, cannot but remove her further from everything to which birth, tradition, and education had attached her.

Other members of her family have been able to find contentment in their sacrifice of rank, and the world has left them in peace. Being a woman, Louisa has found self-effacement impossible, and therein lies the tragedy of her amazing adventure.

George H. Casamajor.

II

Lewis F. Bostelmann's "Rutland"*

The title-page of this remarkable book is worth quoting in full. Shorn of its spacing, it reads as follows: "Rutland. A chronologically arranged outline of the life of Roger Manners, Fifth Earl of Rutland, Author of the works issued in folio in 1623 under the *nom de plume* 'Shake-Speare.' Profusely illustrated. Also a drama, showing the *modus operandi* of the engagement of William Shaxper of Stratford-on-Avon (Second Edition) as dummy and strawman for the earl-author; amended and greatly augmented. And the Birth of the Folio. Showing how the great folio of 1623 came into existence."

This is the second edition of the drama part of the book; and the author has discovered so many additional facts unerringly pointing to the identity of Roger Manners with the immortal Shakespeare, that he feels himself justified in augmenting the volume to include them. No less is due to the evergrowing number of students of history and literature not yet so credulous as to accept the wilful misstatements or the unpardonable errors of the orthodox Stratfordian biographer. Common sense must, by legislation if necessary—says the author—compel ordinary decency by the suppression of that colossal fraud, the Stratford swindle.

*Rutland. By Lewis F. Bostelmann. New York: Rutland Publishing Company.

There is documentary evidence that the Shakespearian plays and poems were written by Rutland, and it will be produced when demanded by the proper authority. The drama *Rutland* is written merely to show in an impressive way how the Shake-Speare mystery was created. The author states as he makes his bow that it is his hope and wish that the book may be instrumental in setting at rest all controversy over this vexed question.

The gist of the "chronological outline of Roger Manners" is here set down. He was born in 1576. Francis Bacon was tutor to the young Earl, and became afterward his "searcher and helper." Southampton was his intimate friend at Cambridge and was to marry his sister. To Southampton he sent *Venus and Adonis* signed William Shake-Speare, a *nom de plume* derived from the definition of Pallas Athene, a shaker of spears. Bacon as Rutland's factotum engaged a man to publish this poem and in the printing establishment met a William Shaxper who had come from Warwickshire some time before. The similarity of the names struck Bacon (that Machiavellian mind!) and he proposed that Shaxper or Shaksper act as a living dummy for Rutland. This Rutland thought was a good idea, but partly at Bacon's clever instance and partly for his own not unnatural desire that some centuries hence the plays might be known as his, he filled them full of "thumb-marks" for future identification. Here is one of them. In *Much Ado,* Don Pedro says "The sixth of July your loving friend Benedict." This remark has nothing whatever to do with the play, *but is the exact date of Rutland's engagement to marry.* The italics are not Mr. Bostelmann's: they are inserted to show to the full the significance of the citation. Rutland travelled on the Continent, and in Padua met two Scandinavian gentlemen whose names were Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; he changed Montecchi, Romeo's family name, to Montague, the maiden name of the mother of his friend Southampton; he mentioned his two kinsmen, one each in a history play; and he did a great many other very significant things. Fur-

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thermore, being annoyed at Shaksper for supplying pirate printers with copies of the plays (and one must own he was in an annoying predicament, for he could not open his mouth to protest the theft!) he took his revenge by painting Shaksper's true character in many places—in Falstaff, in Sir Toby, in Cristopher Sly, Parolles, Autolycus, Stephano, and (to show his garrulity and *bonhomie*) in Gratiano. Besides all this internal evidence, there is plenty of an external nature. Lords Rutland and Southampton were chided for spending all of their time at the theatre, and some one actually wrote in a letter that he heard the actor Shaksper complain to my lord Rutland of the difficulty in procuring good actors for the female parts (boys played the female parts in Shake-Speare's day!). Then, too, Lady Southampton referred to Shaksper as Falstaff in another letter. Ben Jonson—who is really made quite snoopy in the play—was confident Shaksper could never have written the plays and finally ferreted out the secret. But Bacon, a man of resource, gave him a pension of twenty pounds a year to keep his mouth shut. Rutland, although he was fearful of the consequences, so much enjoyed the little comedy of Jonson's ingenious ferreting that he clapped the whole thing into *Twelfth Night*. Therein Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Ben Jonson) wants to possess Sir Toby Belch's (Shaksper's) niece Olivia—that is, Shaksper's secret regarding his dummyship for Rutland. The earl, as everybody knows, was fined thirty thousand pounds, his estates confiscated, and he was imprisoned in the Tower for life by Elizabeth. But it was not for befriending Essex in the conspiracy, but because she had found out (through the treacherous Francis Bacon!) that it was he who had written *Richard II*, in which an English king is dethroned. Languishing in the Tower, Rutland wrote and re-wrote the sonnets, in which he apostrophised his genius as a lovely and beautiful youth. In the sonnets, too, as earlier in *Hamlet*, he keeps harping on sudden death—and sure enough! true to his premonition, he died not lingeringly, but as it turned out by suicide; and his wife also died suddenly a few days later. There is, besides this, proof that the pestilential Bacon cribbed his brightest pearls from Rutland's MSS. The following is irrefragable. In *Troilus and Cressida* in 1604 there is this speech, "Paris and Troilus, you have both said well; and on the cause and question now in hand have gloz'd—but superficially; not much unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought unfit to hear *moral* philosophy." In *The Advancement of Learning*, 1605, Bacon makes the same reflections on the benefits accruing to young men from the study of moral philosophy, accepting Rutland's purposely altered quotation from Aristotle, who had said it was *political* philosophy young men should avoid. It must be owned that both in the chronological outline of Roger Manner's life and in the drama which follows, Mr. Bostelmann is unnecessarily severe on Bacon. In the drama his cunning need not have been made quite so sinister. Thus he counsels Rutland:

Now there appears to me another matter
Of grave import to safer secrecy
In future plays you now propose to write,
To better lead a prying world astray.
Endeavour to inject some silly fault,
Some rank absurdity that must not mar
The beauty and the semblance of your work.
For instance, when you write of Julius Cæsar,
Speak of a clock to strike the passing hour;
Some inland kingdom like Bohemia
Must wash its shores upon the raging sea.
Such trifling bulls will shield you better far
Than any other subterfuge can do.
Who would suppose that Roger, Earl of Rutland,
Was unaware that clocks were not invented
When Cæsar issued forth to meet his death,
Or that the rockbound kingdom of Bohemia
Could not be reached by ship from Sicily?

Nor is Bacon the only man whom Mr. Bostelmann treats unfairly. His scholarship is marred—how often in literary history has this been the case!—with bitter treatment of another scholar. Sydney Lee, in his nefarious attempt to clothe the disreputable ex-poacher with the incomparable genius of Shake-Speare, has descended to dishonest and dishonourable methods—this, says the author, might be expected of a man who repudiated an honoured father and an hon-

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oured race by changing his name. This intrusion of personal bitterness is unfortunate, but Mr. Bostelmann imperils his whole argument and even throws some discredit upon his facts when he thus insinuates that Mr. Lee had so concocted the habit of juggling with people's names that he couldn't stop. And these personalities are the more uncalled for since Mr. Bostelmann assures us that he knows where documentary evidence in support of his contention is now securely resting and this will be revealed at the proper time in the presence of reliable persons. Surely in excluding Mr. Lee, he may then pointedly punish that gentleman. Until then it is fitting that the castigation of Mr. Lee's dishonest methods shall keep company with the settling of our own suspense in awaiting the proper authority. The proof-reading of the volume is inadequate.

Mr. Bostelmann generously concludes the epilogue of his drama with three lyrics. They are written in terse, homely, virile English. I give a taste by quoting a stanza from each. The first is from *Roger of Rutland:*

Rutland had good cause to shield his writing,
For he dreaded good Queen Bess and James;
As his tragedies were very biting,
And he feared the Tower on the Thames.
That is, William, where *you* came in handy—
That is why Lord Roger bought your name;
At such work, dear Will, you were a dandy;
William Shaksper, canst deny the same?

The second is from *Vale, Baconians, Vale:*

Don't Bacon in his Promus plainly show
The way he cribbed philosophy's thought
From Shake-Speare's writings from the very go,
The fox not dreaming that he would be caught?

The third is from a stirring lyric entitled *Stratford, Awake!*

Will's soul e'er now is snickering in its grave
(It had no wings to make it soar on high)
To see you simple-minded folk behave
Like blind fanatics, and not knowing why.
So *he* wrote Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, Lear?
Ye Gods, this callous heart knew mournful Jacques?
For shame, ye silly Stratfordites, look here,
You need some melted ice poured down your backs.

Graham Berry.

III

E. S. Bates's "Touring in 1600"*

"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;
With bone well carved he went away,
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
And jasper tips the spear to-day.
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
And he with these. Farewell, Romance!

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
"He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn—
And left the local—late again!"
Confound Romance. . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

—Rudyard Kipling's *The King.*

The reader of Mr. Bates's exceedingly entertaining *Touring in 1600* will probably lay the volume aside with an added appreciation of what Mr. Kipling had in mind when he wrote the lines that are quoted above. It is all very well to deplore our own age as commonplace, to build fine dreams of the England of the Tudors, and of the red-heeled days of seignorial France, to travel in imagination with the Canterbury pilgrims, or to take passage in a sixteenth century vessel bound from Dunkirk to Damascus. But Mr. Bates's book is likely to reconcile us to the most abused of railways and steamship lines, and coming back from his picture of the conditions of travel which held a little more than three hundred years ago, we can contemplate the sootiest factory chimney with feelings of positive satisfaction.

Probably no institution of the past is more revered as embodying the spirit of the Romance that is so irrevocably gone than the ancient Inn. Through the mists of the years we see the great blazing hearth, the tankards of nut-brown ale, the huge venison pasty, and above all the figure of Mine Host himself, the very genius of obsequiousness, geniality, and hospitality. The traveller of 1600 or thereabouts viewed the matter, we take it, in a very different light. The Italian

*Touring in 1600. By E. S. Bates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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landlord, for example, the traveller would often see before the Inn came in sight. Touts would at times be stationed as far as seven or eight leagues away to buttonhole foreigners, carry their baggage, promise anything and behave with the utmost servility—till the morning of departure. But with all this, to expect them to provide clean sheets was expecting too much, and, for obvious reasons, it was desirable for the visitor to carry his own bedding. In many cases the wise tourist preferred to sleep on a table in his clothes. In Germany the inn bed would be one of several in a room; the covering a quilt, warm enough to be too warm for summer, and narrow enough to leave one side of each person exposed in winter. This is supposing there were beds. In northern Germany rest for the night would be on a bench. Windows were never opened at night, to retain the heat of the room; all the travellers huddled as near as possible to the stove. In Saxony there were no beds, no benches, no stove, even. All slept in the straw among the cows, the chief disadvantage of this was that your pillow was liable to be eaten in the night. When matters of dispute came up the help of the law apparently availed nothing against the innkeeper. The latter was usually himself on the Bench, and the result of an altercation would probably be that the complainant would find himself arrested at the next stopping place on some trumped-up charge. In short, when the bill came to one hundred per cent. too much in Spain, the cheapest way was to pay it.

Turning to meals, we find breakfast was less of an established custom than it is at present. In fact, in Germany it was not taken at the inn, but bought at shops at the town gates. A French inn breakfast consisted of a glass of wine and just a mouthful of bread. In England it was taken for granted that the guest saved some of his supper to serve as breakfast the next morning. Practically, eating resolved itself into two meals a day, and to the modern mind people seemed to be alternately starving and over-eating. A Saxon inn dinner began with stewed cherries or prunes, continued with poultry or meat, the pot for which was set on the fire but once a week; and concluded with bacon to fill up the corners. There was, it seems, also an innkeeper's side to the question. For example, in 1610, there was a great Innkeepers Congress held at Rothenburg on the Tauber, not very far from Nuremburg, that town being chosen because no tourist was ever known to go there, and consequently none was better adapted to prevent more than one side of the question being heard. At this Congress a warning was passed around that it was becoming the custom of travellers to slip leaden bullets into the cheese, where they found the custom in vogue of charging for it according to the difference in weight before and after it was set on the table.

The modern reader who has been hearing at every turn complaints about the increased cost of living, and has probably been thinking longingly of the purchasing power of money in former centuries, will find much to astonish him in the chapter entitled "The Purse," in which Mr. Bates discusses the cost of touring in 1600. The equivalent of four hundred pounds a year was the minimum for respectable travelling and the average tourist certainly needed half as much again. The length of journeys stands out as the chief factor in the comparative costliness. Take a typical case, that of the five middle class men who left Venice on February 20, 1655, who wasted no time on the way, reached England on March 29th and spent one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

In making comparisons Mr. Bates estimates that the purchasing power of money at that time was five times what it is at present.

Reckoning this as equalling £625, this works out as the equivalent of £125 each for thirty-seven days, or £3 7s. 7d. a day. If a man left Venice now on February 20th, he might break the journey at Bâle, to do things confortably, and arrive in London at 5.38 A.M. on February 22d. Second-class fare would be £5 10s. 7d.; add £2 for meals and incidentals, £7 10s. 7d. in all, an average of £3 3s. a day. The other thirty-four and a half days of the thirty-seven for his food would be paid for at home rates, say 2s. 6d. a day, £4 6s. 3d., which, added to the £7 10s. 7d., gives £11 16s. 10d. Now the daily average of about 7s. higher in

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the cost of travel apart from food, as above represented—mainly accounted for by the relative cost of horses and guides as against railway fares—only comes to £13 in thirty-seven days. On this basis the journey from Venice to London two hundred and fifty years ago cost between nine and ten times as much as it would to-day, solely on account of the difference in speed.

Inadequate, from the modern point of view, as was the table for the tourist on land, it was infinitely worse when he travelled by sea. On small boats no fires were allowed. In the Mediterranean one was limited to biscuit, onions, garlic, and dried fish. Yet the preference was for travel by water. One of the reasons for this preference was that of economy. In the case of tolls, for example, conditions have been exactly reversed. As locks did not exist there were no river dues; but of highway tolls there were plenty; moreover, it often cost something to cross a bridge, but never to pass under it. As for ferries, the ferryman occasionally made the passengers pay what he chose by collecting fares in the middle of the river. Another reason which increased the cost of road travel as against river travel was that the latter afforded far fewer chances to robbers, which also told on the direct expense by eliminating payments to escorts. The menace of the road was a serious matter. It was the age of mercenaries, who were far worse than regular troops because they behaved in the country they were defending as the others did only in that which they attacked. One can only hint at some of the atrocities perpetrated by these mercenaries. In the middle of the seventeenth century, in one day's journey between Danzig and Hamburg, a traveller could count thirty-four piles of fagots, each pile marking the spot where a wayfarer had been murdered. When Lady Fanshawe, the wife of the Ambassador, passed through Abbeville in 1659, the governor warned her against local robbers, advising an escort of garrison soldiers at a pistole apiece. She engaged ten, and met a band of fifty robbers. The ten parleyed with the fifty, and the fifty retired; they, too, were soldiers of the garrison. Between the soldier and the robber, in fact, the difference was merely that of official and unofficial employment.

Equally formidable were the perils of travel by sea. Pirates were as likely to be met with as storms. The two chief centres of piracy were Dunkirk and Algiers. In 1584 the French Ambassador complained that in the two preceding years English pirates had plundered Frenchmen of merchandise to the value of two hundred thousand crowns; the answer was that the English had lost more than that through French pirates. The beautiful Riviera of to-day was no spot to delay in when Mohammedan pirates were forever coasting along in search of Christian slaves. There were twenty thousand such at Algiers in 1619. The two orders of the Trinity and of Our Lady of Pity paid out sixty-three thousand ducats yearly for the purpose of ransom. The expenses of protection against pirates may be imagined from the estimate for the outfit of a galley intended to carry the Provincial deputation to Constantinople in 1585. The galley slaves numbered two hundred; the deputation fifty. Sixty soldiers were to be taken for defence, whose wages for the eight months were to be nineteen hundred and twenty crowns; in addition to which was their keep, nine thousand and forty crowns, and arms and gunpowder, five hundred crowns, the total equalling about twenty-seven thousand pounds of modern English money.

James E. Nichols.

IV

Parke H. Davis's "Football"*

The reader with a liking for, and comprehension of, the great American autumn sport, will be inclined to feel a certain gratitude to Mr. Davis. His book is at once entertaining and adequate. There have been written other books on the subject that were entertaining, but none, to the knowledge of the reviewer, that has deserved the latter adjective. In addition this book is as accurate as it is possible to make a book of this kind, in view of the insufficiency of the records; and the only possible charge of bias is the amiable one that the author in order

*Football, the American Intercollegiate Game. By Parke H. Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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to avoid the slightest appearance of partiality to the university of his affiliations, has leaned a little bit in the opposite direction.

Mr. Davis follows the trail of football until it is lost in the remoteness of antiquity. He marshals abundant evidence to prove that it is the oldest of outdoor games. In the twenty-second chapter of Isaiah is the verse, "He will turn and toss thee like a ball." This is probably the first allusion to the forward pass. There is a more definite allusion of the same period in the sixth book of Homer's *Odyssey*. Antiquaries have asserted that the Greek word "harpaston" meant a game with a ball strikingly similar to modern Rugby football. Harpaston was a favourite game at Sparta, and was played upon a rectangular field, marked with side lines, goal lines, and centre lines. The object was to drive the ball by passing, kicking, or carrying across the opposite goal line, and its progress was impeded by blocking, holding, and tacking. One of the first acts of the Roman Emperor Augustus was to demand a revision of the football rules. His grievance against the game as it was then played, was that it was too gentle, and therefore a sport unfit for Roman youths destined for military service. He selected a philosopher to effect the revision and this philosopher was the original member of the Rules Committee.

The old Teutonic tribes which Cæsar found in Gaul played a gentle game in which they used the severed heads of their foes as footballs. The earliest explorers of the North found the young Esquimaux playing upon the floes with a cleverly made football sewn with a welt and filled with moss. Shakespeare alluded to football in *King Lear,* but a far earlier mention of the game is to be found in the *History of London,* written by William Fitzstephen in 1175. As early as 1609 is to be found a reference to football in America, in the *Relation of Virginia,* by Henry Spellman. In the year 1650 football was regarded as a national institution throughout Great Britain. The classic game of that time was a contest waged every Shrove Tuesday at Chester, a fixture which antiquarians claimed had come down the centuries in commemoration of the day in the year 217 when the ancient Britons formed a great wedge and rushed the Roman garrison out of Chester. Symbolic of that struggle, goals were the Town Hall and a cross that stood outside of the city in an open space called the Rood Eye. In Scotland James II prohibited football in 1457, and James IV in 1481 ordered that "football and goff be cried down utterly." Instead these sports increased in popularity. Throughout all Caledonia on Candlemas Day football was special observance of the occasion. Usually the bachelors were arrayed against the married men. At Jedburg on one occasion the ball was accidentally kicked into the river, but every contestant fearlessly followed the ball and waged the game up and down the river's bed, "amidst splashes and bedabblements" to the strident applause of the female inhabitants who lined the river's banks. Thus we see that the injunction to "follow the ball" and the disregard of personal safety, go far back beyond the earlier days of football at Yale and Princeton and Harvard.

In the autumn of 1873 a team of Etonians came to this country and played a game with Yale at New Haven. Four years earlier the first American intercollegiate contest had taken place at New Brunswick, New Jersey, between the teams of Princeton and Rutgers. The description of that game is an amazing contrast to the sport as we know it today. The events immediately preceding the contest were as primitive as the contest itself. The spectators who had arrived early appropriated seats upon the top board of a fence which partly surrounded the field, while the late comers found places upon the ground. There was no admission fee, no waving of flags. The famous orange and black still was in the forming. But there were college songs. And, strange to say, a college cheer, Princeton's booming rocket call, hissing and bursting just as it does today. The players arrived a few minutes before three, and laying aside their hats, coats, and waistcoats, stood accoutred for the game, the only touch of costume being red turbans, which were worn by the Rutgers men.

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In 1872 Yale began her illustrious gridiron career with a victory over Columbia, and the following spring Harvard met and defeated a team of Canadian players from McGill University. This latter contest was, properly speaking, the first game played in America under the Rugby rules. In the autumn of 1873 a movement was started at Princeton to form an intercollegiate football league and adopt a uniform code of rules. Accordingly, invitations were sent to Columbia, Harvard, Rutgers, and Yale to meet for that purpose in New York City. The convention decided not to form a league, but drafted a code of twelve rules. The first of these to the effect that "the ground shall be four hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty feet broad" is offered, by the reviewer, to the Rules Committee of this year of Grace 1911, as the logical solution of how to make the game more open, more spectacular, and in consequence more desirable from the point of view both of player and of spectator.

Only three games were played that year, Columbia being beaten by both Yale and Rutgers, and Princeton defeating Yale in the first of the long and unbroken series of historic conflicts between the blue and the orange and black. On November 11, 1876, Princeton and Pennsylvania met for the first time. It was in this game that football costumes were first worn, the Pennsylvanians appearing in cricket suits of white flannel, and the Princetonians exhibiting an elaborate costume consisting of a black shirt with orange trimmings round the neck and wrists, and with a large orange P upon the chest. The same month witnessed the second meeting between Yale and Harvard—the first meeting having been won by Harvard in 1875. The Yale *Courant* concluded its description of the event as follows: "The gay suits of the players, the wrestling, tumbling, and running, the equestrian feat of the Harvard captain, Curtis, and the leap over his shoulders by a hard pressed Yale man lent a pleasing variety to the scene suggestive of a Roman circus or hippodrome." A suggestion of the feeling in the rival camp is to be found in one of the Harvard periodicals, which gravely informs us that Yale's adherents prevented Harvard from converting Herrick's touchdown into a goal just as the game was closing and carrying away the goal posts, a statement albeit that is gravely denied by Yale.

By 1878 football began to attract large crowds of spectators. The Princeton-Yale contest in that year was held in Hoboken and was witnessed by four thousand persons. The cost of the field was three hundred dollars. Its payment provoked severe criticism in the public and college press as a gross extravagance that would inevitably kill the game. Fifteen years later the rental of Manhattan Field in New York for ten thousand dollars for this contest did not evoke the incidental notice of a line. In 1879 kicking reached the perfection that has probably never been equalled. The ball was booted freely, not only by the backs but also by the rushers. Not only could every player punt, but he could drop and place-kick with equal facility, and he was often equally proficient with either foot. Also the passes were exceedingly clever, and Yale and Princeton both invented a method of guarding the runner which was the forerunner of modern interference. Another feature of that year was the arrival of the germ of the modern training system. An editorial in the Yale *News* called upon Yale's players "to reduce their consumption of tobacco and not to stay up late nights lest they be not hardy enough to win."

Meanwhile, however, the rules governing the game were in a sadly chaotic state. Safeties were made in profusion because they did not affect the score. There were no stated number of downs to which a team was limited to advance the ball a required distance, and in the contest of 1880 Princeton retained the ball through an entire second half, thereby forcing the Yale game to terminate in a draw at nothing to nothing. All this, however, was remedied by the convention held in October, 1882. The passage of the five yards and three downs rules led to a great advance in tactics and strategy. The first improvement to appear was signals. In the beginning these consisted of sentences, thus Yale's first signals were two sentences, "Play

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up sharp, Charlie," and "Look out, quick, Deac." Each sentence indicated a play. The convention of October, 1883, assigned the following numerical values to the scoring plays: "Safety 1, touchdown 2, goal following touchdown 4, goal from field 5." These values were amended the following year. The playing season of 1884 was opened gaily by the *Harvard Lampoon,* which introduced its team as follows: "Harvard will be represented by a team this fall that is light and portable. It can be packed in a bandbox and shipped to any point at trifling expense. After a good deal of hard training it may be possible to send them even by mail provided permission could be obtained to send live bait through the mail." That there were grounds for the *Lampoon's* sarcasm is indicated by the fact that that autumn Harvard was beaten by Pennsylvania, four to nothing; by Princeton, thirty-four to six, and by Yale forty-eight to nothing. The result was the abolishment of football by the Harvard faculty during the year of 1885.

The older generation will find much of personal interest in Mr. Davis's description of the annual Thanksgiving Day game in New York in the late eighties and early nineties. From Madison Square to Thirty-third Street the sidewalks of Broadway flashed with blue and orange ribbons. The coaching parade to the game was a feature that was second only to the game itself. A full year in advance every drag in the city was engaged and by the day of the game almost every omnibus, coach and other vehicle capable of transporting half a dozen or more persons upon its roof, for no one rode inside. Flaunting from the tops hung great blankets of blue or orange bunting. The four horses drawing the coach were as ornately and abundantly caparisoned as the coach itself. Starting from Madison Square the route lay up Fifth Avenue and thence to the field —the Polo Grounds in the eighties and Manhattan Field in the nineties. The gayety of the drive was increased by the lavish decorations that were flung from residences and hotels along the way. At the field a space was reserved for the coaches overlooking the field of play, and there still upon their coach tops the coaching parties lunched. It was not until the games were transferred to University fields about 1897 that the great encircling stands arrived. As late as 1891 it was a common sight to find spectators viewing the struggle from boxes and barrels placed against the fence. Those were the days when a team endeavoured to play an entire game without the use of a single substitute. They were also the days of the inexpert news reporter who wrote his introduction long ahead and who in describing the progress of the battle was likely to inform the reader that "Homans snatched the ball going southbound." Fashionably, they were the days of the ulster and the newmarket, and the neckerchief of coloured silk, upon this occasion invariably blue or orange and black.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V

Mr. Hewlett's "The Song of Renny"*

Mr. Hewlett must have heard, till he wearied of the hearing, the complaint that he had forsaken his *metier* to dabble in the modern lovers' philosophy of his Sanchias and his Senhouses. All very pretty, his whilom admirers have said in effect (for his admirers are loyal)—all very pretty, this up-to-date comedy of ideas, with its moralising on the social order, its proclamation of the gospel of the Return to Nature, its scorn of the slavery of possessions; but it is not Hewlett. At best, it is but second-hand Meredith. Where is the one-time Master of Romance, the mediæval poet born into our sodden world to interpret to it that other world, to set glowing once more the dazzling colours of the Age of Chivalry? Where, in brief, is the unapproachable Hewlett of *The Forest Lovers,* of *Richard Yea and Nay,* of *The Queen's Quair?* The Master has lost his touch. He can no more the wonders that set him apart from other romancers.

Very well, says Mr. Hewlett, you think I try the new thing because I can no longer do the old? I'll show you how easy it is to write another *Forest Lovers.* Here it is—*The Song of Renny.*

*The Song of Benny. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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At least, it looks easy. There is room for the troubling suspicion that it is too easy. All the old paraphernalia is here—the richness of epithet, the glow of colour, the stir of sound, the draught of swift motion. Is there the final touch that gives life? Is it the real thing?

One may read the book through and lay it down with the question still unanswered. If it is not the real thing, it is a marvellously close imitation. There is nothing in Hewlett better—which is to say, there is nothing anywhere better in its kind—than the opening chapter: the Earl of Pikpoyntz, huge, red-bearded, battle-scarred, grim, riding up to his grim castle of Speir with a girl-child before him on the saddle-bow—the beautiful Sabine, daughter of the house of Renny. Mr. Hewlett has his weakness for these red-polled giants; Bothwell in the pages of *The Queen's Quair* is an unforgettable figure. Pikpoyntz is one of the best of them—until he falls in love. There reason refuses to follow him in his inane rantings, his abjectness, his weak-spirited doating. He becomes a tragic Falstaff—a creature unthinkable in relation to a planet of real men. His confession of his crimes to the priest is a clever play with words. The hands are the hands of Pikpoyntz, but the voice is the voice of Mr. Hewlett at his facile worst.

The heroine's rôle is dual, filled by the two cousins of the house of Renny. Sabine's is the first half of the book, the second Mabilla's (the names have the old witchery: Pikpoyntz, Blaise Renny, Father Sorges, Stephen of Havilot, Bernart de Save, Don John of Barsaunter, Shrike the black chamberlain, Blanchmains, Nitidis, Prosper Earl of Hauterive, Lanceilhot Paulet, a beadroll of the Age of Chivalry). There is some consequent division of interest. The story is in truth none too coherent. Its lack of formal design might be the result of carelessness or of genius. It moves to the ultimate fulfilment of the Rune of Renny:

> When a martyr wears the Robe,
> A virgin the Crown,
> And the Girdle finds a middle,
> Renny hath his own.

But it moves at times haltingly, the plot becomes too obscure, the characters lose themselves in forests of words. Then the suspicion that Mr. Hewlett is but imitating himself awakens, to be lulled by a splendid chapter of thrilling adventure. It is all indeed an adventure into the romance of the Middle Age, and the adventurer has his ups and downs, his moments of advance and of arrest, as is fitting.

The book is no simple idyl of young love, like *The Forest Lovers,* yet there is a love-story in it, and a gallant one. There is no denying the grip of the best characters. Mabilla de Renny is secure of her place in the gallery of Hewlett's beautiful, high-spirited women. The Earl of Pikpoyntz is genuine and terrifying, up to the point where he falls a slave to Mabilla's beauty. Firmin, Sabilla's lover, is blurred and indistinct; but Lanceilhot is a real man, though a poet. And even if the story proved upon analysis to be silly, impossible, yet there would remain the pleasure of reading a man who writes as though language were a thing to be handled for beauty, not for mere use. Mr. Hewlett sometimes yields to temptation and is carried away by his passion for the beautiful phrase, the striking epithet; at least the phrase *is* beautiful, the epithet striking. In a word, he has style: a gift scorned by many an honest maker of respectable fiction, but still esteemed by some, and sufficiently rare in any age to make the work of its possessor a matter of some significance.

Burton Bancroft.

VI

James Oppenheim's "The Nine-Tenths"*

Joe Blaine—homely, cheerful, kindly, hard-working and striving with all his heart and soul for success—ran a printery in a loft-building in Eighty-first Street. Myra Craig, a school-teacher no longer in her first youth, used to give him work for her school, and they fell in love with each other. The day he asked her to marry him the loft-building caught fire through his good-humoured indiffer-

*The Nine-Tenths. By James Oppenheim. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ence about his men's smoking, and sixty girls in the hat-factory on the floor above jumped from the windows to the pavement nine floors below and were killed. For a time Blaine was dazed with realisation and remorse, then he went to a mass meeting which the *Woman's League* had called to denounce the fire, and passionately dedicated his life to the sixty dead girls and to living toilers everywhere. He and his mother, who approved his plan and urged him on with quiet enthusiasm, moved down to a house in Greenwich village, and there he started the paper whose name gives the title to the book. Absorbed in the strife of his own soul, he neglected to see Myra and came at last to the conclusion that he had no right to ask her to share his new life. When he did see her, she was naturally bewildered and deeply wounded; and since he failed to speak out his heart, she sharply gave him his freedom. He began to print his paper and one of his ideas was to keep his hands untied by refusing all advertisements. He mixed with the toilers of the neighbourhood and made friends who collected subscriptions for him. It was a hard pull, but he was winning; when he felt himself forced to counsel a strike of the cloak-makers in a rich Fifth Avenue factory. In a few days the half-hearted cloak-makers turned against him and mobbed his house and his press—because an ardent young worker of the *Woman's League,* in order to help him and the cause, had sprung a strike of the shirtwaist makers in the same factory and the men had been fired as they were going back to work. Now the great shirtwaist strike was on. Myra in the meanwhile had broken down and gone into the country to regain her health. She wrote Joe occasionally and told him that God made the country and man made the town. But there came a day when the empty quiet of country existence awoke in her a passionate desire for life, and she went back to the city and to what the city meant for her—Joe Blaine. She found him bent and overworked with engineering the protracted shirtwaist strike. She felt a tug at her heart and wanted to help. Going with one of the girls on picket duty, she saw the girl brutally attacked by a hired thug and locked up by a conniving policeman. When at the night court she protested, she was dumbfounded to find she could not command justice; and thus she passionately plunged into the fight. So ardent did she become that she surprised both Joe and herself by making a speech, which turned a hall-full of lukewarm men into adherents. The big strike dwindled and finally petered out, but not before it had ruined some well-intentioned employers who had honestly been doing the best they could. One of these employers reminded Joe of his long-forgotten guilt, and suddenly he understood that in our complex social scale nobody may go scot-free. "All share in the corruption of the world—the labourer anxious for mass-tyranny and distrustful of genius, the aristocrat afraid of soiling his hands, the capitalist intent on power and wealth, the artist neglectful of all but a narrow artifice; each one limited by excess or want, by intellect or passion, by vanity or lust, and all struggling with one another to wrest some special gift for himself." By this time, thoroughly exhausted with the strike and shaken to the depths with his failure and with the confusion of his ideals, Joe was slipping into a dull despair when Myra suddenly showed him he had a right to life and love. After a brief honeymoon he returned with new strength and passion to solve the problem which he felt that up to now he had attacked as an idealist, the problem of properly helping the nine-tenths to help themselves. He saw the uselessness of ready-made ideas and that he must be willing if need be to reshape his course every morning, to reverse all he had hitherto believed if there should appear some new and contradictory fact. He and his wife entered hand in hand "into no visionary city of the Future, it is true, but still less into a city of Degradation—rather a very human place full of very human people."

This slight story is apparently a novelisation of the Triangle-factory fire of last spring and the shirtwaist strike of a few months preceding. It is hastily hewn out of a passionate remonstrance and an ardent desire for social service; and—except for some excellent first-hand observation—but little else has gone

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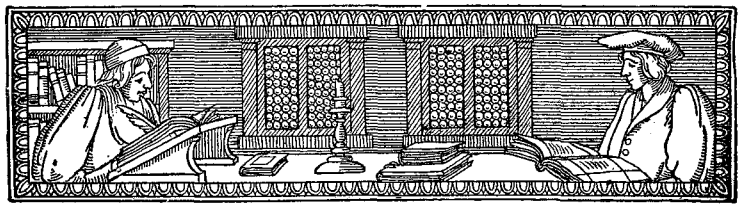
to its making. The story is only a collection of related episodes, told in an offhand journalistic style. We do not see enough of either hero or heroine to hold the episodes together, and when we do see them it is mainly through other people's eyes. The rest of the characters but impersonally carry along the action, and for the most part they are but names. Thus the story, proceeding swiftly from episode to episode with little psychology, makes for some chapters an impression of irritating sketchiness and while not exactly unconvincing fails to give any sense of reality. It is not until we are half way through the book that we begin to take these swift choppy episodes at what was doubtless their intention—vivid pictures thrown on the screen in the drama of the Unrest of Labour, a drama where the individual counts not at all and events count for everything. Yet even so, one looks in vain for that selection of salient incident which Mr. Oppenheim's long experience with successful short stories should above all have given him. Not only, also, are the grasp and insight of at least a half-dozen of his short stories entirely lacking, but in comparison with recent novels on kindred subjects his treatment seems both amateurish and superficial. Even in its phrasing, the book shows signs of being hastily thrown together; one remembers in Mr. Oppenheim's short stories a habit of memorable and appealing phrases, poetic, vivid, and characteristic—there is nothing of the sort here.

Undigested as it is, however, it would not be Mr. Oppenheim's if it were not often written at white heat and did not at times move the reader surprisingly. No one has a better command of the sympathetic emotions or knows how to be more warmly human. An actor of the romantic school once told the reviewer that the way he made a part effective was to find out where the screams were and then work up to them and away from them. This (speaking without disparagement of the emotional quality) is the method in which the author has written the book—in a succession of heart throbs. His ardour and his human sweetness are so apparent that though you do not resent the tears thus exclusively evoked, you wish they had been called forth for a better purpose than merely to yield a vague smarting sense of the wrongs of labour, of the futility of present remedies, and of the wasted energy of devoted lives. Instead of a serious study of conditions and proposed solutions, we have some vivid snap-shot pictures of events almost as well and as fully done in the daily papers; instead of a novel we have some happenings loosely held together by persons not personalities. This of course may be what the author tried to do, thinking it the only path to success with a subject of such a nature—but in view of the impression left, it seems a mistake. It is unpleasant to record all this of Mr. Oppenheim's first novel, to which one had looked forward expectantly. Thus the reviewer hastens to add that the things the author had mainly prepared us to expect are found in abundance—genuine feeling and genuine observation, which though developed in a restricted field are on broadly human lines.

Algernon Tassin.



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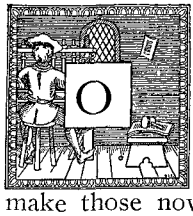
THE BIGGER ISSUES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



NE of the stock-in-trade phrases of the reviewer of fiction is to speak of the Bigger Issues that are woven into the fabric of some novels and because of their presence make those novels bigger and stronger than other equally ably written novels in which such issues are wanting. And, so far as it goes, this statement of the case is as true as any similar generalisation is ever likely to be. Supposing we state the question in a slightly different form: certain episodes in the life of a man or a woman studied in connection with a big, vital problem, make a more important story than the same episodes studied in connection with some trivial, transitory problem. But even in this form we have nothing definite, nothing in the shape of a practical working rule. It all depends upon what we mean by the words "Bigger Issues." Bigness is not absolute, it is always relative. For the purposes of fiction, you cannot assume that any one thing is absolutely right and its opposite absolutely wrong; it must always come back to a question of individual standards and beliefs as contrasted with the prevailing standards of the age and community in which they live. The bigness of any problem in fiction depends upon two factors: first, the extent to which it represents a living, vital interest in the mimic world which the author is depicting; secondly, the extent to which it will awake a sympathetic response in the hearts and minds of the readers to-day. Slavery would be no more just or unjust, considered abstractly, than it always has been, even though Mrs. Stowe had never lived and written, and the Civil War never been fought. But *Uncle Tom's Cabin* succeeded, not because of any inalienable right of all men to be born free and equal, but because for a brief period half a nation had worked themselves to fever heat in maintaining this principle and the other half in denying it. No novel written to-day on the theme of emancipation, though fifty fold better and stronger than Mrs. Stowe's imperishable epic, could take such a hold upon the public, not because the doctrine of freedom has lost its bigness, but because the *issue* has. An issue implies at least a fighting chance: you cannot arouse excitement over the contention of a hopeless minority. Similarly, *L'Assommoir* with its colossal sales was a possibility in a generation awakening to the physical and moral menace of alcohol; but any ambitious novelist, no matter how erudite in archæological lore, who should attempt to portray the excesses of imperial Rome, in the same crusading spirit that prompted Zola, would waste his time, because temperance in Roman times was not an issue: wine-drinking was still the culte of the god Bacchus.

Accordingly, we may safely formulate our definition somewhat after this fashion: The main issue in any novel is relatively big or little according to the degree of intensity with which it is felt, on the one hand by a majority of the characters in the book, and on the other by a majority of the generation and class of readers for whom it is intended. The rule holds good equally for the book with a hundred characters and the book with only two. The essential thing is for the novelist to make us feel that his two characters or his hundred characters, as the case may be, are typical of their time and country. The one vital, decisive, unteachable trick for giving the impression of massed humanity, wrought up to a point of patriotic or religious fanaticism, does not depend in the least upon the number of individuals by actual count that are specifically mentioned, but upon the author's success in making the reader see in imagination the thousands and tens of thousands that are not mentioned at all, and that none the less are

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there, behind the middle distance, behind the background, beyond the vanishing point where perspective melts out of sight. A street fight, involving a dozen ruffians, with a swarming ring of spectators enjoying the impromptu show, and the clang of the patrol wagon sounding not far off, is at best rather sordid material for the novelist. The issue is a private one, not shared by the world at large. A fight to a finish by the same number of men on the deck of a schooner isolated in a plain of tumbling waters, with captain and mate on one side and a mutinous crew on the other, is a far bigger thing. For the time being, that schooner deck is the world, and every human soul in it is keyed to the same murderous pitch. And in both of these illustrations, the reader's sympathies, in kind and in degree, are a reflection of those of the majority of participants. In the first case, he would imagine himself in the grinning crowd of spectators on the sidewalk; in the second, he would be in the thick of the fight, tingling with the tensity of partisanship.

Or take, in contrast, the two-character novel, which is the typical psychological novel of the French school. Many specimens of this type are startlingly, tremendously, unforgettably abnormal—but abnormality is never bigness, in the better sense—it is the bigness, not of Hercules, but of Barnum's Fat Woman. Contrast for the moment Maupassant's *Notre Cœur* with D'Annunzio's *Innocente*. Infanticide is in one sense a bigger thing than the emotional sterility of a frivolous woman—at least the law sees it that way, for it takes cognisance of the one and ignores the other. And yet these two books are separated by a gulf that cannot be fathomed or bridged. Tullio Hermil, the man who secretly, diabolically murders his wife's helpless little child because he knows it is not his own, and that, too, after having gone through the farce of forgiving her, is a morally misshapen monster, as untrue to the normal Italian type, let us hope, as he is to the Anglo-Saxon. Mme. de Burne, in Maupassant's most symmetrical and, the present writer believes, biggest and wisest novel, is a type that is and has been always with us, all the world over—the type of the woman who is *mondaine* to her finger-tips, and whose very soul is barren of the instincts of a fully normal woman.

And so we come down to this: We cannot decide the bigness of any issue in fiction by consulting the apparently obvious authorities—in case of a crime, for instance, by taking down the *Code of Criminal Procedure,* because then the burning of your neighbour's hay-rick or the theft of a loaf of bread is relatively bigger than beating your wife or half-starving your children; or in the case of a question of faith, going to the apostolic creed, because then you get that peculiarly magnified and false impression —characteristic of a couple of decades ago—of books like *John Ward, Preacher* and *Robert Elsmere.* The popular verdict in actual life is not dictated by the theologian, the professor of jurisprudence, the sociologist, or the expounders of the latest problems in eugenics: it is dictated by the generous, spontaneous, inborn enthusiasms of humanity at large —and what holds true of real life, holds equally true of fiction.

"The Fruitful Vine"

There are two books this month which, taken together, serve as an admirable object-lesson in this question of relative bigness: *The Fruitful Vine,* by Robert Hichens, and *Her Roman Lover,* by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Let no one misunderstand the intention of this comparison: Mr. Hichens has all the advantages of a strongly intrenched position, a truly Italian gift for brilliant colouring, an almost uncanny understanding of women, in short, the assured touch of a man who has incontestably achieved. The author of *Her Roman Lover* has barely finished her novitiate. She has a hundred things yet to learn in the sheer craftsmanship of building a novel. Taking the two books together, just as they are, there is no question at all of the relative æsthetic and literary value of them, any more than there is of the relative sales they will each achieve. And yet, when we come down to the measurement of the central issue in each of these books, the instinct of the woman has been truer than that of the man. His issue had the bigger

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possibilities; hers, as she has chosen to work it out, remains actually the bigger. And this is distinctly odd, because on general principles one would say that a marriage wrecked for the reason that it is blessed with no children is a bigger problem than a betrothal that proves a fiasco because of a dispute over the colour of a hair ribbon. Let us first look rather carefully at Mr. Hichens's book, which, whether we like it or not, is beyond question as important a piece of fiction as he has yet produced. The setting is modern Rome, the leading characters two married couple, both English, Sir Theodore Cannynge and his wife, Dolores, Sir Theodore's closest friend, Francis Denzil and his wife Edna—and just one Italian, Cesare Carelli. Cannynge, having lost his first love in a painful tragedy years before, remained unmarried almost until middle age. At the opening of the story Dolores has for ten years been his wife, but no children have come to them. Whatever regrets he may have felt have remained unspoken: until within a year his whole interest seemed to centre in his diplomatic career, first in one European capital, then in another. But when the inheritance of an independent fortune came almost simultaneously with the loss of his great ambition, the Austrian Embassy, in a moment of pique he resigned, and from that time on had more time for thought than was good for him. Finally comes the day when, fresh from a visit to Denzil's home, full of the merriment of children's voices, he catches up his wife's Chinese poodle by the throat and, while the miserable little beast writhes and coughs and blinks, tells her violently: "Look at it! This is all we've got, you and I, to make a home—after ten years!" Dolores is not surprised; she has felt instinctively that sooner or later this outbreak was bound to come. None the less it hurts her—just as every one of his almost daily visits to Denzil's home, blessed with a fruitful vine in place of a barren one, has hurt her. She is not jealous of Edna, Denzil's wife, although she knows that the idle gossip of Rome has settled their relations for them. The Roman world would be incapable of understanding that the attraction might be the children and not the woman. Dolores's troubles, however, are only just beginning. Francis Denzil, husband of "the happiest woman in Rome," is suddenly stricken down with cancer of the larynx, is operated upon and never rallies. His last request is that Sir Theodore will be a second father to his little son—and Sir Theodore promises. From this time onward, Dolores sees less and less of her husband; a vicarious fatherhood has taken possession of him, absorbed him, made him a new man. When the summer comes, he disappoints her regarding her long cherished plan to visit London, and insists upon taking a villa at Frascati, so as to be near the Denzil children. Then comes a day when Dolores rebels, packs her belongings and goes by herself to Lake Como, to escape the torture of neglect. Meanwhile Roman gossip has been busy in coupling her name with that of another man, that of Cesare Carelli. Since he was a mere boy, Carelli has been faithful to just one woman, the Mancini. But suddenly and quite recently it has become common knowledge that he has definitely broken with her. Why? asks Rome insistently; Romans do not do such things; a man may be untrue to his wife, but a lover remains faithful. There must be some other woman—and Rome is quick to find her in Dolores. As the Countess Boccara tells Dolores to her face, with a malicious little stress on the pronoun: "The rupture happened in the summer, very soon after you left Rome, *cara.*" Now it is while Dolores is in hiding at Como, and just at the crucial moment when the insistent thought has first taken possession of her, "If I could only give Theodore a child!" that Carelli tracks her down—and this is the beginning of the tragedy that the reader at once foresees is inevitable. What actually follows may be put into a dozen words. Dolores does give a child to Sir Theodore—a child of alien parentage—but she never reaps the harvest that she has hoped for, the harvest of reawakened love; because the child costs the mother her life, or rather, not the child, but her own loosened hold upon life itself, due to a loathing of her own deed. As for Carelli, he is truly Italian in his inability to conceive of Dolores's real motive. For love, yes, that

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he could understand; but for motherhood, never! And when the woman is dead, and the stricken husband is just awakening to his loss, the Italian thinks to square accounts by claiming his child. But his revenge misses fire. His revelation simply results in quickening Sir Theodore's own self-knowledge, and he says at last, in all humility: "She was better than I, better than I!"

Such is the story of *The Fruitful Vine,* analysed as generously and as sympathetically as possible. It is written with extraordinary power, and it is thrown into strong relief against a background of rare richness, the vari-coloured background of the Roman world. But it has two weaknesses: First, Sir Theodore as shown to us is thoroughly antipathetic. In order to forgive Dolores for her sin, the reader must sympathise with her desire to win back her husband's love, must feel that he is worthy of her tremendous sacrifice. As a matter of fact, the reader feels nothing of the sort. Sir Theodore has squandered the best years of his life in selfish bachelorhood; has for another ten years neglected his wife in favour of the fascinating game of European politics, and then, without warning, taunts her where a bigger souled man would have taken the blame upon himself. And secondly, the main issue lacks bigness because it is abnormal. As the author makes quite plain, such a tragedy, for such a motive would be impossible had all the characters involved been Italians. It would have been equally impossible for an Englishwoman living her life quietly at home, or, indeed, anywhere else than in such an artificial environment as Rome, where infidelity of certain kinds is accepted as a matter of course. It is all very strong, very horrible, very cruel; but it falls just short of real bigness, because the normal reader cannot apply the conclusive test: "put yourself in her place."

"Her Roman Lover"

In contrast with the amplitude of Mr. Hichens's book, that of Eugenia Brooks Frothingham is little more than a novelette. One may dispose of it very briefly as a dainty, deftly drawn pastel, full of soft colours and subtle shades. It is the story of a thoroughly normal young American girl, as new and strange to the ways of Europe as was Daisy Miller a generation ago. She meets and with many a secret rebellion comes to love a certain Roman, not one of the petty princelings greedy for American dollars, but a plain, honest man, socially well received, and with ample fortune for them both. But he has the inborn jealousy of the Latin races; he cannot understand the harmless coquetry of the American girl; he resents her frank comradeship with a man of her own people—and what makes it worse is that this other man does not disguise the fact that he, too, loves her. The Roman lover forgives many things—things that, however small they may seem to us, are very big to him; but one day it casually turns out that the girl is wearing a ribbon of a certain colour, brown or green, it does not matter which—because her American friend thought it becoming, in fact because he chose it for her. That is the end of the idyl: "no other man dictates the colour of my wife's ribbons," says the Roman proudly, and they part definitely. A simple little story of the broken destinies of two people, just because they had failed in the essential meeting of minds. But, in a broader sense, this is one of the really big issues, because it involves that inevitable and universal menace that is behind all unions between two different races, the difficulty of finding a common meeting-ground.

"The Awakening"

The Awakening, by Maud Diver, presents more poignantly the same question, plus several other considerations. It is nothing less than the history of a marriage between a young Englishman of a proud old family, and a Hindoo girl, Lilamani, daughter of Lakshman Singh, a high caste Brahmin. It is difficult to handle a story of this sort without betraying a certain degree of partisanship, and in the present case the author's sympathies are obviously on the side of the Hindoo girl. The man's difficulties and disillusions, the hard battle that he must constantly fight with his family and friends on his bride's behalf, to ensure her the courtesy befitting her position, are not inadequately done;

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but the author shows far more sympathy and understanding in her presentment of the Hindoo girl's shrinking from Western manners and customs, the violence she does herself in meeting socially men who are strangers to her, in listening to the discussion of topics that no Hindoo would think of mentioning before a woman. The young husband, in spite of all that his family unkindly do to make his position difficult, never wavers in his devotion until one unlucky day when the thought is driven home to him that if ever he should have a son, that son, with his features, might, indeed, almost surely would, have a swarthy skin. It is this thought that nearly estranges the two, because Lilamani learns that he has this, to her inexplicable, prejudice—and sooner than face the future, she prefers to take her life. Fortunately, the awakening comes in time to avert a tragedy.

"Margery"

The central issue in *Margery,* by E. F. Benson, is whether a young woman, replete with the joy of living, can find happiness in marriage with a man who has never in his life known a passion warmer than his delight in Grecian urns and Tanagra figurines. Margery is the child of an ill-assorted marriage; and when, as a forlorn little orphan, she first comes to live with her father's relatives, her aunt Aggie takes good care not to let her forget that her mother was a mere vaudeville dancer. Margery is not malicious or vengeful, but just a sweet, wholesome, not over brilliant girl, whose innate goodness men unconsciously recognise. That was the explanation of the failure of all her Aunt Aggie's too obvious monœuvres to keep Margery in the background, and marry off her own daughter, Olive. Almost simultaneously Margery has the task of refusing an offer from Cousin Walter, Aunt Aggie's only son, and from Arnold Leveson, whom Aunt Aggie already felt sure of as a son-in-law. Arnold Leveson had all his life been a student and a recluse. He had already written one epoch-making volume on the Alexandrine Age, and was now engaged on a companion work, the Age of Pericles. The wonder was that, in his absorption in antiquities, he ever raised his eyes high enough from books to rest them on Margery's face. But such happened to be the case, and presently they were married. And then, for a while, the experiment succeeded. But after the honeymoon and a brief season of London gaiety, Arnold felt a return of the old fever of study, the old impelling need of creative work. From that moment, Margery's loneliness began; and the rivalry was harder than that of another woman, because against a woman she could have offset her own charms, but she was powerless against ancient tomes and crumbling marble. Mr. Benson did not lack a big issue, but of his own accord he dodged it. What Margery and Arnold would in the end have made of their lives, he refused to tell us, because one fine day in Athens, antiquarian zeal led the man a step too high upon a tottering ruin, and when he and the ruin fell together, he was undermost. It is vexatious when a novelist has all the elements that go to make up a human problem of vital interest, and then deliberately shirks his task.

"The Following of the Star"

The Following of the Star, by Florence A. Barclay, is, like *The Rosary,* another of those religiously sensuous stories which ought to be as unwholesome to a normal mentality as candied rose-leaves to a college athlete. The underlying situation is artificial in the extreme. Because of an eccentric will, a young woman, accustomed since birth to every luxury, will be left penniless if within a year she fails to marry. The year is almost up when she meets a distant cousin, a missionary home on sick-leave from Africa. This cousin is zealous to the point of fanaticism; he knows that the African climate, dangerous at best, is in his case fatal; the doctors frankly give him two or at most three years more. Nevertheless, he intends to go back. The young woman, having heard him preach several times, and having become more deeply interested in him than she is aware, makes him this extraordinary offer: she will provide him with countless little things that he needs for his African flock, she will bear the expense of building him a church, that he has begun to despair of; she will allow him a thousand pounds a

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year for running expenses—provided he will do his share to save her fortune from loss, namely, marry her on the day he sails for Africa. In other words, here is the problem that he faces: is it right, is it even pardonable for a minister of the gospel to go through such a farce of a marriage, even to accept the profits of it for the salvation of others? This is the problem that he has to fight out by himself, through an all-night vigil; and the course of reasoning by which he justifies himself in accepting simply illustrates the ingenuity with which the Scriptures may be twisted, when the wish is father to the thought. The book is pervaded with a glitter of gold, and a redolence of frankincense and myrrh, sufficient to justify the titles of its three subdivisions. Only somehow, in escaping from it, one turns in relief to the unashamed naturalness of Jack London's animality.

"Ethan Frome"

It is hard to forgive Mrs. Wharton for the utter remorselessness of her latest volume, *Ethan Frome*, for nowhere has she done anything more hopelessly, endlessly grey with blank despair. Ethan Frome is a man whose ambitions long ago burned themselves out. He early spent his vitality in the daily struggle of winning a bare sustenance from the grudging soil of a small New England farm. An invalid wife, whose imaginary ailments thrived on patent medicines, doubled his burden. And then, one day, a pretty young cousin, left destitute, came to live on the farm, and brought a breath of fragrance and gladness into the gloom. Neither Ethan nor the cousin meant to do wrong; it was simply one of those unconscious, inevitable attachments, almost primitive in its intensity. It never was even put into words, until the day when Ethan's wife, perhaps because of a smouldering jealousy, perhaps because the motive she gave was the true one, namely that the girl was shiftless and incompetent, sent her out into the world to shift for herself. It is while driving her over to the railway station that Ethan consents to the girl's wish that just once more he will take her coasting down a long hill, that is a favourite coasting place throughout the neighbourhood. It is a long, steep, breathless rush, with a giant tree towering up near the foot, to be dexterously avoided at the last moment. It is while he holds the girl close to him on the sled, that a ghastly temptation comes to Ethan, and he voices it: How much easier, instead of letting her go away, to face unknown struggles, while he remained behind, eating his heart out with loneliness—how much easier merely to forget to steer! One shock of impact, and the end would come. And to this the girl consents. And neither of them foresees that not even the most carefully planned death is inevitable, and that fate is about to play upon them one of its grimest tricks, and doom them to a life-long punishment, she with a broken back, he with a warped and twisted frame, tied beyond escape to the slow starvation of the barren farm, and grudgingly watched over by the invalid wife, scarcely more alive than themselves. Art for art's sake is the one justification of a piece of work as perfect in technique as it is relentless in substance.

"Pandora's Box"

Nothing could be more refreshing by way of contrast than *Pandora's Box*, by Mr. J. A. Mitchell. It is not a book with a big issue; it is a book with a hundred issues, big, small, and middle sized—or rather, the story, without being slighted, is nevertheless the medium for a host of ideas such as a widely read, widely travelled man, with broad sympathies and a deep knowledge of men as well as books, might casually expound in the course of a delightful evening of rambling intercourse. This does not alter the fact that the story remains intact, a blythe, wholesome, optimistic story, as pleasantly improbable as are many of the pleasantest things in life: only one cannot help feeling that to Mr. Mitchell himself the little subordinate things, the *obiter dicta* that every now and then get themselves expressed between the lines, if not actually in them, are of more genuine interest than even the momentous words which the hero must sooner or later speak, in order to make the heroine his. The plot itself is one of the simplest. A young English girl, proud of her name and heritage, proud of the old, crumbling castle in

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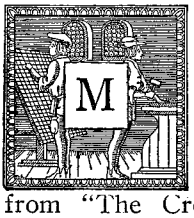
which she lives, and the ancestral faces that look down at her in the portrait gallery, and the suits of chain armour, every one of which has its own cherished legend; proud above all of being an English girl: finds herself one day face to face with a stranger, in one of the unused corner towers. The stranger is clad as a working man, and is occupied in making sketch after sketch of the old castle; when he speaks, she becomes aware that he is an American, and when she questions him, he explains that he is there by permission, to make designs for the purpose of restoring the castle to its original condition—but by whose order or at whose expense must remain a secret. What this secret is, does not concern us here; it serves to whet the appetite of readers who accept the refreshments by the way only as a means of arriving more swiftly at the journey's end. What the discriminating reader will enjoy is the daily interchange of views between these two young people, neither of whom is supposed to know the other's identity, anent the real worth of inherited titles and estates and family traditions. It is a daily clash between the American and the British point of view; and the sparkle of it, with its surface exaggeration, its amusing impertinences, and the mature philosophy concealed beneath, would alone make the book one of those for which a weary and sadly sated reader is devoutly thankful.

CHOPIN AMONG THE NOVELISTS

BY EDNA KENTON



USICAL atmosphere in the early novels seems now a quaintly handled bit of literary technic. One recalls that Lucy Deane and Stephen Guest sang the duets from "The Creation"; that the blind Muriel in *John Halifax, Gentleman* played Catholic masses, the Dies Iræ, and Händel; that the woolly-headed Miss Schwartz played "The Battle of Prague" and two other "pieces" for George Osbourne; that Becky sang old melodies of Mozart and Haydn for Lady Steyne, and that all the greatest artists would leave off their sore throats to sing at Becky's parties. This was the age of Haydn and Mozart and the Italian aria. No Walkurie had screamed, and no Salome had kissed a severed head—nor ever would, in the Eliot and Austen novels. The harp was still a mighty rival of the harpischord and the pianoforte had yet to make its way into every drawing-room and "parlour" in the land.

Since then it has been Chopin, the predestined composer for the pianists of fiction. Wagner of course, Brahms, the Symphony Pathetique—these have figured in the modern musical arabesques. But Chopin and his opus give that tang, that flavour, that flare to a scene that is sought after and prayed for by every novelist that writes.

There is a reason—Du Maurier expresses it in one of his own novels, *Peter Ibbetson*. Here is the phrasing of it:

> Then a gypsy-like little individual seats himself at the great brass-bound oaken Broadway pianoforte. And under his phenomenal fingers, a haunting, tender world-sorrow, full of questionings—a dark mystery of moonless, star-lit nature—exhales itself in nocturnes, in impromptus, in preludes, in mere waltzes and mazurkas even! But waltzes and mazurkas such as the most frivolous would never dream of dancing to. A capricious, charming sorrow—not too deep for tears, if one be at all inclined to shed them—so delicate, so fresh, and yet so distinguished, so etherially civilised and worldly and well-bred that it has crystallised itself into a drawing-room ecstasy to last forever. It seems as though what was death (or rather euthanasia) to him who felt it, is play for us—surely an immortal sorrow whose recital will never, never pall—the sorrow of Chopin.

The old adorers of Trilby—how remote that ancient craze seems to-day!—

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will remember that it was the Chopin Impromptu in A flat that made her voice world-renowned. Little Billee, adoring all sweet musicians, made Svengali and Gecko welcome to the studio of *les trois Angliches,* and there one afternoon, Svengali, with his velvet fingers, fell to playing the Impromptu so beautifully that little Billee's heart went well-nigh to bursting with suppressed emotion and delight, having never heard anything of Chopin's played before. And Svengali, playing Chopin, "was as one of the heavenly host." Except when he played the deadly Marche Funèbre; then "where the pretty soft part comes in, he would whisper to Trilby, 'That is Svengali, coming to look at you in your little mahogany case.'" Then, playing the lovely melody, "he would go through a ghoulish pantomime, as though he were taking stock of the different bones in her skeleton with greedy but discriminating approval. And when he came down to the feet, he was almost droll in the intensity of his terrible realism. But Trilby did not appreciate this exquisite fooling, and felt cold all over."

Years later, after the pain and sorrow had been lived through, Little Billee heard Trilby vocalise Chopin in that same Impromptu—Du Maurier tells it thus:

> Then comes her great and final performance. The orchestra swiftly plays the first four bars of the bass, and suddenly, without words, La Svengali breaks in, and vocalises that astounding piece of music that so few pianists can even play; but no pianist has ever played it like this; no piano has ever given out such notes as these!
>
> Every single phrase is a string of perfect gems, strung together on a loose golden thread —waves of sweet and tender laughter, the freshness of the morning, the sun and the dew—all this, the memory and the feel of it, are in Trilby's voice as she warbles that long, smooth, lilting, dancing laugh, that wondrous song without words——
>
> And in a minute or two it is all over, like the lovely bouquet of fireworks at the end of the show, and she lets what remains of it die out and away like the afterglow of Bengal fire —her voice receding into the distance—coming back to you like an echo from all round, from anywhere you please—quite soft—hardly more than a breath, but *such* a breath! Then one last chromatically ascending rocket, pianissimo, up to E in alt, and then darkness and silence!

Dear Trilby sang this as she lay dying, and the end of that swan song was "mere melodic breath; and then the little soft, ascending rocket, up to E in alt, the last parting caress (which Svengali had introduced as a finale), for it does not exist in the piano score."

E. F. Benson knows his Chopin. If memory is not at fault, the musical Edith in *Dodo* of embalmed memory played Chopin—she certainly played Bach with a fried egg sandwich on the piano ready to her hand. But in *The Challoners,* a really worth while study of the generations, Martin Challoner, the musical and misunderstood genius, runs riot in the tube rose garden of Chopin. Early in the book he plays the First Ballade; then his clever friend, Lady Sunningdale, said: "Too heavenly! Now make me miserable. Play the rain on the roof. Tum, tum, tum, tum, don't you know. Yes, how clever of you to guess!"

> Martin paused a moment. Then the slow, sullen drip of hot, steady rain on the roof began, as it sounded to a man who was alone in an alien land. It fell with hopeless, regular iteration from grey skies, then there was the gurgle of some choked gutter, and the collected water overflowed and was spilt with a little chuckle. Very distantly on the remote horizon lightning winked and flickered, but there was as yet no sound of thunder in the dark sultriness of the afternoon, but only the endless, monotonous rhythm of the dropping rain. Then faintly at first but with slow crescendo, there was heard the distant drums of thunder, buffeting and rumbling among the hills. Then all at once the rain grew heavier; larger drops, as if of lead, fell with a resonant insistence on the roof, and the voice of the storm grew angry and articulate. Suddenly with an appalling crash it burst immediately overhead, drowning for a moment the beat of the rain, and by the blaze of the simultaneous flash, sea, sky, and the wave-beaten rocks of Majorca leapt into light. Suddenly one beam of sun shot down upon them with excellent brightness. Yet it was only for a moment; again the clouds drifted up, and the rain, which for the moment had ceased, began again, drip-

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ping with hopeless regular iteration on the roof as evening closed in, some evening far away in a land of exile beneath an alien sky.

Martin also played the Fourth Etude, but this is merely dashed on as a bit of coloratura, without any Bensonian comment, and from that he glided into Brahms's Paganini Variations.

The Chasm, a socialistic-American-Russian novel of last spring, by George Cram Cook, devotes several pages to the Nocturne in G major as played by De Hohenfels, who, if he played it as it should be played, had the phenomenal hand of the born virtuoso. Of De Hohenfels's rendition, the author has this to say:

The first phrase of the famous Nocturne, rising and repeated in the tonic, he rendered like a question—the descending answer faltering a little to a tentative solution in the subdominant minor. Rearising there, the question was answered in the tonic; but there the eager fairies, knowing another answer, seized the theme, swept it through flitting chords of G and F, B flat and E flat to D flat, transmuted it to esoteric E flat minor, filled it with dew and moonbeams on the borderland of sharps and flats, brought it back as far as F, then gave it to A minor and the gods.

This is not all that happens to the yearning question and answer:

They broke out again, developed as far as E flat minor, but this time, avoiding the Olympian confusion on the borderland of sharps and flats, the melody sailed smoothly on around the circle of the keys, working through the antipodal key, there solving the mystery of the identity of G flat and F sharp which binds the two hemispheres of the keys into a sphere, and finally, from the other side of the world of music, it emerged Magellan-like, in the vassal chords of G and the harbour song.

And the end is not yet, for the recurring question and answer hints of some final answer; the music sweeps through B flat, E flat, across F sharp, B and E and A, dropping a sharp at every beat, and then, "in lieu of the expected D, a chord of stars, the Pleiades, a B flat, E and G, and, far below, a mystery and a thunder called C sharp."

At least Mr. Cook chose a method of analysis that can be proved or disproved, which is more than can be said of the emotional rhapsodies usually indulged in.

In *The Damnation of Theron Ware* Theron starts definitely on his road to damnation that night when Celia Madden took him home to her pillared and bedizened room—a room of blues and yellows that must have been hideous beyond compare, and played him "Shopang," as Theron with proud pedantry called the Pole. Theron was lolling awkwardly on a cushion, smoking an unaccustomed cigarette, listening without heeding, when suddenly he beheld Revelation:

It was the Fourth Prelude that was singing in the air about him, a simple, plaintive strain wandering at will over a surface of steady, rhythmic movement underneath, always creeping upward through mysteries of sweetness, always sinking again in cadences of semi-tones. With only a moment's pause there came the Seventh Waltz—a rich, bold confusion which was yet not confused——

Theron sat upright under the strain of this new discovery in music, and listened.

She began, with an effect of thinking of something else, the Sixth Nocturne, so deliberately haltingly did the chain of charm unwind itself into the sequence. Then it came closer to him than the others had done. The wistful, meditative beauty of it all at once oppressed and inspired him. He saw Celia's shoulders sway under the impulse of the rubato license—the privilege to invest each measure with the stress of the whole, to loiter, to weep, to run and laugh at will. There was the warming sense of roses and moonlight, of perfumes, white skins, alluring, languorous eyes, and then——

"You know this part, of course," he heard her say.

On the instant they had stepped from the dark, scented, starlit garden, where the nightingale sang, into a great cathedral. A sombre and lofty anthem arose, and filled the place with the splendour of such dignity, pomp, and harmony and such suggestions of measureless choral power and authority that Theron was drawn resistless to his feet.

She played the Marche Funèbre from the Second Sonata, and Theron's heart beat furiously as he listened to "the weird, mediæval processional, with its

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wild, clashing chords held down in the bondage of an orderly sadness." She played the Berceuse. She played the Third Ballade, the Ninth Nocturne, and finally the Sixteenth Mazurka. There had been some curious and awkward pauses in this last piece. "There came another of those pauses, an odd, unaccountable halt in what seemed the middle of everything. There fell at last a few faltering ascending notes, making a half finished strain, and then again there was silence."

It was a hard night for Theron. But if Celia played what her author describes, she played, not the Sixteenth Mazurka in A flat, but the Seventeenth in B flat minor.

In *The Story of Carlotta* Arnold Bennett sends Carlotta to a concert, with one Diaz at the piano. The young woman tells her own story, and upon the First Ballade, that Bennett's contemporary Benson let pass unchallenged, is loosed the vials of a large vocabulary. For pages the First Ballade is interpreted as the song of the soul of man, "timid, questioning, plaintive, neither sad nor joyous, but simply human, seeking what it might find on earth." This song changes subtly, from mood to mood, "expressing that which nothing but itself could express. Comes menace, contempt proud and haughty," then "a sudden winged leap into the empyrean toward the Eternal Spirit." Says Carlotta of it a moment later:

> The soul of man broke into a new song of what it had found on earth—the magic of the tenderness of love—an air so caressing and so sweet, so calmly happy and so mournfully sane, so bereft of illusions and so naïve, that it seemed to revive in a few miraculous phrases the secret intentions of God. It was too beautiful; it told me too much about myself; it vibrated my nerves to such an unbearable spasm of pleasure that I might have died had I not willed to live. It was drowned in doubt, but it emerged triumphantly, covered with noble and delicious ornaments and swimming strongly on mysterious waves. And finally, with speed and fire, it was transformed and caught up into the last ecstasy of ultimate passion. The soul swept madly between earth and heaven, fell, rose; and there was a dreadful halt. Then a loud blast, a distortion of the magic, an upward rush, another and a louder blast, and a thunderous fall, followed by two massive and terrifying chords.

Diaz roams through Chopin's scores, laying upon himself and his audience enchantment. Mazurkas, waltzes, scherzos, polkas, preludes he gave in groups that interpreted without words the soul of Chopin. He destroyed the singular myth of Chopin decadent, weary, hysterical, and gave instead the grave artist, "nourished on Bach and studious in form."

He played the Fifteenth Prelude in D flat—"Play the rain on the roof. Tum, tum, tum, tum!" Lady Sunningdale had demanded of Martin Challoner. This is the picture it gave to Carlotta:

> He was playing the Fifteenth Prelude in D flat now, and the water was dripping, dripping ceaselessly on the dead body, and the beautiful calm song rose serenely in the dream, and then lost itself amid the presaging chords of some sinister fate, and then came again, exquisite and fresh as ever, and was then interrupted by a high note like a clarion——

It was here that Diaz first looked at Carlotta. Like Celia Madden, he too played the Berceuse, and later, after repeated calls, Carlotta nodded at him, wishing secretly that he might play the F sharp Prelude. On such a night as this was to be for both of them, he of course answered her thought wave and played it, "that sweet air with its fateful hushed accompaniment—the trifle which Chopin threw off in a moment of his highest inspiration."

And then he played "the Fantaisie, the masterpiece of Chopin." This, of course, is the great Fantaisie in F minor. And it is in the description of this masterpiece that Bennett, or Carlotta, falls headlong into the morass of words, words! This, for instance:

> —And now it is like the roll of an army marching slowly through its terrific defiles, and now it is like the quiet song of royal wanderers meditating in vast garden landscapes, with mossy masonry and long pools and cypresses and a sapphire star shining in the purple sky on the shoulder of a cypress; and now it is like the cry of a lost traveller who, plunging heavily through a virgin forest, comes

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suddenly upon a green circular sward, smooth as a carpet, with an antique statue of a beautiful nude girl in the midst; and now it is like the oratory of richly gowned philosophers, awaiting death in gorgeous and gloomy palaces; and now it is like the upward rush of winged things that are determined to achieve, knowing well that the ecstasy of longing is better than the assuaging of desire.

Nordau could have found additional data for his *Degeneration* there. One—many—may find in the F minor Fantaisie that the ecstasy of longing surpasses the ecstasy of satiated desire—that is a universal truth. But no more than one person will be likely to find in it "the cry of a lost traveller, who, plunging heavily through a virgin forest, comes suddenly upon a green circular sward, smooth as a carpet, with an antique statue of a beautiful nude girl in the midst." To Diaz Carlotta told her esoteric interpretation of the Fantaisie. He replied that it was interesting, but that to him the Fantaisie, in the sense she wished to convey, meant nothing. In another sense, everything. "You can attach any ideas you please to music," said Diaz, "but music rejects them all equally." This is wisdom.

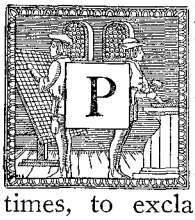
Any brief review of Chopin as dealt with, lightly or heavily by the novelists, would be incomplete if James Huneker's *Melomaniacs* were not mentioned. Huneker roams through Chopin and the other masters in his stories like a raging mammoth through a primeval forest. That is to say, the handling of his musical background presents no difficulties to him. From The Red-headed Piano Player at Coney Island, who played bits of Chopin's Military Polonaise, the étude in C minor, the B flat minor Prelude, "with its dark, rich, rushing cascade of scales, its grim iteration and ceaseless questioning," the Marche Funèbre, and the presto of the B flat minor Sonata, to *Avatar,* where Daniel, son of Daniel Dubois, one-time servant of the divine Pole, played in the dawn the F minor Ballade—there is a description of music for one!—Huneker toys with the études and preludes and the ballades and the sonatas as nonchalantly as a superlative juggler with his balls.

This is the briefest of surveys over a large field. Chopin in novels is nothing to Chopin in the short stories. Du Maurier phrased the essence of the craze, "a drawing-room ecstasy to last forever!"

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

XI—Strange Stories of the Court of Claims



RIVATE claims against the United States form a large proportion of the constituential tacks placed on the seats of Members of Congress, tormenting them, at times, to exclaim that the honour of representing the people is a questionable one. Every once in a while, some goaded Member rises in his seat and calls on his fellow-members to shake off the shackles of claim slavery by making it more difficult for citizens to present their claims to Congress, or other branches of the Government, where much valuable time is consumed in passing on worthless or fraudulent claims. But the votes of the claimants are louder than the voices of the exasperated Members, and the fascinating, hope-everlasting game of filing claims against the Government of the United States goes merrily on—at least merrily on the part of the claimants.

From his seat in the United States Senate, January 12, 1869, Charles Sumner said: "From the beginning of our national life Congress has been called to

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deal with claims for losses by war. Even amid the struggles of the war, as early as 1779, $19,040 was allowed the Reverend Dr. Witherspoon for repairs of the college at Princeton, damaged by the troops. There was afterward a similar allowance to the college in Rhode Island. These latter were recommended by Mr. Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, as *affecting the interests of literature.* On this account they were treated as exceptional." Hamilton's decision established a precedent in making the Government deal generously with religious or educational institutions against it for damages. Congress is still taking up such cases resulting from the Civil War, and many of these are passed on favourably by the claims committee, while others are sent to the Court of Claims to be settled, or to be referred back to Congress with report of findings of the Court. The Court of Claims was established February 24, 1855, and proved a relief to both the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government. While it admits of appeal to the United States Supreme Court, except in cases where Congress calls on it merely for a report back to it, Congress feels it has done its duty when the claims are sent to this Court. As there is a law prohibiting Members of either House practising before the Court of Claims, they are in a measure protected against unreasonable demands from their claimant constituents.

That the Court of Claims was from the beginning associated with Congress may be inferred by the original provision for its accommodation in the Capitol. For years it met in a hall beneath the old Library of Congress, and then it was obliged to evacuate because, in the judgment of the Speaker of the House—upon whom the law conferred the duty of providing rooms for it at the Capitol unless such rooms could not be appropriated without interfering with the business of Congress—the space it occupied was needed for the growing legislative business. Though it has been in existence over half a century and has had to pass on thousands of bulky cases, the Court of Claims has been shifted from one rented building to another, and is yet without a home commensurate with its dignity. But it has been promised important consideration in the plans now formulated for a grand building for the Department of Justice, and when that event takes place some sad-eyed claimants aver that they hope their cases will at least get a "dusting" in transferring from old files to new.

THE FRENCH SPOLIATION CLAIMS

The French Spoliation Claims rank as the oldest and at the same time largest claims thrown into the Court of Claims by Congress, and though our Government has been trying to divide the damages received from France by the treaty of 1836 since that date, Congress still passes on claims which read like this—French Spoliation, Brigantine *Nancy,* John Moulton, master; or French Spoliation, Schooner *Three Josephs,* William West, master; or French Spoliation, Pilot Boat *Zephyr,* Edward Hansford, master. Sometimes the claims are settled by Congress without much ado; but there have been some stormy scenes over others, and the heirs of masters of brigs, schooners, brigantines, sloops, pilot boats, ships and vessels have had cause to liken the passage of bills for their relief to stormy passages made by their ancestors' crafts even before that era when the French swooped on these carriers of commerce and plundered or destroyed them. These depredations were committed during the reign of the Directory, the First Consul, and the Empire, and the United States, through her various ministers, had long been endeavouring to make France pay the claim of American citizens, but without any degree of faint interest on the part of the French until the Revolution of 1830, when Mr. Rives, American Minister to France, thought the hour for settlement propitious. The French listened to his claim, but made a counter-claim of the non-fulfilment of the Treaty of 1778, which Congress was compelled to declare void, by act passed July 6, 1798. Mr. Rives showed how this treaty was violated so that no claim could be made on its account, and finally succeeded in negotiating for a treaty which would close the famous case, so far as France was concerned. By it, the French Govern-

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ment agreed to pay the United States, in "complete satisfaction of all claims of American citizens for spoliations," nearly five millions of dollars, in six annual instalments; three hundred thousand dollars to be allowed to France by America for French citizens for claims for "ancient supplies, accounts or other claims." Though the United States Senate ratified the treaty, the French Chamber of Deputies refused to vote an appropriation, and it was not until six years after Mr. Rives's initial demand that the claims were finally acknowledged.

THE CASE OF BEAUMARCHAIS

Among the claims of French citizens for "ancient supplies" was that of Beaumarchais, who began life under the name of Pierre Augustine Caron, son of a watch-maker, but whose musical talents were made known at court and secured for him the position of teacher of the harp to the daughters of Louis XV. He married the young widow of a government official, and on her death purchased with some of her wealth the commission as secretary to the king, with it the noble rank and name of Beaumarchais. He wrote dramas with one hand and engaged in speculation with the other, as it were, and soon acquired a splendid reputation and a fortune which drew to him another widow of wealth, whom he married. When he was about forty years of age, he won by his oratorical powers a seven years' suit against the heirs of one of his wealthy customers, and this brought him fame, to which was added the success of his play *The Barber of Seville*. About 1775, he brought to the attention of the French monarch the necessity of giving secret assistance to the English-American colonies; and so well did he urge his suit that he was sent to England to confer with Arthur Lee regarding the sending of supplies and military stores to America. As the open enmity of England was not courted by France, it was decided to have the transaction assume a purely commercial aspect by sending the goods under the fictitious name of Rodrique Hortales and Company, by way of West Indies; the value of same, two hundred thousand dollars, to be paid for in tobacco and other American products.

Silas Deane was sent to France as the diplomatic and commercial agent of Congress and negotiated, in the guise of a private merchant, with Beaumarchais for the supplies. When Thomas Paine, Secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in January, 1779, made use of public documents in his possession to prove that Beaumarchais was really an agent of the French Government, he precipitated trouble in the French camp, and so loudly did the French Minister, Gerard, complain that his government was accused of duplicity, that, in order to assuage the ire of our allies, Congress decidedly denied that the French Government had given any substantial aid to the United Colonies; claiming that its agent had negotiated with Beaumarchais as a private merchant. This gave Beaumarchais his claim against the United States Government and cost Tom Paine his secretaryship. Poor Deane was driven into exile and poverty by his political enemies, and more than fifty years after his death his heirs collected his claim from Congress. Beaumarchais, who had amassed several fortunes, and acquired no small fame as a dramatist, died in comparative poverty, with his suit against the United States still unsettled. About 1835, after fifty years of litigation, his heirs secured from the United States about two hundred thousand dollars, the amount of the principle invested by their intriguing ancestor.

TALES OF THE SEAS

One of the most interesting volumes in the State Department Library is a book about seven by ten inches, and of bulky appearance by reason of its pages, which fold five times before they can be closed. It is entitled *Letter from the Secretary of State Transmitting a Schedule of the Claims of American Citizens, for Spoliations by France and other European Nations, since the year 1805.* It was printed in 1827 by Gales and Seaton, who received considerable sums from the Government in the palmy days of the political printer, before the Government Printery was established. The Secretary of State who made this bulky report was none other than Henry Clay, and as he held office in the days when clerical forces were small and secretaries were few and far between, we may as-

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sume that he worked hard over the compilation of this report, which is not all dry reading, but furnishes outlines for many a gallant tale of the sea. How well many a sea-struck lad would love to turn the thick paper, deep black printed pages of this book, in some snug corner where he would be free to build up story after story on the material furnished:

"The ship *Junita,* Joshua Mezick, master, entered the river Elbe on the 5th of December, 1807. On the 7th, a pilot with a guard of French marines, came on board from Cuxhaven, immediately took charge of the ship, her papers and her letter bag, cut the hawser, and ran the ship into Cuxhaven, where two French douaniers came on board, who declared the ship and cargo were confiscated, and ordered the ship to Hamburg, where she arrived on the 13th of the same month. On the 14th, the French ordered Captain Mezick out of the ship. On the 19th, a French officer came on board with labourers, broke open hatches, and commenced discharging the cargo, which they completed on the 27th. On the 28th Captain Mezick and his crew were examined by the Director of the Douaniers, who then told Captain Mezick he had nothing more against the ship, but that she was still under sequestration, like the rest of the American ships. The ship sailed from Baltimore on the 7th of October, 1807, laden with sugar, coffee, tea, tobacco, tobacco stems and fustic, bound for Tonnigen. Cargo condemned January, 1808, by a special decree of the Emperor of France. Ship released November 18, 1808."

The brig *Pallas* sailed blithely out of Baltimore port on December 12, 1811, bound with a cargo of flour for Cadiz. On the 31st of January following, she was captured by three French privateers, who carried her into the port of St. Lucar, where she arrived at 5 o'clock. The crew was landed, and marched as prisoners under a French guard of soldiers to the old castle, while the French army proceeded to seize the cargo, saying that they would hold its value at the disposal of the captors, or to whomever it belonged by right of seizure!

And there was the schooner *Reward,* having on board fifteen bales of cotton sailing from Boston to La Rochelle. She had many ventures on the way—first seized by a British cruiser, then recaptured by a French privateer and carried to one of the French ports, where her cotton was sold under a decree of the Emperor Napoleon, and the proceeds of the sale placed in the *caisse d'amortissement.*

The list of spoliation claims is so long, and the character of the crafts so varied, that we are surprised that we ever had such a fleet of merchant vessels; for we have been accustomed to hear that our merchant marine was, and still is, very insignificant. Looking over these old claims, we are also doubtful of the ability of our early mariners to take care of themselves and cargoes when far from home; for it would seem that in certain periods of our history not a craft could poke its nose out of the home port without meeting with the spoilers. A cursory glance at these stacks of old spoliation claims will likewise serve to make one understand why, every now and then, one runs across somebody who tells with an air of importance that he, or she, expects a small fortune when his, or her, spoliation claim is settled. Nine times out of ten, it is a French Spoliation Claim, but there are also thousands of such claims against other countries—but a French Spoliation Claim is one of the "surest kind." These claims have not only yielded small fortunes to the heirs of the original owners of the vessels, but vast fortunes to claim agents at Washington and elsewhere. Many such agents were ex-Members of Congress, and they knew how to handle these cases with dispatch, and profit to their erst-campaign flattened pocketbooks. No less a person than George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who distinguished himself as Secretary of the Treasury in Grant's first administration, handled hundreds of these claims when they reached the Court of Claims. He had modest offices in a building within three minutes' walk of the Court of Claims, in sight of the granite building where he reigned as Secretary of the Treasury, and his tall, bent figure, sometimes protected from inclement weather by a "gentleman's shawl," was one of the familiar sights in the neighbourhood of the Court during the eighties.

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ALABAMA CLAIMS

The French, who dearly love "an affair of honour" in the form of a duel, were more than thrilled when in the middle of June, 1864, Captain R. Semmes, commanding the Confederate cruiser, *The Alabama,* sent a written challenge to combat to Captain John A. Winslow of the Federal ironclad *Kearsarge,* off Cherbourg, in the vicinity of which town the rival vessels were cruising. Some would-be arbitrators tried to prevent the duel; pointing out to the Southron, so confident of victory, that to imperil his ship, the pride of the Confederate navy, "the terror of American commerce, well-armed, well-manned and well-handled," was a needless act, savouring of braggadocio, not bravery. To which Captain Semmes is said to have replied:

"By this duel, I will prove to the world that my ship is not a privateer, whose mission is merely to attack merchant vessels, but a true man-o'-war, which will fight to the last, and go down, if need be, with colours flying!"

The Federal captain, declaring that he had sailed to Cherbourg, from the coast of Holland, with no other intention than to fight the *Alabama,* thus accepted the challenge; and on Sunday, June 19th, about ten minutes to eleven, when about six miles from the French coast, the *Alabama* fired its battery on the fast-approaching *Kearsarge,* tearing away part of its rigging. The hot and incessant fight was fought in the presence of more than fifteen thousand spectators, swarming the heights of Cherbourg, the breakwater, and the ships in neutral waters; for the affair had been advertised to the extent that special excursion trains were run to the seaport off which the duel was held. In less than an hour the intrepid *Alabama* was wrecked and began to settle at the stern; though firing was kept up on the part of some of the men who, at a banquet held the night before, had declared that they would never surrender; they had drained their glasses to the downfall of the *Kearsarge,* and they intended to drain Life's glass to the dregs rather than choke on their toast before the enemy. It was their conduct which amazed Captain Winslow, when the *Alabama's* flag was hauled down by order of Captain Semmes, whereupon firing had ceased from the *Kearsarge,* but was resumed with such effect that the white flag unmistakably fluttered a pleading from the stern of the *Alabama* and its ensign was placed at half-mast, union down.

This duel consumed about an hour. Though vanquished, Captain Semmes was believed to have established the status of his ship, and to have forever cleared any doubts that might arise as to whether it was controlled by Great Britain or by the Confederate States of America; an assumption based on the ground that it, with other Confederate cruisers—notably the *Georgia,* the *Florida,* and the *Shenandoah*—were built and equipped in English ports. But the United States Government did not consider that this duel settled its charge against Great Britain; that it had violated its avowed neutral position, and should, therefore, pay damages to the United States for its "direct losses in the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels, with their cargoes, and in the heavy national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers; and indirect injury in the transfer of a large part of the American commercial marine to the British flag; in the enhanced payment of insurance; in the prolongation of the war; and in the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion."

The discussion opened by Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to Great Britain during the war, was continued after the Union proved victorious. In 1866, the United States offered to submit the question to arbitration, but the case dragged along until 1871, when both countries agreed to a joint commission to settle the dispute. This commission, composed of five high commissioners from each of the nations in dispute, met at Washington in the winter and spring of 1871, and in May drew up a treaty providing for arbitration of the *"Alabama* Claims," to be settled by five persons appointed by the President of the United States, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Italy, the President of Switzerland and the Emperor of Brazil. These rulers, in turn, named their arbitrators, and the tribunal met at Geneva, December 15, 1871. When a final de-

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cision was rendered, the United States was allowed damages only on direct losses caused by the *Alabama* and the *Florida,* with their tenders, and by the *Shenandoah* on part of her cruise; and on September 14, 1872, "awarded the United States a sum of $15,500,000 in gold as the indemnity to be paid by Great Britain to the United States as the satisfaction of all the claims referred to the consideration of the tribunal."

When Great Britain accepted the decision, it did not tarry—as international debts usually run—but settled the claim within a year. Then the American claimants and their claim attorneys got busy and the Court of Claims was flooded with the cases of hundreds, later thousands, who claimed a share of the indemnity resulting from the depredations of the *Alabama* and sister ships fitted out in British ports with the secret understanding that they were to cripple, if not destroy, the commerce of the United States.

Another interesting class of claims under the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims, and resulting from our war with another nation, is the Guadalupe Hidalgo claims, named for the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico, February 2, 1848; by which the southwestern boundary of Texas was fixed at the Rio Grande, as we claimed, and New Mexico and California were ceded to us; we to assume the payment of claims of United States citizens against Mexico, amounting to $3,250,000. As many of these land claims date back to the treaty of Santa Anna with "Independent Texas"—which was not ratified by Mexico until after the Republic of Texas was recognised by the United States, Great Britain, France and Belgium, in the late thirties—they are full of interesting tales of early settlers, and furnish a wealth of unusual data to the historical student who delights in reading romance under the dust of legal documents.

CLAIMS OF THE REVOLUTION

When the Court of Claims was established it gave heart of hope to many claimants whose claims before Congress or other branches of the Government had been rejected or shelved indefinitely. Among such were many claims of "the officers of the Revolutionary Army for half-pay promised them by the Act of October 21, 1780." Time and again did the heirs of these patriots present their claims before Congress; but it seemed as unwilling to pay up as was the Continental Congress unable to do so. It was contended by the lawmakers that all rights were suspended by the judiciary act of 1789. But it was undoubtedly restored when the Court of Claims was established. The case which established a precedent was that of Dr. Baird *vs.* The United States. He claimed half-pay for life, under the Act of October 21, 1780; in addition to his commutation of five years' full pay, which was allowed by special act of Congress. The Court, by Chief Justice Gilchrist, decided that the petitioner was entitled to all that, and that the acceptance of a less sum than that allowed by the original contract was not a discharge of the old debt for a larger amount than Congress granted.

CLAMORGAN'S GRANT

So thoroughly does the Court of Claims make investigations that it is not unusual for a Member of Congress to plead that some meritorious claim be sent there, rather than be subjected to long and tedious legislation in Congress, for, it is the rule for Congress to abide by the decision of that Court when it reports cases back. Representatives from Missouri have more than once made the effort to get into that Court the famous Clamorgan land claim, which has been a subject for Congressional controversy for about a century. It is an interesting story of how one Jacques Clamorgan, an officer of the Spanish Navy, received a large grant of land in the Louisiana Territory, in lieu of cash, for his services to Spain. When Spain ceded the territory to France, and when that country ceded it, in turn, to the United States, it is claimed that Clamorgan still retained right to these lands, which are situated in what is now Missouri and Arkansas. Clamorgan, who was a Scotchman, and somewhat of a sailor of fortune, died in 1814, in St. Louis, Missouri, leaving his property, by will, to his four "natural children—St. Eutrope, Apoline, Cyprian and Maximin." Our Federal Government had made use of one of the old Spanish laws in the settlement of the land claims in the Louisiana Territory from about 1804 until 1818, when it enacted

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a statute of limitation. This gave rise to land grabbing that has never been equalled in the history of land grabs; for which this country with all its virginity is notorious. So many steals were made that honest owners arose and demanded relief from Congress. In 1824, Congress passed an act giving these claimants the right to establish their ownership, their right to possession, in the courts, but after a tumultuous night session, at midnight a rider was put on that bill which "barred Clamorgan and his heirs forever from establishing their rights in the courts!" Honourable Richard Bartholdt, Representative from Missouri, stated before the Committee of Private Land Claims, June 2, 1910, that this was done through the efforts of interested parties in St. Louis—where some of the disputed property is situated—who came to Washington and lobbied to have that rider put on the relief bill in order to save their land from litigation. Representative Bartholdt was labouring to have that rider removed so that Clamorgan's true heirs could go into court. Some of the legal lights who have sought to end this case declare that it is one against the United States not the State of Missouri, or her citizens, for the error was originally "permitted to occur by the Federal Government, and if the Court of Claims should find a verdict in favour of these people, then it is up to the Government to make proper compensation." As there are no less than a score of big claims in the name of Jacques Clamorgan filed in Washington, the United States will have to hand out many millions of dollars if it ever recognises the rights of Jacques Clamorgan, who—to quote Mr. Rhodes, when Representative from Missouri—"was truly a pioneer, a pathfinder to a higher civilisation."

LOVE'S COTTON CROP

In the spring of 1864, Hiram Love, of Iowa, trusting to make some honest money down in "the enemies' country," leased from William P. Mellen, supervising special agent of the Treasury Department, eighty acres of "abandoned land" in Desha County, Arkansas, agreeing to pay rental at the rate of one cent per pound for all cotton raised thereon, and to employ freedmen as labourers. Love, happy in the belief that he was backed by the Government agents and could secure cheap negro labour, while at the same time he was giving the poor black men the first real coins they ever earned, planted his cotton, and just as it promised a splendid crop, along came fifteen thousand blue-coated men, under command of Brigadier-General E. S. Dennis, who, declaring that he had examined all other land in that vicinity and found none so suitable for encampment, must take the cotton plantation for military purposes. The crop was destroyed by the troops, and soon after the close of the war the owner brought his claim before Congress and the Court. It was rejected on the ground that the cotton field was occupied during a campaign; that the incidents of a campaign are covered by the same principles as battlefields; that the Government is not responsible for property destroyed in battle; at which time it is about its *lawful business,* and destruction of property is the necessary consequence of a lawful act on the part of the Government in defence of its citizens. While tendering a sort of sympathy to the loyal citizen who settled down in Arkansas, he was reminded that at that time Arkansas was in insurrection against the United States, and he settled therein at his own risk; he went there to make immense profits, knowing that his crops might be destroyed by either contending army—and he lost.

FINE DISTINCTIONS

There are some fine distinctions cited in claims for subsistence and stores furnished to the United States Army during the Civil War, and it has been hard for the average claimant to see any justice in some of the decisions; comparing some of them to the humorous decision that "a door is not a door when it is ajar." For instance, the destruction of, or damage to, buildings was often necessary because they sheltered the enemy, or obstructed the range of the guns, and the United States is not liable to damages for same. But, if the buildings were torn down and the material taken to erect other buildings for Government purposes, such material is considered under the head of *supplies,* and their value, *as materials for the purpose for which they are used,* must be paid to the owner. On the same principle, where crops and

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grass are trampled down and destroyed by the onward march of an army, or in battle, the Government is not liable; but if the crops and grass are used for forage and pasture for army use, such must be paid for by the Government, upon proper presentation of the proof. It may be judged that there has been no end of difficulty in determining how much of certain property of this sort has been unavoidably destroyed and how much has been utilised.

Not a few imaginative persons, remembering how General Andrew Jackson utilised bales of cotton to strengthen his fortifications at the battle of New Orleans, claimed that their cotton had done similar service for the United States in the Civil War. The Government admitted that cotton had been used thus, but only in emergencies, and in such great haste that the quartermaster could make no note of it, and it was classed as "loss by the casualty of war." But when cotton was taken for beds, and other hospital uses, it was paid for as "hospital stores." Cotton was the enemies' property, as a rule, and its confiscation was justified in any and every instance by the fact that it was the chief reliance of the Confederates with which to purchase munitions of war in Europe; and, at the same time, the Confederate troops, in order to prevent it getting into the hands of the Union troops, destroyed it in every instance where that danger existed. Immediately before the capture of New Orleans, they destroyed eighty millions of dollars worth of cotton with the same feeling they would have destroyed their arms, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of their enemies.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA

Numerous claims for tobacco taken and used by the Union soldiers were made, but, excepting in one instance, were rejected on the ground that tobacco was not an army supply. The exception was when, after the capture of Atlanta, in September, 1864, General Sherman, finding that his army was short of rations and subject to many privations, "in order to make them as contented as possible" and to compensate them for their usual rations, on the 8th of September issued an order authorising the Chief Commissary of Subsistence to take possession of all the tobacco in and around Atlanta, and to issue certificates to the owners, to be accounted for in accordance with the order. Precedent for the payment of these claims was established in the allowance, by the Secretary of War, of the claim of George F. Stubblefield, a loyal citizen, "for tobacco taken by the order of General Sherman, and issued to the troops in lieu of other rations." Dozens of similar claims were rejected because the claimants could not establish ardent loyalty to the Union cause, even though they furnished proof that their tobacco helped stimulate Sherman's troops to victory, and also furnished them with some of the energy with which they chased General Hood down into Alabama.

It is doubtful if General Sherman ever heard the end of claims based on his triumphal march to the sea, and sometimes he grew more than testy over appeals made to him for testimony in same. For instance, when appealed to regarding alleged damages by his troops, upon the evacuation of Atlanta, to St. Luke's Church, he replied:

"I have not the least doubt this paper contains a fair and truthful account of the loss to this Church in Atlanta. But instead of appealing to the Congress of the United States for indemnification, I advise the pastor of the church to appeal to the charitable members of the Episcopal Church for aid to rebuild their church and parsonage."

Our new possessions have yielded us a big crop of claims which seem to form a cable from the Philippine Islands to San Domingo, with the claim of Liliuokalana, former Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, which is now eighteen years old, looming above all others. The bill introduced in Congress for her relief calls for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for settlement of her claim for crown lands. Her many journeys to the National Capitol have made her almost a national figure, and those who have met her personally have expressed the hope that if Congress does not soon reward her, it will at least honour her claim to the extent of putting it in the hands of the Court of Claims.

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BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

I—Arnold Bennett

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a special study of authors just coming into prominence, the Bookman *begins with this issue a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical articles about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.*

I. Published Volumes, with Reviews

Journalism for Women. A Practical Guide. London and New York: John Lane, 1898. Reviewed, Academy 53, 518; Critic 33, 291.

A Man from the North. London and New York: John Lane, 1898. Reviewed, Academy 53, 348; Athenæum 98, 1, 370; Bookman '07, 355.

Polite Farces for the Drawing Room. London: Lambey, 1899.

The Grand Babylon Hotel. London: Chatto, 1902. Reviewed, Academy 62, 54; Athenæum '02, 1, 332; Spectator 88, 146.

Anna of the Five Towns. London: Chatto, 1902; New York: McClure, Phillips, 1903. Reviewed, Academy 63, 256; *ib.* 287; Athenæum '02, 2, 446; Critic 42, 563; Spectator 89, 407.

The Gates of Wrath. A Melodrama. London: Chatto, 1903. Reviewed, Academy 64, 106; *ib.* 129; Athenæum '03, 1, 269.

How to Become an Author. London: Pearson, 1903.

Leonora. London: Chatto, 1903. Reviewed, Academy 65, 508; Athenæum '03, 2, 578; Spectator 91, 873.

A Great Man. London: Chatto, 1904. Reviewed, Academy 66, 656; Athenæum '04, 1, 717; Spectator 93, 58.

Ballads of the Briny and Other Verses. London: Gay & R., 1904.

Teresa of Watling Street. London: Chatto, 1904. Reviewed, Athenæum '04, 2, 586.

Tales of the Five Towns. London: Chatto, 1905. Reviewed, Academy 68, 83; Athenæum '05, 1, 174; Spectator 94, 221.

Loot of Cities. London: Alston Rivers, 1905. Reviewed, Academy 69, 1009.

Sacred and Profane Love. London: Chatto, 1905. Reviewed, Academy 69, 1032; Athenæum '05, 2, 539.

Hugo, a Fantasia on Modern Themes. London: Chatto, 1906; New York: Buckles, 1906. Reviewed, Academy 70, 92; Athenæum '06, 1, 131; Nation 84, 61; New York Times 12, 11; Spectator 96, 152.

Whom God Hath Joined. London: Nutt, 1906. Reviewed, Athenæum '06, 2, 731.

The Ghost. A Fantasia, etc. London: Chatto, 1907. Reviewed, Academy 72, 143; Bookman (London) 32, 214; New York Times 12, 378; Sat. Rev. 103, 274.

The Reasonable Life. Essays. London: Fifield, 1907. New York: Doran, 1910.

The Grim Smile of the Five Towns. Short Stories. London: Chapman, 1907. Reviewed, Academy 73, 731; Bookman (London) 32, 178; Spectator 99, 169.

The City of Pleasure. A Fantasia, etc. London: Chatto, 1907. Reviewed, Academy 73, 42; Athenæum '07, 2, 579.

Buried Alive. London: Chapman, 1908; New York: Brentano's, 1910. Reviewed, Academy 75, 19; Bookman 31, 642; Nation 91, 365; Spectator 101, 25.

How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. London: New Age Press, 1908; New York: Doran, 1910.

The Old Wives' Tale. London: Chapman, 1908; New York: Doran, 1909. Reviewed, Nation (London) 5, 314; Nation (N. Y.) 89, 356; Independent 67, 547; Spectator 101, 950.

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The Human Machine. London: New Age Press, 1908; New York: Doran, 1910.

Cupid and Commonsense. London: New Age Press, 1909.

Literary Taste and How to Form It. London: New Age Press, 1909; New York: Doran, 1910.

The Glimpse. London: Chapman, 1909; New York: Appleton, 1909. Reviewed, Athenæum '09, 2, 1522; Nation (London) 6, 133; Spectator 103, 851.

Helen with the High Hand. London: Chapman, 1910; New York: Doran, 1910. Reviewed, Athenæum '10, 1, 455; Dial 49, 382; Nation 91, 472; Sat. Rev. 109, 469; Spectator 104, 548.

What the Public Wants. A Play in Four Acts. London: F. Palmer, 1910; New York: Doran, 1910. Reviewed, Athenæum '09, 1, 683.

Clayhanger. London: Methuen, 1910. New York: Dutton, 1910. Reviewed, Athenæum '10, 2, 453; Bookman (London) 39, 45; Bookman (N. Y.) 32, 434; Cur. Lit. 50, 107; Dial 49, 381; Indep. 69, 928; Nation (London) 7, 920; Nation (N. Y.) 91, 472; New York Times 15, 599; Nth. Amer. Rev. 192, 849; Outlook 96, 668; Rev. of Rev. 43, 117; Sat. Rev. 110, 554; Spectator 105, 654.

Fame and Fiction: An Inquiry into Certain Reputations. London: Grant Richards, 1910.

The Card. London: Methuen, 1911; New York (under title, *Denry the Audacious*): Dutton, 1911. Reviewed, Indep. 70, 619; Spectator 106, 451.

Hilda Lessways. London: Methuen, 1911; New York: Dutton, 1911. In collaboration with Eden Phillpotts.

Sinews of War. London: Werner Laurie, 1906. Reviewed, Academy 71, 503; Athenæum '06, 2, 687.

The Statue. London: Cassell, 1908; New York: Moffat, Yard, 1908. Reviewed, Athenæum '08, 1, 476.

II. APPRECIATIONS, ETC.

Beerbohm, Max, Article based on *What the Public Wants.* Sat Rev. 107, 591.

Bettany, F. C., "Arnold Bennett: An Appreciation." Bookman (London) 39, 265. Same article, Liv. Age, 369, 131.

Bookman, "Arnold Bennett" (Chronicle) 32, 3-4.

Church Quarterly, "Democracy in English Fiction," April, 1911; Liv. Age, 269, 7.

Current Literature, "Arnold Bennett, the Novelist of the Five Towns," 50, 553.

Current Literature, "Bennett on the Art of Living," 51, 59.

Dawson, Corningsby W., "Arnold Bennett, the British Balzac," Book News Monthly, 29, 567.

Harris, G. W., "Arnold Bennett, a New Master in English Fiction," Rev. of Rev., 43, 506.

Howells, W. D., "Speaking of Mr. Bennett," Harper's 122, 633.

Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, Article based on *The Old Wives' Tale,* British Weekly, 1908.

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Published by the Author:

A Legend of the Rose and Other Poems. By Leyland Huckfield.

Poems. By John F. Gontrum.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Paracelsus of Robert Browning. By Christina Pollock Denison.

Songs of Courage and Other Poems. By Bertha F. Gordon.

The Book of Scottish Poetry: Being an Anthology of the Best Scottish Verse from the Earliest Times to the Present. Chosen and Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart.

Summer of Love. By Joyce Kilmer.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Gospel Parables in Verse. By Rev. Christopher Smith.

A Harp of the Heart. By Charles Coke Woods.

Hildegarde and Other Lyrics. By Margaret Holmes Bates.

The Century Company:

The Lyrics of Eliza. Interpreted by D. K. Stevens.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Tobogganing on Parnassus. By Franklin P. Adams.

Duffield and Company:

Trobador Poets: Selections from the Poems of Eight Trobadors. Translated from the Provençal, with Introduction and Notes, by Barbara Smythe.

Forbes and Company:

To Mother. By Marjorie Benton Cooke.

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John Lane Company:

The Inn of Dreams. By Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas).

The Macmillan Company:

Poems by Madison Cawein.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Poems of Revolt and Satan Unbound. By G. Constant Lounsbery.

The Redbrook Company:

The Midnight Mummer and Other Poems. By Thornwell Jacobs.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Poems of Henry Van Dyke.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

Broadway Publishing Company:

Who? Whence? Where? A Philosophical Essay. By Pedro Batista, M.D.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Maeterlinck's Symbolism: The Blue Bird and Other Essays. By Henry Rose.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Mary Stuart (Mary, Queen of Scots). An Essay. By Una Birch.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

From the Heights. By John Wesley Carter.

The Macmillan Company:

Old Lamps for New. By E. V. Lucas.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Abraham Lincoln, a Lover of Mankind. An Essay. By Eliot Norton.

Genius and Other Essays. By Edmund Clarence Stedman.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Volume VII. (Cavalier and Puritan). Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., and A. R. Waller, M.A.

Sherman, French and Company:

Love and Letters. By Frederic Rowland Marvin.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

The Bohemian Club:

The Green Knight: A Vision. The Ninth Grove Play of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco as Produced by the Author and Performed by Members of the Club in the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma County, Cal., on the Occasion of the Club's Thirty-fourth Annual Midsummer Jinks, the Twelfth Night of August, 1911. By Porter Garnett. Music by Edward G. Stricklen.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

The Dusk of the Gods (Götterdämmerung). A Dramatic Poem by Richard Wagner. Freely Translated in Poetic Narrative Form by Oliver Huckel.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Stories of Shakespeare's Tragedies. By H. A. Guerber.

Mona: An Opera in Three Acts. By Brian Hooker.

Duffield and Company:

Lady Patricia: A Comedy in Three Acts. By Rudolf Bésier.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Arts and Crafts of Our Teutonic Forefathers: Being the Substance of the Rhind Lectures for 1909. By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

City Views and Visions. By William Griffith.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Classic Point of View. Six Lectures on Painting, Delivered on the Scammon Foundation at the Art Institute of Chicago in the Year 1911. By Kenyon Cox.

Art in France. By Louis Hourticq.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

D. Appleton and Company:

As I Remember: Recollections of American Society during the Nineteenth Century. By Marian Gouverneur.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Reminiscences of General Basil W. Duke, C.S.A.

Duffield and Company:

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. New Edition with a Chapter on the Present (1911).

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

Chundra Lela: The Story of a Hindu Devotee and Christian Missionary. By Rev. Z. F. Griffin.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Life of Bret Harte, with Some Account of the California Pioneers. By Henry Childs Merwin.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Napoleon and His Coronation. By Frédéric Masson. Translated by Frederic Cobb.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Brownings: Their Life and Art. By Lilian Whiting.

Memories of the White House: The Home Life of Our Presidents from Lincoln to Roosevelt. Being Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook. Compiled and Edited by Henry Rood.

Some Aspects of Thackeray. By Lewis Melville.

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The Pilgrim Press:
Through the Mill: The Life of a Mill-Boy. By Al Priddy

James Pott and Company:
Some Eccentrics and a Woman. By Lewis Melville.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Robert Louis Stevenson. By Isobel Strong.

The John C. Winston Company:
The Story Life of Washington: A Life-History in Five Hundred True Stories, Selected from Original Sources and Fitted Together in Order. By Wayne Whipple. (2 volumes.)

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, POLITICS

P. Anstadt and Sons:
The Pew to the Pulpit, or Letters from Laymen.

D. Appleton and Company:
City Government by Commission. Edited by Clinton Rogers Woodruff.

Richard G. Badger:
The Sense and Nonsense of Christian Science. By Leon C. Prince.

Broadway Publishing Company:
Heaven on Earth: A Work Dealing with the New Thought. By Loulia Jackson.
The Evolution of Beliefs. By J. W. Gordon.
Down Hill and Up Hill. By Rev. J. G. Anderson.

Columbia University: Teachers College:
The Modern Man's Religion. By Charles Reynolds Brown.

Cupples and Leon:
Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter. By William C. Hudson.

Funk and Wagnalls:
The Teacher's Practical Philosophy: A Treatise of Education as a Species of Conduct. By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D.
Reason and Sentiment: An Address Delivered in the Aula of the University of Berne, March 3, 1910. By Dr. Paul Dubois. Authorised Translation by Edward G. Richards.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:
What of the Church? By J. Sherman Wallace, M.A., B.D.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Why We May Believe in Life After Death. By Charles Edward Jefferson.

John Lane Company:
American Socialism of the Present Day. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph. D. With Introduction by John Spargo.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
The Superstition Called Socialism. By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B.Sc.

Little, Brown and Company:
Scientific Mental Healing. By H. Addington Bruce.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Some Problems of Philosophy: A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy. By William James.

The Open Court Publishing Company:
The Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism. By Franz Cumont.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
The New Italy: A Discussion of Its Present Political and Social Conditions. Translated from "La Terza Italia: Lettere Di Un Yankee" of Federico Garlanda.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Ideal of Jesus. By William Newton Clarke.

Sherman, French and Company:
The Stunted Saplings. By John Carleton Sherman.
Does Prayer Avail? By William W. Kinsley.
The Religion of Joy: God-Consciousness, or the Religion of Joy with God. By Ethel Blackwell Robinson, S.B., M.D.

Sibley and Company:
Introduction to Bible Study: The Old Testament. By F. V. N. Painter, D.D., Litt.D.

Sigma Publishing Company:
The Biocosmos: The Processes of Life Psychologically Ordered. By Denton J. Snider.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Broadway Publishing Company:
Eight Lands in Eight Weeks: A Package of Diary Letters to Beloved Stay-at-Homes from Marcia Penfield Snyder.
Eliza and Etheldreda in Mexico: Notes of Travel. By Patty Guthrie.

The Christian Press Association:
History of Pope Boniface VIII. and His Times, with Notes and Documentary Evidence. In Six Books. By Don Louis Tosti. Translated from the Italian by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Eugene J. Donnelly, V.F.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
Life in the Moslem East. By Pierre Ponafidine. Translated from the Russian by Emma Cochran Ponafidine.
A Search for the Apex of America: High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia, including the Conquest of Huascáran; with Some Observations on the Country and People Below. By Annie S. Peck, M.A.
Honeymooning in Russia. By Ruth Kedzie Wood.

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George H. Doran Company:

Around the Black Sea: Asia Minor, Armenia Caucasus, Circassia, Daghestan, The Crimea, Roumania. By William Eleroy Curtis.

Duffield and Company:

In the Heel of Italy: A Study of an Unknown City. By Martin Shaw Briggs, A.R.I.B.A.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Eighteen Capitals of China. By William Edgar Geil.

Behind Turkish Lattices: The Story of a Turkish Woman's Life. By Hester Donaldson Jenkins.

Shadows of Paris. By G. Duval.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Arran of the Bens, the Glens and the Brave. By Mackenzie Macbride, F.S.A.

English Country Life. By Walter Raymond.

The Pageant of the Forth. By Stewart Dick.

James Pott and Company:

The Cathedrals of Central Italy. By T. Francis Bumpus.

A Motor Tour Through France and England: A Record of Twenty-one and a Half Days' Automobiling. By Elizabeth Yardley.

The United States of Brazil. With a Chapter on the Republic of Uruguay. By Charles W. Domville-Fife.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. When Woman Proposes. Warner. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Almost Fairy Children. Lewis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Pandora's Box. Mitchell. (Stokes.) $1.30.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Captain of the "S. I. G.'s." Baker. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cts.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Trails of the Pathfinders. Grinnell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. New Avatar and the Destiny of Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke.) $2.00.

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2. Education in Sexual Physiology. Zenner. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
3. Real Estate Brokers' Cyclopedia. Orr. (Robert Clarke.) $3.50.
4. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Robert Clarke.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Children of To-morrow. Laughlin. (Macmillan.) $1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Bawbee Jack. McLaren. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. The Russian Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.
2. Some Problems of Philosophy. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
3. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. Chesterton. (Dutton.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Further Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. Power of Mind. Ingalese. (Occult Book Concern.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Oz Books. Baum. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Seven Splendid Sinners. Trowbridge. (Brentano.) $2.50.
4. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Second Chance. McClurg. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

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3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Poems. Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Ballad of Reading Gaol. Wilde. (Brentano.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Diddie Dumps and Tot. Pyrnelle. (Harper.) 60 cents.
2. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.10.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.10.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. The Boy Scout Series. Victor. (Chatterton.) 25 cents.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.
2. An Irish Beauty of Regency. Calvert. (Lane.) $5.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. A Prairie Courtship. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
2. Mechanical Engineer's Pocket Book. Kent. (Wiley.) $5.00.
3. Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) $4.00.
4. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
2. Exercising in Bed. Bennett. (Physical Culture.) $1.50.
3. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
4. The Germans. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Tommy Sweet-Tooth. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
2. Glenlock Girls' Club. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. American Boy Scouts. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
2. City Government by Commission. Woodruff. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 40 cents.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warne. (Penn Pub Co.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

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2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Playboy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) $1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 60 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Twenty Years at Hull House. Adams. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAuley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Comfort Found in Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
3. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
4. Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan and Kellogg. (Robertson.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. A United States Midshipman in Japan. Stirling. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Rugged Way. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) $4.00.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) $3.00.
4. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Glenloch Girls' Club. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

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3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (McLeod.) $1.25.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50. / The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Briggs.) $1.25. / The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
6. The Singer of the Kootenay. Knowles. (Frowde.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Annapolis Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Felicia's Folks. Gould. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.00.
2. Mother Goose Village. Bigham. (Rand.) 60 cents.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	" "	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	" "	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	" "	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	" "	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	" "	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.....	294
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